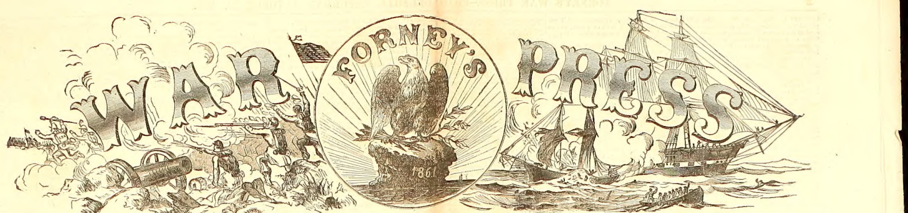
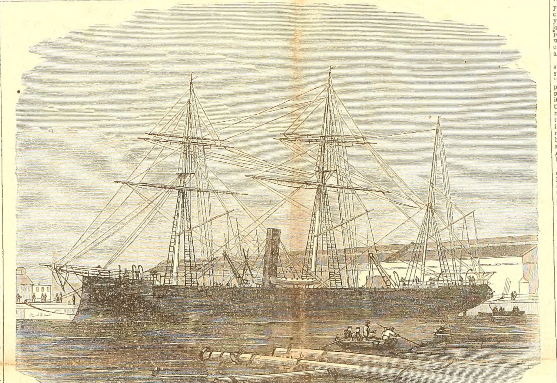


TWO DOLLARS PER ANNUM. PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 24, 1863. VOL. II.—NO. 50.



STEAM RAM, NOW BUILDING AT LAIRD'S SHIPYARD, BIRKENHEAD, ENGLAND.

[Written for the War Press.]

BOND OR FREE.

Draw water and hew wood, and basely crawl,
  A cringing slave, beneath the brutal rod:
Oh must we argue that man, after all,
  Is but the puppet and the toy of God?

We are a part of Him. Within His breath
  The dust of man became a living soul,
Confront with Life, Sin, Agony, and Death,
  And face to face with God in self-control.

We are a part of Him. The violet
  From sweetest beds of dew springs up awake,
Unconscious of her liberty, and yet
  Not so the gift of being *we* may take.

For, we are part of God. Our arms of thought
  Embrace the stars, and grasp at all they crave;
Yet man, like beast, is haggled for, and bought,
  And sold, and lashed to work—he is a slave.

All nature questions this. Is this the plan?
  To eat the dust, to writhe beneath the rod;
Is it the fate of universal man
  To bow down to the image of his God?

Oh man is man. He is not made for this.
  Free as the God from whom his soul is made,
Between his lips the everlasting kiss
  Of being and of liberty was laid.

To think, feel, act, unfettered, is the end
  Of man—and to grow Godward, like the flower.
All through the past those liberties extend,
  Inalienable now, as in the hour

Adam to Eve first knelt, free in self-use,
  Free to combat existence, and the grave.
And the free soul looks up, through its abuse,
  And asks God—Am I born to be a slave?

A. E. L.

[Written for The War Press.]

THE WASTED LIFE.

BY GEORGE STEYNE,

Author of "My Strange Experiences," "The Bookseller of Lorongo," "Story of a Fredericksburg Soldier," "The Cambric Pocket-handkerchief," etc., etc., etc.

It was a daintily furnished room in which the following scene took place.

The hour was half-past nine o'clock in the morning, and the season was that of October. And the October morning itself was luxuriously beautiful to look upon. The dusky bosom of trees was overspread and besprinkled with scarlet and with yellow patches, and the irregular lines of dark undergrowth were embroidered with a brilliant fabric of gold and crimson leaf.

At one of the windows of the apartment from which the scene was visible, sat a young man, in the first bloom of his manhood. He could scarcely have been twenty-one, though the chastened and half-pensive cast of countenance gave to the expression of his features a somewhat older air. His black locks were smoothly brushed back from a capacious brow. His dress was elegant, and well arranged. His black eye, sparkling as the eagle's glance, and swift in motion as her wings, roved restlessly to and fro over the landscape, and roamed now and then fitfully over the beautiful apartment wherein he sat. He had a somewhat feminine air, the offspring of a refined, luxuriant nature. At some distance from him reclined a young female, apparently in delicate health. She was in a rose-tinted morning wrapper, and was lazily toasting her little feet before the reddened grate. The coal fire cast a ruddy glare through the cheerful room, its warmth being just sufficient to dissipate the uncomfortable coolness of the approaching wintry weather.

The apartment, which was a breakfast parlor, was simply elegant. All its furnishings were costly and in the most unexceptionable taste. The breakfast-table, however, seemed to scarcely have been visited, although the repast would have done a beggar's mouth good even to look at.

At the moment the scene opens the lady is lounging over the morning's paper—the house is a few miles out of town—and the gentleman is lounging at the window-sill."

"Good gracious!" suddenly exclaims the lady. "Charles!"

"Well?" in a languid tone from the window-sill.

"Just read this. Lalarronne is dead at last."

"Lalarronne! dead?" exclaimed the young man, starting from his seat. "Give me the paper, let me see!"

He seized the newspaper, but with so agitated a hand that he could scarcely hold it with sufficient firmness to read. The paragraph which riveted his eye read as follows:

"LALARRONNE—October 14th, Clothilde Hortense Lalarronne, at the residence of J. E. Frontzer, No. 1017 Bardolph Avenue."

This paragraph was among the newspaper list of deaths.

The young man read and reread the brief sentence, as though to stamp it into his memory with a force which could not be erased. But his eyes at length appeared to be attracted to another quarter of the sheet occupied by a brief editorial notice. Once or twice he read this to himself, and then he read it aloud to the young female who had first directed his attention to the name.

She meanwhile had continued her position before the fire, only now and then casting glances at the handsome young man who stood before her.

The editorial notice read thus:

"Madame Clothilde Lalarronne was the favorite of a prince, yet she died in exile and in abandonment. With talent—nay, with genius of the very first order—possessed of beauty which rivalled all ancient forms of loveliness which we admire; of conversational eloquence and wit which could cope with philosophers and poets, she yet chose to stake her reputation, both present and future, upon the chances of the hour, and to do herself an injustice which posterity cannot ignore nor forget. Dying as she has at an early age, she has left behind her a reputation which many less brilliant women might covet, but which all pure and good women will reject. Her day is over, and her star is set. But whilst no one can forget the generous heart which beat within her bosom, and the frank nature of which it was the exponent, every one must likewise remember the shadow and the shame which has fallen over a life that might have otherwise been glorious, and over a death whose memory might have mingled among memories of unfeigned admiration and esteem."

Such was the singular editorial notice which Alfred Branson read. His young wife sat looking at him quietly. No smile played over her features, and no light quivered in her eyes, excepting when she glanced with more intent scrutiny upon her husband's face, and noticed there a deeper, darker shade of meaning.

Mr. Branson laid the paper on the breakfast-table, and sank into a chair opposite his wife. They were a very young husband and wife. Theirs was the season when joy and full mutual confidence should have reigned supremely, when no place should be found for frowns or petulant sorrows, when all the intercourse of domesticity should have remained as open as in the betrothal hour, and when the heart's most sacred affections should expand and continue to expand into perfect growth. Yet a cloud was upon the young wife's brow; more than a cloud—it was a frown of settled severity. In her eyes grew and gleamed a gaze expressing some indefinite emotion and expression of the soul, and over her features gathered a steadfast look, which was only too true an index to the breast below them.

The young husband, too, Alfred Branson, was equally a study. He saw not, he heeded not his wife—he looked baffled and perplexed. Now and then a sudden thrill of pain seemed to corrugate his brow, and cause his lips to tremble, or a forced smile played treacherously around his beautiful mouth. He kept his eyes shaded with his hand, and gazed vacantly into the fire.

Thus these two sat on that beautiful October morning. Young husband and young wife—he almost a boy, she almost a girl—thus they sat, the nearest relations which God has decreed to exist within this world, and yet further apart than oceans could have divided them.

At length Branson spoke, without changing position or expression, and as if mechanically.

"Emma, will you please direct Charles to pack my portmanteau. I shall be detained on business in the city for some days, a week probably, and shall not be able to come home."

"*What* city?" asked his wife, in a voice not sharp or harsh, but singularly calm and clear.

"*What* city?" ejaculated Alfred, quickly, almost fiercely. "*The* city, of course. Where else should I go?"

"Oh! I thought perhaps you were going to B——," said Mrs. Branson, with ever so little of a sneer, at the same time attentively perusing her husband's features, and fingering the morning's paper which had just been the subject of their attention, and had arrived by mail not ten minutes ago from the distant city of B——.

"I don't see what there is in Philadelphia to keep you away for a week," pursued the lady, in a querulous tone, spiced with an atom of spite. "It's only a few hours' ride, and I should think, if you made any exertion, you might go and return the same day."

"You are at full liberty to think of the matter as you please, my dear," returned the young man. "I should feel favored if you would allow me the same liberty. May I depend upon your speaking to Charles, or shall I speak to him myself?"

"Tell him yourself," bounced out Mrs. Branson, and retaking the newspaper she pretended to be absorbed in its columns, and utterly unaware of her husband's presence.

With not a frown ruffling his features, and suppressing the half smile of contempt which began to overspread them, the young man left the room to give the requisite orders. Scarcely had he done so, when the woman started up, tore the paper she held into a thousand fragments and cast them into the flames.

Her husband, who had scarcely passed the threshold, re-entered.

"Emma, will you please let me look over the paper for one minute? There is a little item of news I should like to see."

She stood for a moment confused and deprived of self-possession.

"I burnt it," she said dryly and harshly. He looked neither surprised nor chagrined, but a menacing light began to spring up in his eyes.

"Burnt it?" he asked quietly.

"Yes, I wanted to make the room warmer," she returned, and uttered a low, quiet, mocking laugh. The young husband regarded her for a few seconds with that steadfast gaze which gradually subsided into one of apathy, almost of disgust. Then turning upon his heel, he left the room without a word.

Charles was found, the portmanteau was packed, the carriage was waiting, and Alfred Branson was off. Before going he went into the breakfast-parlor once again.

"Emma, I do not know certainly when I shall be home. If there is anything which I can attend to for you in the city, a note addressed to the Continental will reach me. Good-bye."

Without a clasp, without a kiss, they parted. Alfred Branson did not cast a single glance behind him as he quitted the apartment which contained all he should have cherished most dearly. His wife did not utter a single word, did not turn her gaze from the glowing grate. Only when the echo of the distant carriage-wheels had ceased, and the clatter of the horses' hoofs ceased to reach her ears, she started from the chair. Clasping her hands behind her she strode slowly up and down the room, stopping once to contemplate herself in a small mirror.

"It has come to this!" she said, half-aloud. "There is some mystery in Alfred's life, and it is connected with that woman. And he will not tell me, and he married promising to give me a pure and unpolluted love. Oh, my God! why was I married? why did I not penetrate this mystery before? But I will now—I must, I will! I—" she ceased, and sank upon the chair nearest her, and then the long-pent-up torrent of passion gave way. Recovering herself rapidly, she arose, and summoning her maid gave the girl a few directions. "And, Rosa, since Mr. Branson is away, I shall probably not be home until to-morrow night. If Mr. Branson should return in my absence, tell him that I have gone to spend a day at my mother's; and tell Charles to bring the ponies round to the door as soon as possible."

About half an hour afterwards an elegant cabriolet might be seen driving along Bloomville Road, the same route which Mr. Branson had taken to the city.

* * * * *

But one day previous to these events, the fair October sun which had shone so gloriously was blackened and obscured. Its beams fell sultry and warm, and a dim, dank murkiness enveloped the spot to which we now invite the attention of the reader.

The locality was a street in the city of B——, a locality not too distant from the centre of a great city for its hum and bustle to jar upon the ear, and yet not near enough for the loud clamor of the principal streets to grate too sensitively upon the ear of the invalid.

Within a small square apartment, in the first story of an old-established dwelling, lay a woman, apparently in the prime of life, and yet emaciated and pale. She lay upon a mattress which had been intended for her accommodation on the floor of the apartment. An old worn out stove, with scarcely any fire in it, diffused through the apartment a scarcely perceptible warmth; a bureau, deprived of three legs and several knobs, decorated one corner, a one-sided wash-stand another, and a little strip of rag carpet luxuriated in the middle of the room. Some impromptu drapery, which bore the appearance of having been devised out of horse-blankets, hung at the windows by rails of the most stupendous size and rickety condition. The green Venetian shutters were two-thirds closed and bowed. The general aspect of the room was in keeping with that of the scene without. It was most dreary, most wretched. The woman who lay extended upon the rude couch, now and then slightly shivered, and turned an imploring glance to one corner of the room. That corner was occupied by another woman, who sat upon a low stool, listlessly rocking herself to and fro, and now and then glancing for a second vacantly upon her companion. The low and brutal expression upon this woman's face was so coarse, so disgusting, so repulsive a contrast to the refined features of the wretched invalid whom she regarded, that not even a stoic could have refused his abhorrence of the one, or his compassion for the other.

The rain was falling in torrents now; the wind swept with a dreary shudder through the fast falling leaves of the autumn trees. Suddenly, a carriage drove up to the door, and stopped before it.

The coarse-featured woman immediately arose from the corner and peered through the half-closed shutters. The woman stretched upon the mattress feebly moaned, looking supplicatingly toward her nurse.

"Keep quiet," said the latter, in a fierce tone. "Keep quiet, or I'll do something that will make you."

She approached the sufferer with a menacing gesture, and the poor creature on the bed closed her eyes meekly, and clutched her wan, wasted hand convulsively upon her bosom.

The hall bell had rung twice by this time, and directly after a lady and gentleman were shown into the room. The lady was about forty years of age, apparently, good-looking and well-dressed. She possessed that indescribable air which fashion and gentle birth confer, and entered the room, the scene of such a dreary prospect, with as much nonchalance and ease as she might enter a friends' drawing-room to pay a morning visit. Her companion was a man some ten years older, of dark and somewhat forbidding aspect. His heavy black locks were smoothly combed back from a placid, unruffled brow; his dark eyes were full of a sinister intelligence. His bearing was that of a man of the world, with a slight tincture of an intellectuality which men of the world do not usually possess.

At sight of her visitors the nurse became active, and ran forward to meet them.

"Mrs. Frontzer—Dr. Clerkall!" she exclaimed. "Here such a day?"

"How is she to-day, Maria?" asked Mrs. Frontzer, in an indifferent voice, waving her hand toward the invalid.

"Well, she's about the same, ma'am. Now she's up, now she's down. Now she screams out about some one she calls the prince or duke, and then she says there's ghosts and devils all around her, and then she lies for hours and hours just so. She's coming to her end pretty quick."

"Poor soul!" said Mrs. Frontzer, looking at the doctor, who had gone up to the bedside of the invalid, and was feeling her pulse. "Well, Maria, she continued, "you will see, of course, that she is well taken care of. I see that you have taken care of her. The place is very secluded, and there is not much chance of her seeing visitors. I do not think a better place could have been chosen. In my house, poor thing, she would have had one round of visitors up to the last hour, and could not have even seen her physician for five minutes alone. How long do you think she will live, Maria?"

Here Mrs. Frontzer applied her handkerchief to her eyelids.

"Indeed, ma'am, that's hard to say. Only I hope to God she won't live long. Such a night as I had last night and the night before, and the night before that, too—she screaming out that she was surrounded by ghosts and devils and I don't know what! Ever since she got up that cold morning, when I was out for five minutes, and stood by the open window for ever such a time, she's been worse and worse. It can't be long, Mrs. Frontzer—it can't be long before she gives out."

"I think the funeral had better take place from my house, Maria," said Mrs. Frontzer, pulling out her pocket-handkerchief, as though she thought the opportunity might soon occur for its reapplication. "I think it would look better."

"What undertaker are you going to have, ma'am?" questioned Maria.

"I believe your husband is in the business, Maria?" said Mrs. Frontzer, smiling somewhat contemptuously. "Well, we will see about that. We are calculating before the time. Clothilde, my dear," approaching the mattress, "you look better to-day."

"Better?" gasped the invalid, raising her wasted hands tremblingly. "Yes, I shall soon be better indeed—better, or immeasurably worse, in the eternal world."

"She is a little out of her mind, I think," Mrs. Frontzer half-whispered to Maria. "Come, doctor. We will see you again to-morrow, Clothilde, and when you are strong enough to be removed, you shall come and stay with me, and grow right well again. Good-bye, darling."

Waving a salute with her perfectly gloved fingers, and saying once more, "Come, Doctor; come," Mrs. Frontzer quitted the room, and the next minute was whirled away to her own elegant home. Maria stood and looked after the equipage from the doorstep, and after a minute's wistful gaze, returned to the room where the invalid lay.

"Please give me a drink, Maria," came from the lips of the dying Clothilde.

"A drink? You're always wanting a drink," exclaimed the woman. You can't afford to pay for the bread and water that you get, and you want to be waited on all day long. What's become of all your fine ladies and gentlemen now? Why don't they come to see you? Why don't they wait on you, or pay them as does? Ugh!" with which expression of disgust, Maria got up and shoved with her foot a little stone pitcher up to the side of the couch.

"Oh, nurse—oh, Maria, for God's sake be kind to me, be kind to me. I have not long to live, and I am a wretched, guilty woman. Oh, for God's sake, let some one come to see me that I love; let me get some message from some one! Oh, my God, my God, is this to last forever?"

"To last forever?" answered the woman. "I hope not, if I'm to be here. Why didn't you save enough money when you had the chance? Why am I expected to wait upon you? You never earned an honest penny in your whole life, you know you didn't. A pretty creature, you are, to expect me to wait upon you. You used to be the wife of every man that would have you—why don't any of them come near you now?"

"You lie, woman!" almost shrieked the sufferer, her nerves wrought up to almost supernatural energy by these brutal taunts. "Great God!" she continued, in a low and piteous tone, "there is none to pity me, none to love me. Well, well—well, well! it will all be over soon. But, Maria, I have this one thing to say. I am weak and ill now, and unable to resist you, and it is your turn to rule. I am dying; I know it. But if you ever hint to *him*—you know whom I mean—if you ever give any information to him or any of his connections about the manner of my death, I shall not rest in my grave—my spirit will haunt yours to the latest minute of your existence."

Such a light lit up the wild eyes of the dying woman and shone over the lividity of her complexion, such a strength and depth of meaning was evident in the trembling tones of her voice, and in the convulsive gestures of her hands, that the harsh-featured, unnatural attendant turned involuntarily away, as loth to gaze upon that frightful picture.

"Yes—let him live in peace," continued Clothilde, "and let me die in peace. I am going to my last account now, where I shall have to answer for all the deeds I have committed. Oh, my God! for all that has been done amiss, what words can tell my deep remorse? But I have asked pardon from that higher power, and I will trust, I will trust!"

The invalid sank back gasping and exhausted. The apartment itself became as still as death, only the sounds from outside penetrating it. The rain still fell in heavy torrents, and the dismal wind still groaned through the thinned branches of the trees which lined the street. A regular and heavy breathing betrayed that Clothilde had fallen into a sleep. Maria stole up and gazed upon her. The drapery of the couch was closely around a figure which had once been lithe and strong, but which now was fragile and wasted. The features were strongly marked, but likewise somewhat wasted. The eyes were bordered with a long black silky fringe, the brow was broad and low, and overhung with clustering masses of jet-black hair. The complexion was perfectly white, unstained by any blush of health, unthreaded by any blue veinlets, through which the blood had once been wont to course so delicately swift.

Maria betook herself to the corner by the window, and solaced herself by repeated applications to a bottle, which she produced from an antiquated stove pipe, and, with a very much be-thumbed and dog's-eared novel, which she eliminated likewise from the same corner-piece.

"She'll be dead before night," she muttered, and forthwith fell into a drunken sleep.

So the afternoon passed away, and so the blackness of night fell down upon the city and enveloped the silent apartment, wherein the weary sufferer still slumbered, and the besotted attendant stupidly dozed. About half-past eleven at night a low moan sounded through the room. Maria started up, groped around for a match, and succeeded in lighting a candle. She walked up to the corner where the mattress was extended. Clothile half reclined there, one elbow on the pillow. Her eyes were fixed, her countenance white as the counterpane at which she clutched.

"I see them! I see them all!" she screamed. "Come in this last hour to torture me. But there is one among them; he does not look reproachful; he smiles upon me. Oh! Maria, my last request is, do not let him know how I died; but tell him my last thoughts, my last words were of him!"

She sank back upon the bed, her gaze continuing fixed and her fingers working among the bed-clothes. Maria turned away as though she could not bear the sight, and, unmindful of the imploring gaze of the dying woman, precipitately left the room. And thus, alone, unfriended, in coldness and darkness and silence, Clothilde Hortense Lalarronne expired.

* * * * * * *

Late on the afternoon of the day succeeding the beautiful October morning with which this record opened, a carriage and pair drove up to the door of the dwelling in which Clothilde had died. A young man sprang out, and rang twice or thrice repeatedly the door-bell. The bell was hung with crape, and the windows of the lower apartments were tightly bound. Presently his summons was answered. The heavy gratings of the door gave way, the door itself slowly opened, and the sturdy figure of Maria appeared from behind it.

The woman started back on perceiving her visitor. The young man looked fixedly at her for a few seconds.

"Maria," he said, "your mistress is dead. Why did you not let me know days, weeks ago that she was dying?"

"Mr. Branson!" was all that Maria could ejaculate, in an acme of astonishment.

He swept by her, and passed into the room which contained the remains of youth and loveliness. The apartment was furnished as before; no additions had been made, save a sofa, upon which the corpse, laid out, attired in a plain white cashmere shroud, reposed. Alfred Branson bent over the mute body, and clasped his hands together in silent appeal to the unconscious, unresponding dead.

While he knelt over that lifeless body a very different scene was enacting at a villa a mile or two beyond Philadelphia. The villa was the reality of what a home that unites the luxuries of both city and country should be. It was enclosed within a garden whose vines and fences were clambered over by sweet-smelling parasites, and whose hot-houses teemed with all varieties of seasonable fruit which nature could produce by the aid of art. At about five o'clock in the afternoon a young lady had alighted at the door of the mansion. The coachman had

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been told to drive back. The young lady passed through the portals, did not give her card to the servant in waiting, mounted one flight of stairs, and entered, without even a premonitory knock, the boudoir of the lady of the house.

The young lady visitor is Mrs. Branson, and the lady whom she is visiting is her mother.

"Emma!"

"Mother!" and mother and daughter are locked in each other's arms.

The lady who received Emma so warmly was a stately-looking woman. There was a shade, perhaps, of austerity and sadness in her features, but those features themselves were eminently handsome. The eyes were filled with a black and sparkling splendor, and their gaze was capable of both tenderness and passion. The nose, once beautifully straight, had become slightly aquiline with the advance of years. An unpleasantly nervous habit of biting the nether lip had somewhat spoiled the beauty of the mouth, though the lips, red, ripe, and full, were very beautiful to look at still. She was a woman likely to preserve her good looks longer than her daughter. The classic mould of her brow, and a certain dignity of bearing which preserved itself in all the warmth of greeting and intercourse, indicated that the mother belonged to a loftier order of womanhood than the fair but frailer daughter who now knelt by her side.

"Emma, my dear girl," cried the mother, "what is the matter with you? You look distressed, unhappy."

"I am unhappy, mother," exclaimed Emma, "very unhappy, and I have come to tell you so."

"Unhappy! and wherefore?"

"O, I can scarcely tell you, mother," said the girl. "Do you remember Madame Lalarronne?"

"Madame Lalarronne?"

"Yes. You know her, mother; you have heard of her."

"I have, yes. What of her?"

"She is dead, and Alfred has gone to find her out. I know he has. And I know he loved her once, and he loves her now more than he loves me. I know it. I know that it must be so. It has been so for a long time, and I could not help but see it."

"Emma, Emma!" exclaimed the mother, "how can you talk thus wildly? This Madame Lalarronne —."

"Ah! you know her. O, mother, tell me the truth. Who is she? what is she!"

"Emma, my child, I never knew her intimately. I have met her, even known her personally. She has been a mere adventuress, my child; a gifted, brilliant, but most unprincipled woman."

"But you know her past history, my mother; you know her past relations with Alfred? What has he been to her, or she to him?"

"Emma, my darling, why do you ask? Why should you imagine that they have ever been anything to each other?"

Mrs. Branson paused for a moment, and then detailed to her mother the events of the morning. How Alfred had received the news of Madame Lalarronne's death, and his immediate departure for the city in which she had died.

"And tell me, mother, all about her. I have tried hard, indeed I have, to gain Alfred's affection since our marriage."

"*Since* your marriage! You loved him before, my child, did you not?"

"Yes, mother; but I was never so certain that he loved me. There was always a coldness, an indecision and hesitancy in his manner which repulsed me. Oh, mother! what can he have ever had to do with Madame Lalarronne? He could not really truly love her?"

"Listen, my child. I know something of this woman, and I knew at the time you married Alfred the past relations which they bore to one another. They are not ignominious, they are not shameful. But they are painful, and I had hoped that Alfred Branson would have had more command over the expression of his feelings than to reveal, even to you, my love, unnecessarily, what could only prove annoying and embarrassing."

"And who is she, and what were they to one another?" questioned the young wife, still half kneeling beside her stately mother.

"Three years ago, when your husband was but quite a boy," said the mother, "he was spending a few months in Europe. On his way home he was detained at Paris, and there at the house of M. Zavouski he met Madame Lalarronne. Though no longer young, she was yet beautiful. Henry was young, and completely unacquainted with the world. He fell dead in love with this woman, and she amused herself with this passion. She found in it a new source of amusement, and the more miserable Alfred became, the more gratified she grew. But she speedily learned that he was, or about the same thing, would be very wealthy. Alfred was blind with passion, and it was not difficult for her to inveigle him into a marriage with her!"

"Mother, mother! it is not possible, not possible. Thank God she is dead; thank God she is dead!"

"She is dead now," said the mother mournfully. "Two years ago Alfred thought she was dead. A few months after their marriage, Clothilde behaved so outrageously that the best of husbands could no longer bear her conduct. To add to her catalogue of virtues, she ran off with some man whom she supposed to be even wealthier than Alfred. Subsequently a foreign newspaper gave a long account of the illness and death of a certain Madame Lalarronne, whom Alfred instantly recognized as being the woman whom he had once so passionately, yet foolishly, loved in the thoughtless impetuosity of his youth. Private letters from numerous friends in Europe confirmed this. His few years of experience gave him judgment. He saw you, loved you with sincerity, and I am sure loves you still; and he married you. But it appears that this woman was not dead. The newspaper reports and the advices of Alfred's correspondents were untrue. After wandering nearly all round the world, she came to America under an assumed name, the veil of which has only just been broken through by the newspapers on the occasion of her death."

"O, mother, mother! can this be true?" The young wife broke into a passion of tears.

"My darling, it is all over now. The guilty, but, I hope, repentant creature has gone to her last account. Alfred, I know, has never felt, since the fatal discovery of the woman's perfidy was made, one feeling of love for her.' And if he has gone to visit her remains now, it is only through the tenderness one cannot but feel at the terrible death of those whom we have once loved, or thought we loved, however wicked they may have been. Do not cry, my child."

And yet, as the lady bent over her child, she could not but shed a tear or two upon the gentle head reclining on her bosom.

"And then you think he loves me, mother? O, that was what I feared so much, that he did not love me—that he had never loved me."

"But what made you suspect him, Emma, before ever you heard of the death of Madame Lalarronne?"

"O, I can scarcely tell you, mother. One day, in arranging Alfred's papers, as he had asked me to, I came across a few letters which he had received from some friends in Paris, two or three years ago. I caught sight of a woman's name—her name—and I read them. And I grew so jealous, oh! so fearfully jealous; and ever since that hour to this our life has been one of unhappiness. I have been miserable, and I am sure he has. But it is all over now, as you say, and we shall be happy again—so happy, so happy!"

She threw her arms around her mother's neck, and half-laughed through her tears, with the playfulness of a child.

"And, Emma, how will you meet your husband when he returns?"

"I hardly know. I—I think I will tell him that I know all,—but no, I will wait to see how he will greet me."

In three days from that time Mrs. Branson was seated in the drawing-room of her husband's mansion. Her husband was seated by her side.

"And now that you know all, Emma," he exclaimed, his loving eyes bent upon her, "now that you are acquainted with the secret of my connection with that frail and erring woman,—say that you forgive me, and let us live as happy, darling, as happy as the day is long."

"Forgive you, my husband? Ah, I have too much to ask you to forgive in me. For I have been needlessly thoughtless and suspicious. I have not made as good a wife as I should have done. Tell me, Alfred, how did that woman die?"

"I do not know," said the young man, a shadow for an instant crossing his brow. "I arrived too late. She was the fable, love, and you are the moral of my life. I can scarcely now account for that boyish passion. She was once, I understand, the favorite of a prince, and she might have been a brilliant light in any position she chose. Her life was wasted, poor creature. But this experience of mine, dear Emma, has not been in vain to either you or me, for it has taught us now to love each other more. The one shadow on our life is now removed, and we can be husband and wife, indeed."

They wound their arms within each other's, and blended their loving glances; and in the light of those glances was sealed again the compact between husband and wife.

"Alfred, who is this Mrs. Frontzer?"

"She was an old friend of Clothilde's; she took care of her in her last hours, I believe, or at least pretended to do so, and the funeral took place from her residence."

"And so poor Madame Lalarronne found a home, at last, with a friend in whom she could confide?"

"A poor substitute for a home, I am afraid, Emma. Clothilde was treated with unkindness, not only by her old schoolfellow, but by the nurse employed to take care of her. She died unprotected and alone."

"But this Mrs. Frontzer could well afford to protect the poor creature, could she not?"

"Yes, indeed, Emma; she lived in a splendid mansion on Bardolph avenue; but she was a cold and heartless woman, Emma, and the physician in attendance was a cold and heartless man. There, then, Emma, love, let us forget all about the past; let us only enjoy the present, and think for the future."

"For the future, yes," said the wife, her features brightening up, and her eyes wearing an almost angelic expression. "Yes, Alfred, now we shall be happy indeed. And you will not love me less because I am less brilliant than that woman. Say that you will not love me less?"

"Emma!"

"No; I know you will not," exclaimed the happy young wife, and sunk upon the bosom of the young husband.

The October sun shone brightly upon them as they clung together serene and beautiful in the perfection of their young man and womanhood, and the sweet light which spoke in their eyes gave promise that no black shadow should ever fall between them more.

AN ENGLISH ACCOUNT OF THE BATTLE OF GETTYSBURG.

An article appears in the September number of *Blackwood's Magazine*, which is in many respects interesting to the American reader. The British officer says the Confederate troops were not very good marchers, but moved without straggling, and were under strict discipline. The brigades, he states, were about 2,800 strong. There were four brigades to a division, three divisions to a corps, and three corps in the army. This would make the infantry strength of Lee's army about one hundred thousand men. The brigades he mentions were those of McLaws' division, of Longstreet's corps. But as we know that this corps was the strongest in the army, we may conclude that McLaws' brigades were above the average. It would be difficult to make a calculation, based upon the figures given by the British officer, giving Lee less than 90,000 infantry. The rebel cavalry is not spoken of in high terms. It was good for scouting, but worth little in a fight. The artillery was very miscellaneous. The army was weak in horses, which were poor and ill-fed. The officer gives a pitiable account of his sore-backed and broken-down nag, and tells of the necessity he was under of turning him over to Gen. Lee's staff, whose horses were used up. He gives some account of General Longstreet and his corps, who are just now particularly interesting to us, having been transferred to the West and flung into battle at Chickamauga against Rosecrans. We quote from the narrative in *Blackwood*:

"Gen. Longstreet is an Alabamian, a thick-set man, forty-three years of age. * * * He is never very far from Gen. Lee, who relies very much upon his judgment. By the soldiers he is invariably spoken of as 'the best fighter in the whole army.'

"General Lee," the British officer says, "is almost, without exception, the handsomest man of his age I ever saw." Lee is further described as never carrying arms, and as always looking smart and clean, even "during the three-days fighting at Gettysburg, and in the retreat afterwards, when every one else looked, or was, extremely dirty.

"The relations between him and Longstreet are quite touching; they are almost always together. Longstreet's corps complains of this sometimes, as they say that they seldom get a chance of detached service, which falls to the lot of Ewell."

General Hill told the writer that, in the first battle near Gettysburg:

"The Yankees had fought with a determination unusual to them. He pointed out a railway cutting, in which they had made a good stand; also, a field, in the centre of which he had seen a man plant the regimental colors, round which the regiment had fought for some time, with much obstinacy; and when, at last, it was obliged to retreat, the color-bearer retreated last of all, turning around every now and then to shake his fist at the advancing rebels. Gen. Hill said he felt quite sorry when he saw this gallant Yankee meet his doom."

The first day's contest the rebels had about 20,000 men in the field. In the second day's fight (2d July) Gen. Lee is described as sitting most of the time "quite alone on the stump of a tree. What I especially remarked was that, during the whole time the firing continued, he only sent one message and only received one report."

Of the preparations made for the third and decisive day's contest, the writer says:

"Pickett's division, which had just come up, was to bear the brunt in Longstreet's attack, together with Hill's and Pettigrew's in Hill's corps. Pickett's division was a weak one (under 5,000) owing to the absence of two brigades."

After the battle had opened, the writer proceeded to join Longstreet:

"And although astonished to meet such vast numbers of wounded, I had not seen enough to give me any real idea of the extent of the mischief. When I got close up to General Longstreet, I saw one of his regiments advancing through the woods in good order; so, thinking I was just in time to see the attack, I remarked to the General that 'I wouldn't have missed this for anything.' Longstreet was seated at the top of a snake fence, and looking perfectly calm and unperturbed. He replied, laughingly: 'The devil you wouldn't! I would like to have missed it very much. We've attacked and been repulsed.'

"'*Look there!*' For the first time I then had a view of the open space between the two positions and saw it covered with Confederates, slowly and sulkily returning toward us, under a heavy fire of artillery. But the fire where we were was not so bad as further to the rear; for, although the air seemed alive with shell, yet the greater number burst behind us.

"The General was making the best arrangements in his power to resist the threatened advance, by advancing some artillery, rallying the stragglers, &c. I remember seeing a general (Pettigrew, I think it was,) come up to him and report that 'he was unable to bring his men up again.' Longstreet turned upon him and replied, with some sarcasm, '*Very well; never mind, then, General; just let them remain where they are; the enemy's going to advance and will spare you the trouble.*'

"He asked for something to drink: I gave him some rum out of my silver flask, which I begged he would keep in remembrance of the occasion; he smiled, and, to my great satisfaction, accepted the memorial. He then went off to give some orders to McLaws' division.

"Soon afterward I joined General Lee, who had, in the meantime, come to the front, on becoming aware of the disaster. If Longstreet's conduct was admirable, that of General Lee was perfectly sublime. He was engaged in rallying and in encouraging the broken troops, and was riding about a little in front of the wood, quite alone—the whole of his staff being engaged in a similar manner further to the rear. His face, which is always placid and cheerful, did not show signs of the slightest disappointment or annoyance; and he was addressing to every soldier he met a few words of encouragement, such as, 'All this will come right in the end; we'll talk it over afterward, but, in the meantime, all good men must rally. We want all good and true men just now, &c.' He spoke to all the wounded men that passed him, and the slightly wounded he exhorted 'to bind up their hurts, and take up a musket in this emergency.' Very few failed to answer his appeal, and I saw many badly wounded men take off their hats and cheer him.

"He said to me, 'This has been a sad day for us, Colonel—a sad day; but we can't expect always to gain victories.' He was also kind enough to advise me to get into some more sheltered position.

"Notwithstanding the misfortune which had so suddenly befallen him, Gen. Lee seemed to observe everything, however trivial. When a mounted officer began whipping his horse for shying at the bursting of a shell, he called out, 'Don't whip him, Captain, don't whip him; I've got just such another foolish horse myself, and whipping does no good.'

"I happened to see a man lying flat on his face, in a small ditch, and I remarked that I didn't think he seemed dead. This drew Gen. Lee's attention to the man, who commenced groaning dismally. Finding appeals to his patriotism of no avail, General Lee had him ignominiously set on his legs by some neighboring gunners.

"I saw General Wilcox (an officer who wears a short round jacket and a battered straw hat) come up to him and explain, almost crying, the state of his brigade. General Lee immediately shook hands with him and said, cheerfully: 'Never mind, General; *all this has been my fault*; it is *I* that have lost this fight, and you must help me out of it in the best way you can.'

It is difficult to exaggerate the critical state of affairs as they appeared about this time. If the enemy or their general had shown any enterprise, there is no saying what might have happened. General Lee and his officers were evidently fully impressed with a sense of the situation; yet there was much less noise, fuss, or confusion of orders than at any ordinary field-day; the men, as they were rallied in the wood, were brought up in detachments and lay down quietly in the positions assigned them."

At 10 o'clock A. M., July 4th, the decision to commence a retreat that evening was made known to the higher officers. The writer says this step was made imperative by the want of ammunition. In another place he says there was enough left for one day's fighting.

"General Longstreet talked to me for a long time about the battle. He said the mistake they had made was in not concentrating the army more, and making the attack with 30,000 men, instead of 15,000. The advance had been in three lines, and the troops of Hill's corps who gave way were young soldiers who had never been under fire before."

SECRETARY CHASE IN OHIO.

The Secretary of the Treasury returned to his home in Ohio, a few days ago, to vote at the State election. He received an ovation in Cincinnati, and in the course of a statesmanly speech said:

Now, then, the simple question before us is, Is this country worth a war? Are the hopes depending upon the prosperity of American institutions worth enough to justify us in going to war for the nation's life? Is the life of this nation worth enough to justify us in going to war? Look through the history of man and tell me where you can find a people involved in a struggle for a more noble object than that of preserving a nation's life. We mean to preserve the life of this nation and the integrity of this nation, too; we mean to make it thoroughly impossible in times to come, that a disaffected faction in any part of the country can strike a deadly blow at the vitality of the country. [Cheers.]

That is all there is of it, and I have, therefore, no doubt about the issue of this war. I have thought the issue was certain from the beginning; that it was simply a question of endurance. It was a simple question, whether the great masses of the people could continue to struggle to enable the Government to subdue the aristocratic portion, and to prevent them from controlling the whole laboring population of the Southern States, white and black. I have no doubt about the result. We shall go on as we have gone on. It may be we cannot go on as fast as we desire. I should have been very glad myself if we could have stricken this rebellion down in the first six months. Sometimes I thought it might have been done, but it has turned out that we could not yet, and the war has gone on with varying successes until now. At last we have the positions that are certain to bring success.

I suppose all military men will agree that the military occupation of East Tennessee must necessarily control the issue of the war. If the rebs could take possession of that great valley and hold it permanently and send out their armies from that locality, then we could not hope for success in the long run. It is just as certain, now that we have that valley of East Tennessee, that great mountain region, and hold it, just as certain is it a question of time whether this rebellion shall be put down or not. We shall just as certainly succeed as time rolls on, because we have that great internal fortress, and all we have to do is to send out our armies from it. Besides, we have the complete control of the Mississippi river; the commercial possession of the river, soon to become complete by the advance of our army. Everybody can see that the party that holds the Mississippi holds the control of the Mississippi Valley, and we hold to-day virtually the control of that valley.

When I look at this, and I remember "there's a Providence that shapes our ends, rough-hew them as we may," when I remember there is a Providence that presides over the destinies of nations—and all nations are but dust in the hollow of his hand, to be shaped as he pleases—I feel, even should I be deemed by some superstitious, that God has had a hand in all this business; and out of this great trial of ours is to come forth a free, intelligent, prosperous, and glorious nation, based upon one principle, and challenging the admiration of the world. [Cheers.] Thinking thus, I have been laboring, in my humble way, to do something toward securing the permanence of a reconstituted republic, and I thought that if labor was to have its just reward, it was necessary to have something in which that reward could be paid, which was substantial, and permanent, and uniform throughout the whole country. [Loud cheering.] And so I set my poor wits to work, to try to devise a uniform currency for this country. [Great applause.]

I would not think much of a uniform currency if we were not going to have a uniform people. I would not think much of one currency if we were not going to have one republic; but if we are going to have one republic, based upon free labor, then I want something by which that free labor can be rewarded, and by which that reward shall be as safe as the nation is safe. [Cheers.] I think, gentlemen, that I have done something toward that, and it will be reward enough for me if, at the close of this great struggle, I can think that by constant effort I contributed at all to the progress of our armies, or to the safety, and honor, and welfare of the country during that struggle, or after it shall have closed. [Cheers.]

CINCINNATI, Oct. 16.—Secretary Chase spoke to a large crowd at Columbus, last night. He congratulated the people over their victory, and spoke of the good effect it would have, not only in this country but in Europe. It would strengthen the hands of President Lincoln and his Cabinet, and send joy into the hearts of our army. If you had given ten thousand majority only, it would not have sufficed—but your grand old one hundred thousand has done the business.

Mr. Chase then rehearsed at length the history of his leaving Ohio three years since, to attend the Peace Congress, the policy he advocated, and the result, and his transfer from the Senate, by President Lincoln, to the Cabinet.

Mr. Chase also went into the history of his "financial scheme," and concluded by referring to his three years' absence, feelingly thanking his audience for their kind welcome to Ohio, and complimenting Governors Dennison and Tod for their zeal and fidelity in managing the affairs of the State. Mr. Chase left Columbus this morning for Washington.

INTERESTING LETTER FROM ADMIRAL FARRAGUT.

A Copperhead Catholic journal in New York originated the story that the church at Point Coupee, La., had been robbed by men under Admiral Farragut. The Admiral has been written to upon the subject, and replies as follows:

ASTOR HOUSE, October 6.

DEAR SIR: Your kind note respecting the robbing of the church at Point Coupee, was duly received, and, in reply, I have to state that I should long ago have answered the slanderous remarks of the editor of the *Freeman*, but for two facts: First, that there was *not one word of truth in the whole story*, and, secondly, because the character of the vituperations of the author shows distinctly on its face the violent political opposition to the Government as instigating them more than opposition to myself. But since you have called my attention to them, you have my assurance of their utter falsehood. So far from any violations of the Catholic churches on the Mississippi, I have, on all occasions, and under all circumstances, given them my protection, as I would to any Christian church. In this particular case, all I ever heard on the subject was, that something had been taken out of the church at Point Coupee by some of our men (not of the Hartford's crew), and I immediately ordered an investigation into the facts, but, finding no evidence, I subsequently sent an officer to the priest's to inquire if any such outrage had been committed against his church; and, if it had, the articles should be replaced, and the offender punished. The priest replied that nothing had been touched in the church, as had been stated, but that he had thought he had lost some of his clothes, though not sure of it, and so the matter ended.

When we were about to destroy Donaldsonville, for the repeated attacks upon our boats, one of the Sisters of Charity made signal to us from the levee, and I sent a boat to her. She besought us to spare the church property. I told her to give herself no uneasiness—it should be protected. *And the church, hospitals and convent now stand as monuments to the truth of what I state, while everything around them is destroyed.* I therefore consider this base fabrication as the product of some malicious political opponent of the Government, seeking to make all the mischief he can; and you are at liberty to use this letter as you may think best for the vindication of the *honor* of those under my command.

With many thanks for the interest manifested, I remain, very respectfully, your obedient servant,

D. G. FARRAGUT.

THE RECALL OF GEN. FOREY.—Mexican advices state that Gen. Forey and M. Saligny had been recalled by order of the French Emperor. Gen. Bazaine had taken command of the troops. The French forces (1,200 men) took possession of Tampico on the 8th of August last. The expedition against the Government of President Juarez was postponed till the conclusion of the rainy season.—*London Daily News, Sept. 29.*

TRADE ON THE MISSISSIPPI.

A Western letter states that Gen. Blair's coarse abuse of Secretary Chase was most triumphantly refuted on Saturday evening by the Hon. Henry T. Blow, of the Second (Missouri) district. The letter written by Gen. Grant to Mr. Chase, in July last, is of itself an answer to Gen. Blair's abusive remarks. This excellent letter is as follows, at date of July 21st:

"My experience in West Tennessee has convinced me that any trade whatever with the rebellious States is weakening to us of at least thirty-three per cent. of our force. No matter what the restrictions thrown around trade, if any whatever is allowed, it will be made the means of supplying to the enemy what they want. Restrictions, if lived up to, make trade unprofitable, and hence none but dishonest men go into it. I will venture to say that no honest man has made money in West Tennessee the last year, while many fortunes have been made there during the time.

"The people in the Mississippi valley are now nearly subjugated. Keep trade out for a few months, and I doubt not but that the work of subjugation will be so complete that trade can be opened freely with the States of Arkansas, Louisiana, and Mississippi—that the people of those States will be more anxious for the enforcement and protection of our laws than the people of the loyal States. They have experienced the misfortune of being without them, and are now in a most happy condition to appreciate their blessings.

"No theory of my own will ever stand in the way of my executing, in good faith, any order I may receive from those in authority over me; but my position has given me an opportunity of seeing what would not be known by persons away from the scene of war, and I venture, therefore, to suggest great caution in opening trade with rebels.

"I am, sir, very respectfully, your obedient servant.

U. S. GRANT, Major General."

A CATHOLIC REVIEW ON SLAVERY.

In an article on the "Return of the Rebel States," *Brownson's Review* for October says:

We have urged the abolition of slavery, and, as far as practicable, its perpetual exclusion from the United States, for reasons of state, and chiefly as necessary to the future internal and external security of the Republic. We have in no instance taken the ground of the Abolitionists, and we have refrained from doing so partly because we do not wholly agree with them, and partly in deference to the passions and prejudices of our countrymen. But it is by no means improper for a statesman to reflect that slavery is a sin on the part of the nation that, having the power to remove it, authorizes, or tolerates, or connives at its existence; and that as nations have no future life, national sins are and must be punished in this world.

Our indifference to the wrong done by slavery, both to the slave and to his master, has already been visited upon our nation with one of the most formidable civil wars that history records; and it will not render the great Arbiter of nations less disposed to smile on our patriotic efforts, and to give success to our arms, if he sees us resolved to put away the evil of our doings, to remember his poor, to raise up the bowed down, to help the helpless, and to set the captive free.

The Government has now the right under the Constitution, to wipe out from our national escutcheon the foul stain of slavery; and if it refuses, or if the factious spirit, the bitter prejudice, or the cold-hearted selfishness of the people prevent it from doing so, what right have we either to expect or to ask God to give us success in the field, or to endow us with wisdom in council to defeat the machinations of our enemies? He fights in vain who fights against an offended God, or without the Lord on his side. His very victories are defeats, and his triumphs are failures and death.

He is thrice armed who has his quarrel just; and ours can hardly be called just, if we are resolved not to use the victory we may win, to remove from our midst that grossest outrage man can commit against humanity, negro slavery. We own that even on moral and religious grounds, we should fear that we had taken no security for the future, if we suffered slavery to be re-established anywhere within the American Union. We are not in the secrets of the Government; but we are confident it has no intention of restoring any seceded State to the Union as a slaveholding State, or without having given a constitutional pledge to abolish it.

REBEL VICTORIES.

[From the Richmond Enquirer.]

We win great victories, but we do not improve them. The first successes of the battle are no sooner obtained than our army becomes a mob, and falls to cheering and exultations, in which the general officers indecently participate. The repulse of the enemy, instead of being the occasion of the supreme and most persistent efforts for his destruction, is the signal for relaxation, and the pleasant congratulations of success. When the French lines gave way at Waterloo, the British troops raised loud cheers for their commander, as he appeared on the scene of the enemy's repulse. "No cheering now, men," replied Wellington; "go forward and complete your victory."

That untimely exultation, which seems to take possession of our army on every occasion of victory, and in which the results of the victory easily escape us, is to be attributed to want of rigor. It is this crying evil which makes the army of the Confederacy, in practice, scarcely more than a huge militia. There can be no military efficiency when the penalties of the military code are not enforced; when preachers and other sentimental persons in the Confederacy recommend an anti-discipline school that would pardon deserters, and pelt refractory soldiers with sugar plums.

We may win victories which will bear comparison with Marengo or Waterloo. As yet we have accomplished nothing in this war which will bear such comparison, unless we may except the first Manassas and the Valley campaign of Jackson.

In one instance a "grand army" was annihilated; in the other, an army less numerous was stampeded by the vigor of pursuit. In both instances the work on hand was completed; there were no afterclaps; no stories of a recruited enemy and renewed opposition; of successes left half developed, or suddenly converted to disaster. These are, perhaps, the only two incidents of the war wherein the results have been commensurate with the expenditure of means and blood made to obtain them. It is thus that they are to be esteemed great and decisive victories, and to take rank in history with examples of power and genius, and those military events which are great for other reasons than the arithmetic of killed and wounded.

THE GREAT CHAMPION BILLIARD MATCH.

Irving Hall was literally jammed on Thursday evening upon the occasion of the above match by the principal professors of billiards in the United States, as well as others of less note, and a host of amateurs and other lovers of the game. The ex-champion, Mr. Phelan, presided, and upon the appearance of Kavanagh in the arena he was received with great applause by his admirers, and little less applause attended the appearance of Seereiter. Mr. Fox acted as umpire for Seereiter, Mr. O'Connor for Kavanagh, and Mr. Stell as referee.

Bets ran high, Mr. Morrissey bet 80 to 100 on Seereiter seven times, and then come out with a bold offer of 600 to 1,000, which was not taken. Early in the game the house was so crowded that notice was put up that the hall was full, and during the progress of the game there was quite a display of shirt sleeves, in consequence of the heat. At the commencement of the game Mr. Phelan requested the audience not to stamp their feet when they applauded either of the players, as the vibration of the floor disturbed the table; notwithstanding this request, frequent bursts of applause occurred as either player made a fine shot, or long count; but the best of good order and good humor prevailed throughout.

The game was commenced by Kavanagh, at about 8½ o'clock, and was concluded by him at 12½ o'clock, with a fine run of 60, when he played the balls within the string, and left but one to go. Seereiter not counting, Kavanagh made the winning shot, amid the greatest cheering. Seereiter only made 716 points, and, although he played well at times, was remarkably out of practice or out of luck, as he showed a large amount of very poor play. Kavanagh, on the contrary, played with great brilliancy throughout, making very few mistakes. His principal runs were 9. 42, 0, 27, 46, 7, 131, 12, 18, 31, 46, 79, 16, 27, 15, 11, 21, 17, 21, 151, 8, 74, 20, 11, 26, 12, 82, 119, 10, 18, 11, 77, 27, 31, 9, 9, 60.

Seereiter's principal runs were 9, 5, 17, 18, 14, 31, 28, 55, 13, 17, 67, 10, 16, 10, 27, 35, 12, 29, 43, 18, 22, 26, 27, and smaller counts for both players.

Immediately after the match Mr. Phelan announced that Philip Tieman, of Cincinnati, had challenged Kavanagh to play a similar match of 1,500 points, notice of which will be given by advertisement. If the four gaslights over the table had reflectors or shades, it would be a great improvement.

The match was for $1,000 a side, 1,500 points up.—*N. Y. Times, 16th.*

INDIAN SCOUTS.—The city was pretty nearly filled with Indians and half-breeds yesterday, and Third and Jackson streets presented an appearance not unlike that of former days when the "noble Indian" stalked forth wherever his inclination dictated. Only the "noble Indian" has now adopted civilized clothing, and is more generally known as "good Indian." Our Indian visitors of the past few days were employed during the summer by General Sibley as scouts for the expedition, and most praiseworthily did they perform their duty. Their object in town was to be paid, and we noticed after they had received their greenbacks our shopkeepers were nothing loth to enter into conversation with them. Many of them were accompanied by their wives, and they traded out a great portion of their money before leaving town.

What is to become of these people? is a question we have heard frequently asked and never satisfactorily answered. They are harmless and inoffensive, and, through the troublous times of the Sioux eruptions, have been the firm friends of the whites. They do not, as we understand, wish to go to the Missouri, where the rest of their Meowekanton brethren are, but to settle down quietly in a community by themselves, cultivate the soil, and adopt the habits of civilization, and in time to become citizens of the State. Whether our people would ever allow this to be done is a question which we will not now undertake to decide.—*St. Paul Times.*

DEATH OF HON. MOSES CANAN.—Hon. Moses Canan expired at his residence, in Conemaugh Township, on Tuesday evening of last week, in the 80th year of his age. During the war of 1812 he commanded a company on the Niagara frontier. Much of his time, in the earlier days of his residence in the county, was devoted to the cause of education. After his retirement from the bar, Judge Canan for some time acceptably filled the position of Associate Judge of the Courts of the county. Few men had a more extensive circle of acquaintances than Judge Canan. In his manners he was a gentleman of the "olden time."—*Johnstown Democrat.*

MISCELLANEOUS NEWS ITEMS.

AN INTERESTING TROPHY.—We were shown last evening a handsome and elaborately gotten-up cane, which was sent to Rev. P. Lynch by his son, now in Grant's army. The cane was a present from Pierce to Jeff Davis, and was surmounted with a gold head, upon which was neatly carved the following inscription: "General Davis. From Franklin Pierce. 1856." It appears to have been one of the canes made from the hull of the Old Ironsides, as the words "Old Ironsides" are carved on the side of the head, which is of an octagonal shape.—*Toledo Commercial.*

FASHIONS.—A foreign magazine of fashions says two things strike one as particularly novel in ladies' costumes; first, the very pretty chamois-colored leather boots, coming half way up the leg, and either buttoned or laced at the side, the tops being ornamented with a silk cord and two small tassels; and, secondly, the *cannes*, or, in plain English, walking sticks, sported by the most elegant among the votaries of fashion. These canes are simply wooden sticks, more or less carved and ornamented, with flat gilt tops, and finished off, like the boots, with a cord and tassel.

SECRETARY CHASE IN INDIANA.—In his speech at Indianapolis, Secretary Chase said: "When I reached Cincinnati, somebody handed me the *Enquirer*; I dare say you have heard of it; it is very meek to-day. The editor said, Chase has come to Ohio to vote, but the man who carries the hod can kill Secretary Chase's vote. That, in my opinion, is the glory of our institutions, and I am glad that there is a country in which no man in office, no man of wealth, talent, or distinction, can give a vote, which cannot be balanced by the very humblest in the community. It is this kind of good that we are endeavoring to preserve."

THE MAXIMILIAN HOME GUARD.—It appears from Paris correspondence that the enlistment of ten thousand Irishmen to constitute a home guard for Maximilian, the emperor nominate of Mexico, and their organization are in the hands of the Duke of Magenta (McMahon) and certain Irish officers now in Paris. It is stated that the latter have given satisfactory evidence that they can raise ten thousand men. The duty of this corps will be to serve as a body guard to the Prince, and it will form a nucleus around which the future Mexican army will be organized. They will follow Maximilian to Mexico, and will assist at his coronation, which is to be performed by the Pope's Nuncio, who is to leave Europe on the same vessel as the Prince.

PRAIRIE CHICKENS.—The St. Paul (Minnesota) *Pioneer* says prairie chickens are so numerous in that vicinity that the people have no longer need to go out and hunt them. "During the past week," says the *Pioneer*, "quite a number have been caught alive in different parts of the city. On Wednesday afternoon a fat pullet flew into the bar-room of John Rogers, on Robert street, and was captured by him. Mr. Rogers assigns as a reason for the bird paying him the visit that the fowls of the air have learned of his disposition to 'wet the whistle' of every living thing in so dry a season, and thinks the bird must have been very dry. The greatest wonder to us is that the bird 'still lives.'"

THE MORMON IMMIGRATION.—The Deseret *News* of September 16th notices the arrival of several immigrant trains, conveying several hundred persons each, consisting principally of ox teams, and are from 60 to 70 days in making the journey from Florence, Nebraska, to Salt Lake City. The season had been remarkably dry on the plains, and the hardships and the loss of stock have been much larger than usual. Considerable sickness has prevailed among the immigrants, and the loss of cattle has been large. Nine trains were still between Florence and Salt Lake City, September 16th. They number over 4,000 immigrants, and the last train is expected to arrive at the headquarters of the Latter Day Saints by the 1st of November. The returned missionaries report unexampled success in the dissemination of Mormonism in the Old World.

THE SECRETARY OF THE TREASURY.—Men, in the excitement of the moment, sometimes make mistakes; and this was the case with Mr. F. P. Blair, Jr., in St. Louis, a few evenings since, when he made a coarse and vulgar assault upon Secretary Chase. If there is a man in public or private life, in all this land, to whom the term "rowdy and blackguard" will not apply, that man is Mr. Salmon P. Chase. And there is no man who has, at any period, in any nation, ever been more successful in the department of the Government under his special control than Mr. Chase has been, in the very able manner in which he has managed the finances of our country in this most important and trying era of our nation's life. The country owes him a debt of gratitude, which no place however exalted—no honors, however great, which the people can give him, can ever repay.—*N. Y. Evening Post.*

HONORABLE DEALING OF A TENNESSEE MERCHANT.—A gentleman named N. S. Bunce, connected with a firm doing business at Memphis, Tennessee, had had considerable dealing with one of our well-known State-street merchants previous to the war, and upon the breaking out of the rebellion had in his warehouse a considerable stock of goods which he was to sell upon commission. When communication ceased with Memphis the New Haven firm lost all trace of the merchant and their goods, and considered it an unprofitable trade. Recently, however, they received a letter from him, enclosing a bill of account, and stating that he would arrive soon and settle. Agreeably to his promise he arrived last week, and scored up his bill with them, as also with others of our business men with whom he had dealings. His conduct was certainly very honorable, as he says that upon the taking possession of the city by the rebels, to avoid the confiscation of the goods, he took them upon his own responsibility, and sold them for Confederate notes, which had been a losing business to him. This is an instance of fair dealing which we are happy to record, especially as it contrasts so favorably with the large majority of business transactions under similar circumstances.—*New Haven Palladium.*

A SINGULAR INCIDENT.—A somewhat interesting discovery, says the Stirling *Observer*, was made by a young man and woman in the late excursion of the Carron work-people to Pitlochrie. On leaving the village they asked an elderly woman whom they met on the road what direction they should take for the Pass of Killiecrankie. The good lady very courteously explained the route, but still more kindly observed that, as the distance was rather far, they might step along to her house and get at least the refreshment of a drink of milk. After falling on the crack, however, the young woman was persuaded to stay behind, and allow her brother to take the journey himself, as the roads were rough. In the interval of his absence, the old lady very naturally asked of the girl where she came from, and on being told Carron, exclaimed: "Ay! dae ye, though! Weel, I yince had a sister married there, but I'm thinking the hale family, after a bit, went aff to America. May be ye'll hae heard o' the folks. They ca'd the man she got, Comrie." "And what was your sister's ain name?" asked the girl. The answer was given. "Ah! weel," said the young woman, "my brither an' me are jist the son an' dochter o' yer sister, an' ye'll jist be oor auntie." The scene which ensued must be left to the reader's imagination, as also the feelings of the brother and nephew, when the singular discovery was revealed to him on his return.

THE MILITARY EMPLOYMENT OF SLAVES BY THE SOUTH.—Mr. Collier, a member of the Senate from Petersburg, Va., is the instrument of the slaveowners in their attempts to divert the blow which the majority of the Virginians seem willing, according to the information received, to direct against the institution of slavery in that State. In a resolution recently introduced in the Senate, Mr. Collier demanded "that the Government should be forbidden to interfere with slavery—that State Conventions and Legislatures all over the Confederacy, should be deprived of the right of altering existing institutions, and that the right of getting rid of the slave property should be granted only to the individual owners."

These resolutions, presented twice by Mr. Collier, once in 1862, and recently in 1863, are evidently the result of the apprehension of the slaveowners; for if their personal property had not been menaced, they certainly would not have urged such a measure upon the Legislature of the State. I will add that in both cases these resolutions were referred to the Committee on Confederate Relations, which did not deem it advisable to act upon them.

THE NEW CLUB AT WASHINGTON.—This new literary and social club has organized under the name of "the Metropolitan." It is intended that every department at Washington shall be represented in it, as well as the army and navy and the citizens. Among the names may be found four Auditors of the Treasury (out of five); the Comptroller of the Currency; the deputy Register and the Solicitor of the Treasury. The latter gentleman is the president. Such an association is eminently demanded at Washington, in view of the large number of well-educated and enlightened gentlemen now in the public service.

"The Metropolitan" will occupy one of the most spacious dwelling-houses of the city, and will be furnished with foreign and domestic journals, including German and French—a billiard room, chess room, and several card rooms. A restaurant will be speedily added for the benefit of those members who are now houseless and homeless, and must remain so while living is so expensive at Washington.

In view of the state of public affairs abroad and at home it is deemed important that Washington be now provided with what it never had before, viz: a well-supplied reading-room for gentlemen connected with the several departments, and the army and navy. This feature of the "Metropolitan" Club will meet special attention.

MYSTERIOUS AFFAIR.—A circumstance occurred last Thursday night at the bridge of the Ridge turnpike, over Skippack creek, which is involved in a good deal of mystery. On Friday morning a person living in the neighborhood found a horse tied to the rail at one end of the bridge and at the other end was a wagon considerably broken. A soldier's cap and belt were lying on the ground, but the owner of the wagon, or any one else, could not be found.

On Thursday night a person called at the Eagleville Hotel and asked the bar-tender to loan him a hat as he had got in a fight up the pike and lost his, and while the bar-tender went to get a hat, he seized one "lying loose" and left. The man was not dressed in uniform, and therefore could not have been the owner of the cap and belt. The horse and wagon are still unclaimed, and nothing can be heard about them except surmises. Some suppose that the occupant of the wagon met with an accident, and while searching around walked into the creek, which at that place is about ten feet deep; while others, remembering the man who stole the hat at Eagleville Hotel, suspect foul play, which is not unreasonable, to say the least.

It will be remembered that there was a Union meeting at Eagleville on Thursday evening, and the Copperheads were particularly riotous, and sneakingly threw eggs at the speakers and made hideous noises, in order to disturb the meeting; but when a charge was made upon the supposed situation of the Copperheads, they had slunk into their holes. And no wonder that the people should suspect "foul play."—*Norristown Herald.*

A CURIOUS BATTLE.—From a private letter of a soldier on the Rapidan, we get an account of a fight which may not figure in history among the battles of this war: Just across the river, in full view of our pickets, but at that time within the Yankee lines, is a corn field which earlier in the season abounded in choice roasting ears. From this field the men of both armies in the vicinity were wont to fill their camp-kettles by stealth; for it was a dangerous business—the field being exposed to the fire of the pickets on both sides of the field, the danger of unpleasant collisions and interruptions was much less; but gradually from day to day the hostile gleaners approached each other, until only a few rows in the centre of the field were left ungathered. But still our boys wanted the corn, and would encounter the risk. One morning two of them had crossed the river, and were cautiously foraging among these ungathered rows, when their eyes lighted upon two stalwart Hessians engaged in the same business. All were unarmed, but in an instant all straightened themselves into fighting attitude and demanded a surrender. Both squads returned a defiant answer, and both fell to fist and skull, to enforce compliance. They "fighting fell, and falling fought," and when they fell they kicked about. They turned and twisted, and pummelled and thrashed away among the corn, till our boys began to doubt whether they had not caught Tartars. But, luckily for them, just as their wind was beginning to fail, a reinforcement came up, in the shape of another Corn-federate gatherer, and the Yanks were captured and carried in triumph over the river, prisoners of war.—*Macon Telegraph.*

A NEW SCANDINAVIAN ALLIANCE.—In anticipation of a Germanic attack upon Denmark, a Scandinavian alliance, of formidable strength, is said to have been formed. From Stockholm we learn that a commission of naval officers and engineers belonging to Denmark, Sweden, and Norway, is deliberating in that capital on measures for combined action, in the event of Denmark being assailed. A compact and uniformly equipped fleet of fast sailers is one of the suggestions, the command to be given to Prince Oscar, brother to the King of Sweden, and admiral of the Swedish fleet. These preparations are judicious, but we do not anticipate that they will be called into play. We calculate on the well-known sluggishness of the German character, and, more still, on the isolated and almost helpless prostration in the confederation to which Prussia has been reduced by the imbecility of her king and the tyranny and short-sightedness of the existing cabinet. The pictures which reach this country of the way in which the king is literally kept a prisoner in his own palace by the creatures about him, called ministers, is a melancholy commentary on human greatness reduced to the last stage of degradation. In the present temper of the Prussians any attempt on Denmark may seem absurd, but there is really no saying what folly may be perpetrated by men in the position of Bismarck and his colleagues.

IMPORTANT ARREST OF RAILROAD CONDUCTORS.—Quite a sensation was created in this city yesterday, by the arrest of several of the conductors on the Lebanon Valley, and the Reading and Philadelphia Railroads, charged with having, at several periods, while running their trains, embezzled large sums of money. Other arrests were made at different points on the road, including baggage masters and conductors, who are all implicated in the same charge. It appears that the company have had in their employ a number of detectives, who have been travelling on the different trains *incog.*, noting the number of passengers who were in the cars, the distance which they travelled, &c., and on the returns made by these detective officers, when they were compared with the returns made by the conductors themselves, the evidence of embezzlement is derived, and the arrests in question have been made.—*Harrisburg Telegraph, Oct. 13.*

THE COAL PANIC AT CINCINNATI.—The coal question is one of absorbing interest just now, and very general alarm is felt with reference to a supply of fuel. The City Council has appointed a committee, and placed $20,000 at its disposal, to purchase coal, and bring it in by railway, and sell it to the citizens at cost price; but this, under any circumstances, can be but a partial relief, because a supply cannot be procured in this way nearly adequate to manufacturing purposes. There has been a rise in the Kanawha, but this will not be of much advantage, as the coal region is above the place where the Kanawha empties into the Ohio. It is clear that something must be done to place the interests of the city beyond the influence of such contingencies as the present. The price of coal is now $12 to $15 per load of twenty-five bushels, and it is a favor to get it even at these enormous prices. The fact is, the city is entirely bare of this article.—*Price Current.*

THE WORKING GIRLS' STRIKE.—Quite an exciting scene occurred a day or two since in a store on the east side of the city. On entering the workroom, the foreman was astounded. There stood three hundred girls, ranging from nine to thirty years of age. "What do you want?" asked he, after his first astonishment was over; "go to your work." A chorus of voices, from the light soprano of the child to the contralto of the woman, rang out a thundering "We shan't," and one handsome and smart young lady said that herself and her associates had agreed to demand twenty-eight cents per hundred springs, instead of twenty-four cents as heretofore. He refused, and the girls made a regular skedaddle for their cloaks and bonnets. Seeing this, he compromised the matter by offering twenty-six cents, which, on consultation, they agreed to accept. This spirited example, it is understood, will soon be followed by a strike among other sewing girls. One of our reporters yesterday had a conversation with one of these poor creatures, who, works at shirt-making. She says the highest price given where she worked is 62½ cents per dozen, "and," said she, "unless I simply baste them up, I cannot make more than six per day." Only fancy a poor young woman earning $1 87½ cents per week, not enough to pay her board in the lowest house in the city. No wonder some of them come to shame and sorrow, working for a pittance that will not procure them food, much less clothing. Now, see the contrast. The lowest price of a shirt is $1 50, the ingredients being as follows:

Three yards of muslin	60 cents.
One shirt-bosom, say	15 "
Thread and needles	6 "
Ironing	6 "
Making	6 "
Total	93 "

Leaving a net profit for the vender of 57 cents, and the above estimate is rather over than under the mark.—*N. Y. Sun.*

WAR MISCELLANY.

AN EXCELLENT PLAN FOR RECRUITING.—We find in the Washington correspondence of the New York *Tribune* the following announcement of the inauguration of an excellent scheme for recruiting the army, proposed some time since by the Governor of Indiana:

"The Iron Brigade, being the 1st Division, 1st Corps, and composed of the 19th Indiana, 2d, 6th, and 7th Wisconsin, and 24th Michigan, is to be sent West, each regiment to its own State, to recruit up to the maximum standard before taking the field again. The Governors of the respective States are to give furloughs, as they judge expedient, to further the object. Bounties will be given in accordance with existing orders from the War Department, and veterans will have superior claims to promotion. It is probable that this plan, which is said to have originated with Governor Morton, of Indiana, will be carried out with other brigades, so far as is practicable."

COLORED TROOPS.—The prospect in Tennessee is favorable for obtaining a considerable increase to this corps of the army. The first week of recruiting produced one regiment, and it is thought that nine more can be obtained from that State alone. In General Banks' department the number offering is large, beyond the present supply of good officers. In regard to General Wild's brigade, in North Carolina, we have no recent information. Two regiments have been recruited in Washington, two in Baltimore, two in Philadelphia and another commenced, and one in Ohio.

If the Government shall furnish good officers, these troops will soon be efficient not only for garrison and picket duty, but for service in the field, and will afford great relief to our Northern soldiers, besides lessening the requirements for reinforcements from the Northern States.

THE REBEL JOURNALS, which, like the Richmond *Examiner*, have stood up very boldly against many measures of Jefferson Davis' pretended Government, are, nevertheless, pointed and firm in their denunciations of all efforts towards peace. In Georgia, in North Carolina, in Alabama, and in Virginia, the measures which have looked to that end have put the leading moderate journals in a fierce rage, as though the mere thought of peace were rankest treason. From such a feeling we have little to hope in the way of conciliation. On the other hand, the Raleigh *Standard* acknowledges its motive to be simple necessity. It sues for peace because it is convinced success is impossible; and from such a feeling we may hope much. Plainly, then, our duty lies along the line of vigorous war, to a successful peace.

THE PATRIOTISM OF INDIANA.—Indiana has been officially credited with an excess of sixteen hundred and eighty-six men over her quotas under all calls, whether for volunteers or under the draft. Not content with what she has done, Indiana is forming eleven regiments, seven of infantry and four of cavalry, in separate camps, all of which her Governor expects to be filled by the 10th of November.

REBEL CURRENCY.—A very succinct illustration of the state of the rebel currency is given by a letter-writer, who tells of some conversations held across the picket lines near the Rapidan:

"One of the rebel artillerymen was anxious to know whether a soldier's pay was good for anything now. He was told that it would buy thirteen dollars' worth of goods, the same as ever. 'Well,' said he, 'I'll tell you what we do with ours. We tell off the battery into fives, and play poker till one man out of five gets the money. The winner tells off into fives again, and so at last somebody has enough money to treat his friends.'"

THE RICHMOND DISPATCH ON NORTH CAROLINIANS.—The North Carolinians use the habeas corpus to rid their home guards of the unpleasant work of hunting up deserters, which provokes the Richmond *Dispatch* to say: "We begin to be tired of the habeas corpus; it is the great organ and engine of every sort of skulking, disaffection, and treason. By it are obtained fraudulent discharges from the army, summary enlargement of spies, traitors, and instigators of desertion. Nobody profits by it but some few lawyers, and these lawyers themselves ought to be in the army *non obstante habeas corpus*. Nobody will be surprised that the habeas corpus is a great favorite with the rotten portion of the people of North Carolina called Buffaloes. They are always raising new cases upon that eternal writ, and rely upon it for the success of all their grand and petty treasons. It appears that their chief solicitude is now to shield the deserters under that grand aegis and palladium of liberty."

ARMY OF THE POTOMAC.

THE ARMY ON THE MARCH—KILPATRICK CUTS HIS WAY THROUGH STUART'S WHOLE COMMAND—BACK TOWARD BULL RUN.

[Correspondence of The Press.]

GERMANTOWN, Oct. 12, 1863.

I write you from the old headquarters of General Meade. A month has elapsed since the time we left them to march into Culpeper. Now we are on our way back to the classic battle-grounds of Bull Run. Perhaps we go alone, or only accompanied by between 25,000 or 30,000 rebels, but we march so silently and rapidly that I am inclined to believe we must expect to meet somebody very soon. Do not think because our army is here this morning, that we have fled from Culpeper, or that the old headquarters of the army are reoccupied. I am stopping outside the lines; but I expect our troops will soon encircle me when I shall be safe. Two hundred guerillas are reported to have passed in close proximity to the house wherein I now write; but I think this my safest place on that account; two balls seldom hit the same spot, two large roving bands rarely can pass near the same spot.

RETIRING FROM CULPEPER—CAVALRY SKIRMISHING.

I am anticipating with Milesian eagerness. How came I here, when no later than Saturday I was on the banks of the Rapidan? The explanation of this query is a much easier performance than the ride from that river to Germantown. In the last week the Army of the Potomac became strategical. It has kindled camp fires where there were no encampments, marched down to the very edge of the Rapidan, as if intending to cross, and then marched hastily back again to the Rappahannock. It has retired from Culpeper as if pursued, and lo! no foe appeareth in our rear. Of course, our army did not expect to remain at Culpeper all winter. Our line of railroad was too slender a support for so many men in such a country. Last Friday our troops, near Madison Court House, discovered, by unmistakable signs, that Stuart was in their neighborhood, with his entire cavalry. Four days before detachments of dismounted cavalry had crossed the Robinson river, but were driven back, their object undoubtedly being to reconnoitre. Next night portions of the 5th New York and 5th Michigan Cavalry dismounted and went into Madison Court House, where they found only a few pickets. The party who visited them the previous night had returned to their main body, some miles back of Madison. The next night, which was last Saturday, there was a very large rebel force came into Madison, and from early dawn the rumbling of wagons, the noise of many axes, and the busy hum of camps, could be plainly heard. Some of the cavalry crossed the Robinson river that night, and on Saturday about daylight they began to march in force—cavalry, infantry, and artillery. Companies D and C of the 5th New York Cavalry were on picket when the advance was made. They were driven in, skirmishing all the way to their reserve. We were too small in numbers to retard materially the enemy's approach, and were forced to fall back. The 120th New York had about two hundred men in the woods, near James City. They fought as long as there was any hope, and held their ground a short time, but the rebels soon scattered them, capturing about fifty. It was currently reported that the whole regiment was captured, which is untrue. General Kilpatrick came up early in the morning, recaptured most of these men, and they came straggling into their places again.

THE ENEMY'S MOVEMENTS AND OUR OWN.

Perhaps the enemy was throwing his whole strength upon our right. It was reasonable to suppose he meant to outflank us if possible. They did so before, when General Pope was here; might they not succeed in doing so once more? They might possibly have a design upon Washington; nay, hearing that we had depleted our army by sending away two corps, might they not intend to menace Washington or influence the elections? The ubiquitous and irresponsible, but "reliable contraband" came over the river before Stuart did, and said nearly all the troops sent to Georgia had returned. This man came twice a week to see his dusky-looking wife, who resided on this side of the river, while he worked on the opposite bank. It is true, he knew nothing more than what he had heard, and, even granting that he tells the truth, the question arises, did he hear the truth? That Stuart, with all his cavalry, was on our right flank was certain; we had skirmished with him to James City. One corps was supporting him, and two divisions of A. P. Hill's corps followed hard after.

Thus matters stood up to Saturday afternoon. General Meade ordered the 5th Corps to march from their quarters near Culpeper to the Rapidan. All the other corps were ready to cross the river simultaneously, while Buford, with his division, supported by the 1st Corps, should cross at Germania Ford. The 5th Corps got to the Rapidan in time to kindle a long line of very brilliant fires, which they left to burn alone, while they marched back toward Rappahannock Station. About four o'clock that afternoon the Army of the Potomac had turned their backs on Culpeper, the Rapidan, and the rebels, and were marching merrily along toward—they did not care where. Buford obeyed his instructions to the letter, and never for a moment thought the army was growing faulty; that they were only pretending to cross in heavy force; that the enemy would signal a recall to the troops who were bent on turning our right. Buford crossed the Rapidan—at all events, he was not to be found on this side when the aid was sent to order him back.

All Saturday night the troops marched through Culpeper, and every avenue leading from town was choked with teams. Cedar and Slaughter mountain was red with the glare of many thousand camp-fires; for miles and miles along the river side the lurid glare of fires could be seen, plainly indicating that we were ready to cross the river. All along the roads leading from Culpeper, armed men walked silently; ammunition wagons rattled ominously, showing clearly that we were making a retrograde and no forward march. About noon I reached Rappahannock Station, and for a moment glanced with pride and admiration upon an extensive and formidable line of fortifications. General Warren and staff rode along the tops of the hills, examining with a critical eye their beauty or imperfections. On I hurried to Bealton; from there here, where I knew I could rest—if the guerillas would not disturb me. They did not, and at this late hour I am permitted to write something which I hope has ceased to be contraband.

KILPATRICK'S GALLANTRY.

WARRENTON JUNCTION, Oct. 12.—The rebels entered Culpeper about 1 o'clock P. M., Sunday. Everything in the commissariat was carried safely away, little or nothing being destroyed. Kilpatrick fought desperately to Brandy Station, once cutting his passage through Stuart's whole command. Both armies are racing for Thoroughfare Gap.

REGIMENTAL.

Portions of the 6th Corps guard the railroad. The 93d Pennsylvania Volunteers, Colonel Long commanding, are near this place. They had a vote, last week, for Governor, Curtin receiving the vote of every man in the regiment, with the exception of half a dozen for Woodward. This regiment was recruited in Lebanon, has done excellent service in the field, and now has unanimously decided to re-enlist in the Veteran Corps.

LEE.

Lee is reported to have passed through Warrenton last night. I can scarcely believe it. B.

[Special Correspondence of The Press.]

BULL RUN, October 13, 1863.

THE RACE FOR THE MOUNTAIN GAPS.

Last Tuesday I paused at Germantown long enough to inform you of the direction in which the Army of the Potomac was moving. All who read my letter will remember that I did not write that we were advancing on Richmond, but that the race was for the different mountain gaps. It is unnecessary for me to state who got into those passes first. I will just mention, as a quietus to all nervousness and fears, that we have *the position* at Bull Run, and Gen. Lee knows it.

A SHORT RETROSPECT.

May I presume to go back to last Tuesday, the day the whole army went back over the Rappahannock to drive a handful of cavalrymen back to Culpeper? I was seeking in vain for a short repose outside of our lines at Germantown. I say in vain, for the army I expected to surround me that night recrossed the Rappahannock—the 1st Corps at Kelly's ford, the 2d, 3d, 6th, and 6th extending along the river's bank almost to Sulphur Springs. That very afternoon I started for the river, which I reached just after the 2d Corps had crossed. The country for miles around was clear of all timber, a sort of undulating prairie, seldom seen in Virginia. It was here the different corps formed in line of battle. The day was one of exquisite loveliness, the scene such as could never be forgotten. Thirty thousand men appeared to be drilling, going through the different military evolutions as if each individual man had the eye of his particular lady friend or that of his commanding general upon him. After forming in this style, they followed the cavalry very closely, who were not like the rebels—they never called on the infantry for support. We drove them back to Brandy station, and Buford, not satisfied with that, pushed them into Culpeper. My horse was trotting along among the different camp-fires long after dark, when a very hearty, though irreverently-expressed, invitation smote my ear—nothing less than to halt and stop all night with the 72d Pennsylvania. I assented without a murmur, little expecting the denouement. The rebels were in our front and right at this time. All expected a sharp encounter next day, yet none were sad.

A NOVEL PRESENTATION.

Major Roberts invited me into his tent, where Captain Cook, and many other officers of the regiment, were assembled. We had scarcely exchanged the compliments of the day, when Captain McBride jerked from his vest pocket an enormous watch—a genuine railroad time-keeper—and began, with great volubility, to make a regular presentation speech. I turned a very attentive ear to the speaker, when I learned from his lips that the watch was to be a gift to the correspondent of *The Press*. Capt. McBride's speech was as good as many of those prepared for the presentation of a magnificent sword to a Major General. The watch was captured from an officer in the 49th Georgia, at Gettysburg. It was presented to me with a speech, as a token of esteem, and in the very face of the enemy. It is now in my care—would I not be recreant to the trust, did I let it run long without winding it up, or permit it to get unclean, and seldom send it to the jeweler for repairs? Every one with a proper understanding of the case would say yes.

GREGG'S PENNSYLVANIA CAVALRY—THEIR FIGHT NEAR JEFFERSON.

A few miles farther, and we met Colonel Gregg's command of cavalry. While we were marching, they had been listening to the muffled tramp of many thousand armed men. Tuesday afternoon the enemy's cavalry, under command of Wm. F. H. Lee, came up with them, near the little village of Jefferson. The 13th and 4th Pennsylvania Cavalry were out on picket. All the men were rallied; the 4th took up a strong position, and the 13th held a church-yard, in which was a neat-looking brick church; around the cemetery was a high stone wall. The rebels rushed up the hill to take possession of this substantial-looking defence, when the men belonging to the 13th, seeing their object, started for the same goal almost at the same instant. Our men got possession a few minutes in advance, and I think the rebels who were so unfortunate as to charge up that hill will never forget the volley they received from our 150 carbines; a dozen or more were stretched out at the first discharge.

WOKE UP ON THE MARCH.

I wrapped myself in my blanket and straightway addressed myself to sleep, but sleep was shy and rejected my advances. About 11 o'clock that night I was roughly shaken and informed that my horse was ready. I rubbed my partially unclosed eyelids, and saw that the camp fires had grown dull, the men appeared like so many blue devils dancing around the red fires on the black heath. Our orders were to march to the north side of the Rappahannock, and reach Fayetteville, near Sulphur Springs, by daylight next morning. The weary, dreary ride I was compelled to take that night will never be forgotten. A heavy vapor settled down on men and mules—such a fog as only a Londoner would feel at home in. The stars looked red and bloodshot, like the eyes of a debauchee. I nodded on my horse, but the cold pinched my toes unmercifully and awoke me to sensibility and fatigue. We passed Bealton Station amid a glare of burning camps—amid a salvo of burning cartridges—amid the heavy breathings of the sleeping, and the blatant voices of the waking. The moving mass of men paused not—onward through the fire-light they went, and far into the black darkness that settled down upon the forest, hiding with its envious mantle the variegated tints on the autumnal leaves. Anon the gray streaks of dawn appeared in the east, broad streamers stretched far down in the horizon, as if heralding to the west the coming of the day-god. Fayetteville was reached at daylight. We paused long enough to manufacture a thick black colored liquid called coffee, then we resumed our toilsome march.

Colonel Gregg's object in retaining possession of Jefferson so long, was to afford opportunity for the 1st Maine to return, without being cut off or captured. They had been sent on a reconnoissance the day before. But the enemy brought up his infantry and our men were driven over the river, and many were captured. Next day the 1st Maine returned safely. Cavalry, when dismounted and fighting as skirmishers, are useless when infantry oppose them. The long-ranged Enfield rifle shoots the poor cavalry down at three hundred paces; their carbines are useless against the rifle. Nothing daunted by his being driven over the Rappahannock, Gregg recrossed the river and arrayed his squadrons once more; but ere they could hear the stirring notes of the bugle commanding a charge, twenty pieces opened on them with a sepulchral boom—boom—*boom*. It would be folly to keep his men there, so all returned to their old position.

THE LOSSES.

Gregg lost 560 men in this affair—more from captures than anything else. His two aids, Lieutenants Martin and Cuttler, were wounded; Major Young, 4th Pennsylvania, killed; Lieut. Colonel Lucas, 1st New Jersey, killed; Capt. Hicks, Lieutenants Rogers and Kester, 1st New Jersey, wounded; Lieutenants Phelps and Daly, 5th Pennsylvania, wounded; Sergeant Perry, 13th Pennsylvania, shot in both legs; Otto Cameron, killed; William Elleyer, Company H, 13th Pennsylvania, killed; Manuel Idell and Richard Leed, 13th Pennsylvania, wounded; Surgeon Loomis, Captain H. Gregg, and Lieutenant Green were captured. The 4th and 13th bore the brunt of the fight, and fought heroically all day long.

This was the state of affairs at Sulphur Springs when the 2d Corps reached Fayetteville. Our cavalry, emboldened by the presence of so much cavalry, pushed boldly out in search of the enemy, but they were less rampant to-day than yesterday. We had barely time to swallow our coffee when the 1st division started off once more. Every one but me seemed happy. I was too sleepy and fatigued to enjoy anything but sleep and rest. Both these blessings were denied me for the next two days. It was well I did not know this at the time.

Upon reaching Auburn we heard a discharge of musketry.

ATTACK ON THE THIRD CORPS—CHARGE OF BIRNEY'S DIVISION.

The 3d Corps, in passing through this insignificant place, were attacked. General Birney, at the head of his division, charged the impudent rebels and sent them clear out of sight, leaving ten of their dead behind them. A few hours later, when the Philadelphia brigade came near the same place, the restless rebels were near again, and opened a battery upon this brigade. The brave fellows knew all about such things. They had been the rearguard for Pope, when he came tearing along the same route a year ago, and they were not to be intimidated by a single battery. There was a clatter of steel for a minute—then the bayonets were all fixed, and each man holding his own on a level with his eye, charged upon the rebels with great fury.

WARRENTON JUNCTION.

We reached Warrenton Junction without further molestation. Your correspondent had thus far lingered in the rear, and vibrated continually between the right and left wings; but both flanks seemed to join with the centre when they reached Warrenton Junction. I very imprudently waited until almost every one had passed. A detachment of the 11th Pennsylvania, seeing me in citizen's dress, arrested me and brought me to Major Beveridge, who laughed at the mistake. I did not; being constitutionally and conscientiously opposed to being captured or arrested.

THE REBELS HARASSING OUR TRAINS.

The great trouble and cause of delay was our long interminable wagon trains. As soon as day broke upon us, the rebels endeavored to do the same. Buford and Gregg opposed all their movements to interfere with the trains. From Catlett's to Bristow station they fought us all the way. At first they would come surging against our rear, then they would throw themselves with a mighty shock upon our right. They could neither move the first nor penetrate the latter. When we reached Bristow Station they [o]pened on us in a ferocious way. Then we knew it was their intention, at all hazards, to capture the train or break our flank. About noon Gen. Webb's division of the 2d Corps passed Broad run; the 3d Corps was in the advance. The rebels rushed a battery down an indistinct-looking road, and sent a few iron compliments to the rear of the 5th Corps, which killed four of the Pennsylvania Reserves.

THE BATTLE AT BRISTOW.

About this time the 2d Corps emerged into view, and Gen. Warren formed them in battle array as rapidly as possible. The right of Gen. Webb's division rested on Broad run, the left being stretched out in a manner to protect our trains that were now being madly dragged along. Gen. Caldwell faced his division near the railroad, while Hayes held the centre. As soon as the enemy charged our right with their cavalry, their batteries opened on the first division an enfilading fire that rendered further passage along the road they had been marching almost impossible. At first a slight commotion was perceptible, but it betrayed itself by no outbreak. Soon all became steady, and the men coolly awaited the onslaught. Brown's, Arnold's, and Rickett's batteries played continually upon the foe.

Every time they opened on us they were compelled to withdraw and change the position of their pieces. At length the rebels emerged from their cover in the woods, and formed in an open space of ground about 1,400 yards from the Philadelphia brigade, which stood complacently awaiting their movements on this side the railroad track. They had not long to wait; with one of their peculiar yells they started for Lieut. McClellan's battery. Oh! how the red flame started from these brass Napoleons—how the shrapnell went tearing and crashing through the advancing line! But they stayed not—soon they reached within 140 yards of the pieces. The command was given plainly—it could be heard along the entire line: steady boys—reserve your fire till you see every man distinctly. Then came the exciting order—"Now, boys, give it to them." The long advancing line quivered—swayed weakly to right and left, and then every rebel fled by himself. The line now extended from Bristow to Manassas. For six miles the smoke of the conflict could be seen ascending into the clear and spacious firmament. Heath's rebel brigade was in front of the 1st Brigade, 2d Division. They had a battery of six pieces, which had given us much annoyance.

INCIDENTS OF THE FIGHT—REBEL LOSSES.

The 19th Maine, 15th Massachusetts, and 1st Minnesota, charged on the double-quick, and captured five hundred men, the remnant of Heath's North Carolinians, and dragged five of the field pieces away after firing all the ammunition near their side at those who were still retreating. One piece was disabled and could not be brought off. Two stand of colors were taken; one was snatched from the color bearer's hands by a lad belonging to the 1st Minnesota. Webb's and Rogers' divisions did almost all the fighting, which continued unto the setting of the sun. We held the field, and the enemy's dead and wounded. All the former were decently interred, and the wounded carefully attended to. Brigadier General Cook and Colonel Thompson, both North Carolinians, are reported slain. The battle-flags taken belonged to the 26th and 28th North Carolina Regiments.

VALUE OF THE VICTORY.

This closed an important fight; important because it saved our trains, preserved our flanks intact, and gave the other corps an opportunity of reaching Centreville Heights. If the enemy had got there first, it would have been a sad thing—a great mortification to the Potomac army. We are now in the fortifications of Bull Run. I fear the rebels will disappoint us, after all, and not dare attack us here. If they do come over Cub Run, it will be a sorrowful time for them till they return. All things seemed ready for a fight on Friday, but a drenching rain came up so suddenly, and lasted so far into the day, that both generals postponed the engagement. I forgot to say that we did not have 200 men in killed, wounded, and prisoners, in the battle of Kettle Run.

CAVALRY LOSSES.

Our cavalry has suffered fearfully in this march, because the enemy mounted their infantry. I should not be surprised if we had lost near 1,000 cavalry—principally from captures. We got our trains through in safety, but several times came near losing them. The withdrawal was admirably conducted. B.

LETTER FROM MEMPHIS.

[Correspondence of The Press.]

MEMPHIS, TENN., October 7, 1863.

The seat of military activity on the Mississippi has again been transferred to Memphis. The landing, the bluff, the streets, and the commons, are again crowded with men and materials of war. Steamboats arriving from both South and North crowd along the levee, gunboats arrive and depart, but the officials observe a perfect silence as to the intentions or destination of the army.

General Blair arrived from St. Louis and hurried on to Corinth. Sherman, Logan, and a host of lesser general officers, come and go like business men on errands of business.

Yesterday a regiment of colored troops marched through the streets, the observed of all. The colored population of Memphis seem especially astonished at the fine appearance of their brethren.

A few days ago the rebels of Memphis were greatly elated with the reported destruction of Rosecrans' army. Their jubilations were so marked as to elicit remark from the loyal press; but the "good news" lacking confirmation, the oath-taking rebels are falling back into desponding. These rebels might swear oaths ten deep, and yet would not their treason depart from them. At every opportunity for traitors to rejoice, there are hundreds of men, who have sworn allegiance to the United States Government who then lay off long faces and grow merry in proportion to the reported success of rebel arms. These holy men, who for years have railed and bawled against a "Mercenary North," now think it a small matter to perjure themselves to "save their property." If men are sent to hell for taking false oaths, the devil must, ere this, have petitioned for an enlargement of his dominions, in view of the large expectancy from the "Southern Confederacy." Indeed, it has long been a matter of conjecture whether Jeff and the devil were not in partnership, the latter having seceded from heaven and the former from the next best place. An alliance would be both natural and proper.

The Rev. Dr. White, pastor of Calvary (Episcopal) Church, of whom your correspondent made report a year ago, still refuses to use the prayer for "The President of the United States, and all others in authority." The omission is regarded as a marked insult to the Government, and to the loyal people attending the church. His congregation is the most aristocratic and the wealthiest in the city. It was violently rebellious, and the course of Dr. White is calculated to nurse and keep alive the illy-concealed treason of portions of his congregation. The military authorities, believing it a subject for ecclesiastic treatment by the Episcopal Church general, tolerate the insult.

The band attached to the Thirteenth U. S. infantry, on their arrival from below, gave a grand serenade to your fellow-citizen, Major Norris. The regulars play full as well as they fight.

Gen. Grant's late order regulating the sale of cotton will bring out large quantities of the staple. It is asserted by old cotton merchants, who have been in the rebel lines, that fully 100,000 bales of cotton will come to the Memphis market, if transportation is afforded on the Mississippi river.

A large number of one-story brick buildings are being erected in the business portion of the city, and are leased for stores and saloons before the foundation is laid. Every room and corner not occupied by the Government officers is seized on, and converted into a place of business.

In spite of the restriction laid on commerce by the Treasury Department, millions worth of property are shipped here and sold. Indeed, the *quantity* clause in the "regulations" is totally unheeded, with the exception that the five per cent. is not paid on the excess amounts. If the Department would remove the restriction as to quantity, the revenue would increase fourfold, and yet no more merchandise would come to Memphis than is received here now.

Other premiums for fraud might be pointed out, but it is a thankless labor. It is unnecessary, perhaps, to inform the reader that all the premiums are promptly taken, and every opportunity improved.

J. R. S.

THE DEPORTATION OF COLORED PEOPLE.

It will be recollected that, in April last, President LINCOLN made a contract with certain responsible parties for the deportation of five hundred persons of color to the Island of Avache, on the southwest coast of Hayti, and for their colonization on satisfactory conditions. But recently information has reached here that these colonists were badly provided for, and many of them died of disease, while others fled to more desirable localities.

The Government, it is known, was cautious and studious in making such arrangements as would conduce to their benefit. In pursuance of the policy which entered into the contract, an agent will immediately be despatched to inquire into all the facts, and report upon the present condition of affairs, in order that President LINCOLN may direct such remedial action as shall be necessary.

GRAPES.—The grape interest in Ohio is becoming more and more extensive. In the vicinity of Sandusky there are one thousand acres employed in the grape culture, seven hundred of which are in full bearing. Another year the quantity in bearing will probably reach two thousand acres, with a larger setting out than ever before. The vineyards of Cleveland are also assuming extensive proportions.

LETTER FROM CHARLESTON.

THE REBEL ATTEMPT TO BLOW UP THE NEW IRONSIDES—ACTIVITY OF THE ENEMY.

[Correspondence of The Press.]

UNITED STATES IRON-CLAD KATSKILL,
OFF MORRIS ISLAND, October 5, 1863.

FLEET AND FORT.

Lieutenant Commander Greenleaf Cilley, now commander of this vessel, and formerly commanding the gunboat Unadilla, was detached from the latter on the 20th of last month, and assumed command of this vessel on the 23d instant. Lieutenant MacKenzie, formerly of the Wabash, lately joined us, and, together with other officers and men, we are now in excellent fighting trim, and only wait the opportunity. There are at present four monitors here (the others are being repaired at Port Royal), and each in regular turn keeps picket, being relieved every twenty-four hours, and through the day we have some very interesting views of Charleston, which, with the aid of good glasses, enables us to distinctly see all that transpires in the harbor. Their two rams are lying at anchor behind Johnson's point, together with another vessel, formerly a blockade runner, but whose career as such has ceased to be, she not being able to get out again.

Forts Moultrie and Beauregard, and other intervening batteries on Sullivan's Island, together with the batteries on James Island, keep up an occasional firing upon "Wagner" and "Gregg," shells bursting over and all around them. Notwithstanding all this, our brave troops are busily employed, night and day, in making the works formidable; and I assure you they have now assumed quite a frowning appearance upon the rebel batteries, and even Charleston itself, and I expect ere long to see them belching forth their fiery flame in the direction of that foul bed of treason, but this will not occur until General Gilmore has everything in readiness, which time is fast approaching.

SHOT AND SHELL.

It is quite amusing, as well as a sad scene, to witness the men at work upon Wagner and Gregg, as when the lookout cries, "Cover, Moultrie," "James Island," or whatever fort it may be, to see them run into their bomb-proof, and no sooner does the shell explode, when you see them as busily at work again as if nothing had occurred to mar their progress. I have frequently seen the men on the above forts stand firm when shells were bursting over them, making no attempt whatever to gain their bomb-proofs. Our Swamp Angel Battery sends her compliments to Moultrie every morning in the way of a "rotten shell," as Paddy terms it, but Moultrie never replies to her cards by any visitation of shells, but feels content in shelling Wagner and Gregg.

THE TORPEDO RAFT.

OCTOBER 6.—Last night, while I was busily engaged writing this, I was suddenly aroused by the loud explosion of a shell, and immediately we were called to quarters, and casting off our lines from the schooner, from which we were coaling, proceeded towards the Ironsides, when we found that a torpedo had burst against her side, she keeping up an incessant fire of musketry upon what appeared to be a raft, but the night being dark it was impossible to distinguish what it was. It appeared to have a dim light on the water-line, and we immediately trained our eleven-inch for it, but one of our vessels being in line of fire, prevented us from firing. The Ironsides then discharged two or three guns at it, and in all probability the shot took effect, as it suddenly disappeared. Our lieutenant went on board the Ironsides, and learned that they saw what appeared to be a boat approaching, and the sentry having challenged it three times, fired his musket, which was preceded by one from the raft, loaded with buckshot, taking effect and mortally wounding Ensign Howard, who was officer of the deck at the time.

This morning we learned from the flag-ship that it was a cigar steamer, with an immense torpedo rigged on her stem, and was going at the rate of ten miles an hour when she struck the Ironsides, the torpedo exploding immediately on coming in contact with the vessel, making a tremendous noise, and throwing the water high in the air. However, no damage was done the good old ship, and she now rides peacefully at anchor, as though nothing had occurred.

The infernal raft contained four men, two of whom, the captain and one man, have been captured; the other two not having been heard from, it is the supposition that they have been drowned. The captain of it said "*He was the last to leave it*," thereby showing that it must have been seriously injured, and in a sinking condition, to compel them to give up the instrument of their darling scheme. The man who was captured jumped off just before she struck the Ironsides, and was picked up by a boat. He said they forced him to go in it, and was wishing it would strike against something coming down and explode; but it did not happen to strike against anything until it hit the Ironsides, and I guess they thought it struck something then.

ANOTHER INFERNAL CONTRIVANCE.

They say there is another at Charleston, ready to come down; and that it is impossible to get any one to go in it, as the other day, in trying it, they went a little too fast, and it dived down to the bottom with them, and came very near drowning all hands, and they now seem to have a natural dread of it.

AMONG THE REBEL PRISONERS.

On the Louisville and Nashville Railroad a correspondent heard interesting conversations in the cars between the Union soldiers and the rebel prisoners, which he describes in the following graphic manner:

They were discussing the effects of slavery on the poorer classes of the South—the difference between the North and South in advancement, in schools, manufactures, &c. A very benevolent-looking gentleman, a missionary, in explaining the great influence the colored people had on the education of the whites in the South, said they were taken care of, nursed, and raised by the colored people, spoke their language, and learned all their ways. "And," said he, "when I was a baby, I myself had to suck the breast of an old colored woman." I noticed that a little boy, ten or twelve years old said, "Mamma, where are the rebels?" The mother blushed, and the men just before him turning their heads at this childish inquiry, said: "There they are," pointing to the prisoners. "No, they are not the rebels," he replied, evidently thinking that the murderers of his father, and the destroyers of all their domestic happiness, must be some hideous and dreadful wild beasts; but on the continued re-assurance of his mother, and the answer of the men themselves that they were really the rebels, he seemed to accept it as a possible fact, at which he put up his little fists to his face, and shrunk back with combined fear and astonishment.

The sorest point with these prisoners seemed to be that the Abolitionists wanted to free the negroes right among them, and make them equal to the whites. This they never would bear; if the negroes were all taken away, they would not care. "But," said I, "what would you do for laborers, you have not enough even now for all your work, and you have been sending to Africa, Virginia, and everywhere else to get more?" "Oh," said they, "we will do the work ourselves." I admitted that there would be a large number in the South who had never been in the habit of working before the war, but who had learned to do so since. "Oh, yes," they said, "one good thing about this war is that it will teach many of the rich, lazy fellows how to work and take care of themselves, which they never knew how to do before."

A Union officer coming along, said to a rebel: "Will you answer me one question? What are you fighting for?" "What are you?" (you) was the immediate reply of "Alabama," and some others. "That is not answering my question. I asked you first," said the officer, at which there were mutterings of "liberty bills," "Abolitionists," "unconstitutional," and some such expressions. "We are fighting for the rich man's niggers," finally spoke up an intelligent-looking corporal, in a clear and decided voice. There were some "constitutional" mutterings against this, but it was entirely too feeble to neutralize the impression of truthfulness the first remark had made on all the crowd, Confederates and Unionists. "That is all you need to say," he remarked; "that short sentence covers the whole ground."

They seemed unanimous in the opinion if Jeff Davis enlisted niggers to fight they would never go back again; but did not believe he was such a fool, and were surprised that we should do such a thing—could hardly believe it was possible until they actually met some regiments of black troops, who were so proud they would hardly speak to them, but laughed at them, and told them "it was their turn now." Alabama said "he thought one cause of the trouble was that both parties had got too proud, and had forgotten their Creator, and this was to humble them for it."

LETTER FROM THE SECRETARY OF STATE.

DEPARTMENT OF STATE,
WASHINGTON, October 1, 1863.

To the Reverend Henry A. Nelson, Stated Clerk of the Synod of Missouri, St. Louis:

REVEREND AND DEAR SIR: I have the honor to receive the proceedings of the Synod of Missouri, and in compliance with your request I have submitted them to the President of the United States. He is deeply affected by the expressions of sympathy and confidence which the Synod have adopted, and he directs me to assure them that he shall continue to seek, hereafter as heretofore, so to conduct the Administration of the Executive Government as to bring the country safely, and as speedily as possible, out of the dangers of sedition and civil war, employing for that purpose all needful means within constitutional limits, and in humble reliance upon the protecting care and beneficent favor of Almighty God.

I am, reverend and dear sir, your obedient servant, WILLIAM H. SEWARD.

THE FREE PLANTATIONS.

DO THE NEGROES APPRECIATE FREEDOM?

Answering this question, an able descriptive letter in the New York *Times*, from Mr. J. A. Ware, the Secretary of Adjutant General Thomas, mentions the Rost Plantation, twenty miles from New Orleans, formerly owned by the rebel emissary, Judge Rost, and now by Mr. Brott. Mr. Ware says:

Of all the frauds, lies, absurdities, and sophistries that have constituted the foundation, and the sole foundation, of this wretched rebellion, none was more plausible nor more generally believed than the statement so confidently made by every slaveholder and so glibly repeated by their parasites in the North, that the slaves are not fit for freedom, that their only idea of it is license, and that they will never associate it with duty or responsibility. Though the charitable hoped the truth to be far different from the broad and comprehensive statement of the advocates of slavery, the most hopeful scarcely dared to hope that less than a generation would bring the negro to such a point of intellectual and moral advancement as would fit him for the proper enjoyment of freedom. I myself have always been among the latter class, but I am beginning to believe that we have not only underestimated the intellectual abilities and the moral condition of the slaves, but have committed the equal error of overestimating the degrading influence of their past life. But without theorizing, let me state the actual condition of things here.

THE PLANTATION AS IT WAS.

When Mr. Brott first looked at this plantation he found only the former overseer and half a dozen slaves. The overseer told him that most of the slaves had decamped and were collected together at the contraband camp, and that it would be useless to try to get them back. But Brott was not to be so easily discouraged. He asked for the most intelligent of the negroes that still remained, and got him to go with him to the place where the rest of the negroes were to be found. On their way down this man said that they could never be induced to return under that overseer, for he had been unusually harsh and cruel, and had defrauded and robbed the negroes whenever he could. But Mr. Brott determined to try them, and when he arrived at their rendezvous called them together. He told them that he would feed and clothe them, and furnish them with medical aid; that they should have such and such privileges, and at the end of the season one-twentieth of the crop. Now, negroes, from their long experience in judging of men, and from the vital necessity they have had of studying them, have gained a sort of instinct, which enables them to judge almost infallibly whether a man will keep his promises to them. Mr. Brott is a man whom any one would be willing to trust after seeing him once. He is frank, honest, and bears the stamp of honor and sincerity on his face and in his manner. The man who accompanied him had been quite won, and, partly through his influence, and partly through what they had seen for themselves, the negroes were quite willing, so far as Mr. Brott was concerned, to make the attempt. So, after a little consultation, they agreed that they would go, if he would employ another overseer. To this he would not consent. He told them he should not carry on the place himself; that he needed the services of an experienced man, and one that understood the plantation. The negroes, however, held out firm, and he gave them a day to think of it. The next day they were more decided than ever. They said they would be led out on the levee and shot rather than return under their old overseer. They told him he needed only to have a business man; that there were plenty of the hands who knew as much about the place as the overseer, and could carry it on as well, except with regard to keeping accounts, buying supplies, and handling money. After considerable ineffectual coaxing on his part, he had to give up, and agreed to discharge the overseer. He brought away 33 hands, who worked well during the week. The next Sunday they asked permission to go down to their old friends again, which was granted, and they returned with 132 hands—some strangers, but mostly belonging formerly to the place—all of whom have been at work ever since. Not one has left, and I presume not one could be induced to leave, while applications for employment are coming in every day.

THE PLANTATION AS IT IS.

They are more contented and happy than they were under the patriarchal institution, though they work a good deal harder. They save their money for a future day, and their savings amount already to a "good bit." The working hands will make from seventy-five to a hundred dollars apiece, so the overseer tells me, over and above their share of the crop. They support their families and take care of their aged parents. Now this does not look as though they were so utterly shiftless, does it? Again, on Sunday, after the Bible had been given them, I went into the midst of the congregation, and, after saying a few words, so as to get them somewhat acquainted with me, commenced a running fire of questions on this very topic. I addressed myself solely to the men, who sat apart from the women. From the conversation that ensued, I am convinced that they do appreciate their responsibilities and duties. They will spend their money as discreetly as white laborers do, and I am inclined to think more so. They will put their savings in the savings bank. They will try to be temperate and industrious. *Not a theft has been committed on this place, by the negroes belonging to it, since Mr. Brott took it.* They understand the influence they are to have on future generations, and on the policy of the country, provided they shall succeed in doing well and accumulating property. They are desirous of vindicating themselves, their race, and the system of free labor, and thus laying for their posterity the foundation of a home and a country. How they will succeed, whether they will be able to resist the temptations which the spread of civilization among them will generate, whether they will be willing to take their chances with a bad or a dishonest employer, I do not know. But no one that heard the conversation I refer to, between themselves and me, can doubt that they really have the ideas and thoughts I have presented; and that I call "appreciating their position."

GENERAL ROSECRANS' CONGRATULATORY ORDER AFTER THE BATTLE OF CHICKAMAUGA.

HEADQ'RS DEP'T OF THE CUMBERLAND,
CHATTANOOGA, October 2, 1863.

ORDERS NO. 3.

ARMY OF THE CUMBERLAND: You have made a grand and successful campaign; you have driven the rebels from Middle Tennessee. You crossed a great mountain range, placed yourselves on the banks of a broad river, crossed it in the face of a powerful opposing army, and crossed two other great mountain ranges at the only practicable passes, some forty miles between extremes. You concentrated in the face of superior numbers; fought the combined armies of Bragg, which you drove from Shelbyville to Tullahoma; of Johnston's army from Mississippi, and the tried veterans of Longstreet's corps, and for two days held them at bay, giving them blow for blow, with heavy interest. When the day closed you held the field, from which you withdrew, in the face of overpowering numbers, to occupy the point for which you set out—Chattanooga.

You have accomplished the great work of the campaign; you hold the key of East Tennessee, of Northern Georgia, and of the enemy's mines of coal and nitre.

Let these achievements console you for the regret you experience that arrivals of fresh hostile troops forbade your remaining on the field to renew the battle; for the right of burying your gallant dead, and caring for your brave companions who lay wounded on the field. The losses you have sustained, though heavy, are slight, considering the odds against you, and the stake you have won.

You hold in your hands the substantial fruits of a victory, and deserve, and will receive, the honors and plaudits of a grateful nation, which asks nothing of even those who have been fighting us, but obedience to the Constitution, and laws established for our own common benefit.

The General commanding earnestly begs every officer and soldier of this army to unite with him in thanking Almighty God for His favors to us. He presents his hearty thanks and congratulations to all the officers and soldiers of this command for their energy, patience, and perseverance, and the undaunted courage displayed by those who fought with such unflinching resolution.

Neither the history of this war, nor probably the annals of any battle, furnish a loftier example of obstinate bravery and enduring resistance to superior numbers, when troops, having exhausted their ammunition, resorted to the bayonet, many times, to hold their positions against such odds, as did our left and centre, comprising troops from all the corps, on the afternoon of the 20th of September, at the battle of "Chickamauga."

W. S. ROSECRANS,
Major General Commanding.

ORDER BY GENERAL GRANT.

General Grant has issued the following order in relation to titles to property in Vicksburg:

HEADQUARTERS DEP'T OF THE TENNESSEE,
VICKSBURG, Sept. 28, 1863.

SPECIAL ORDERS, No. 266.—A military commission is hereby appointed to meet at Vicksburg, Miss., on the first day of October, 1863, or as soon thereafter as practicable, to examine into the claims of owners of property in Vicksburg, Miss., and report their right to possession to the same. The commission may take the testimony of loyal citizens of this place for the purpose of better ascertaining the true ownership of property and the character of the owners. All property owned by parties decided to be disloyal to the Government will be condemned to the use of the United States. Widows who have male friends in their family in the Southern army or otherwise assisting the rebellion will be entitled to be placed in possession of their property; or, in case it is necessary for the use of the Government, to receive rent for the same on taking oath to future loyalty to the Government. All other citizens who can show loyalty to the Government, or that they have given neither aid nor countenance to the rebellion voluntarily, or who have voluntarily taken the oath of allegiance to the Government prior to the date of this order, and since Federal occupation, will be entitled to the same restoration of their property.

The following is the detail for the commission: Brigadier General M. D. Leggett, United States Volunteers; Lieutenant Colonel J. H. Howe, 124th Regiment Illinois Infantry Volunteers; Captain Chauncey Black, 17th Regiment Infantry Volunteers.

By order of Major General U. S. GRANT.
JOHN A. RAWLINS,
Brigadier General and A. A. G.

NO MORE SURRENDERS.

Brigadier General J. A. Garfield, chief of staff at Chattanooga, telegraphs as follows from that place to Brigadier General Granger at Nashville:

Arrest the officers who surrendered at McMinnville, and have them tried for their conduct in that affair. Those who surrendered will be disgraced and punished. Publish this despatch in the newspapers. Notify the Bridge Guards that *no surrenders are allowed*.

PRESIDENT LINCOLN'S LETTER TO HACKETT THE ACTOR.

THE PRESIDENT IS CONSIDERED AS A REPRESENTATIVE AND HEROIC CHARACTER—CONTRAST WITH JAMES BUCHANAN.

[From the Liverpool Post, October 1.]

Perhaps no leader in a great contest ever stood so little chance of being a subject of hero worship as Abraham Lincoln, the President of the United States. That he was once a rail-splitter would be pardoned if it could be proved that he were now a "swell." But there is nothing of the swell about "Old Abe." Every visitor that goes to Washington has something disrespectful to say of his very long legs, and consequently very long pantaloons; of his shambling figure; of his awkward speech, and doubly awkward silence; of his general unfitness in appearance and manners to mix in high society. Those who only know him from his exercitations in print conceive but a little better opinion of him. His grammar is decidedly self-taught and, perhaps, not quite remembered; his style is no style at all; his argument seem sometimes to have been written rather on the principle of Samson, making sport for the Philistines, than as at all adapted to advance his cause; and some of his metaphors are voted decidedly below par *by the crowd of arrogant pretenders* to taste, who never admired a saying that was timed with vulgarity, *and never said one that could be suspected of vigor or originality*. When the enemies of the North have nothing else to say, they deride the President, and when they feel the point of his homely jokes, they bitterly denounce him as a sort of Nero fiddling away to a ribald tune, while the empire he rules is in flames of civil war. Scarcely any one has a good word to say for him; and even his own party in the States seem too ready to remain silent about his merits, and to base their defence of the administration on any grounds rather than confidence in its head.

Yet *a worshipper of human heroes might possibly travel a great deal farther and fare much worse* for an idol than in selecting this same lanky American—the personification of freesoil principles—the representative of the idea that slavery, without being forcibly interfered with, must not be allowed to spread itself over the North American continent—and the impersonation, also, of the victory of that idea—a victory, which, as it were, stands on the defensive against those who would turn it into a defeat. Absolute truth, stern resolution, clear insight, solemn faithfulness, courage that cannot be daunted, hopefulness that cannot be dashed—these are qualities that go a long way to make up a hero, whatever side the possessor of them may take in any lawful conflict. *And it would not be easy to dispute Mr. Lincoln's claim to all these.* He has never given up a good servant or a sound principle. He has never shut his eyes to facts, or remained in ignorance of them. *He has never hesitated to do his work, or faltered in doing it.* No resolution has remained in nubibus with him because it was a strong one. No measure has been adopted merely because "something must be done." The exigencies of a fanatical war have never betrayed him into fanaticism, and the sharp stings of satire have never drawn from him an exclamation of ill humor, or even an imprudent rejoinder.

Depend upon it, the whole history of the war proves that this quiet, unpretending, awkward man is on the whole a fitter subject for respect than ridicule even as a public man, leaving altogether aside the consideration—once a favorite one in England—that he has raised himself literally from nothing. But it is not from the history of the war that we draw to-day an illustration of this conspicuous man's honest, generous, and thoughtful character. We derive it from what little private life he has had while he has been at the wheel—where he must have been a very Ixion—of the great American ship. Last winter or spring—Mr. Lincoln does not well remember which—he went to the theatre and saw Hackett, *an excellent actor, as few even in England need to be told*. Some time after, Mr. Hackett sent the President a book with a complimentary note. But, having something more serious in hand, Mr. Lincoln omitted for some time to use the player after his own honor, and did not acknowledge the present. At length, however, in August, the acknowledgment was sent. Now let us see in what terms Mr. Lincoln, the rough, uneducated, empty-minded President, as some think him, addressed the actor, whose Falstaff, after delighting tens of thousands, had chanced to be played before him:

EXECUTIVE MANSION,
WASHINGTON, Aug. 17 1863.

MY DEAR SIR: Months ago I should have acknowledged the receipt of your book and accompanying kind note, and I now have to beg your pardon for not having done so.

For one of my age I have seen very little of the drama. The first presentation of "Falstaff" I ever saw was yours here last winter or spring. Perhaps the best compliment I can pay is to say, as I truly can, I am very anxious to see it again. Some of Shakspeare's plays I have never read, while others I have gone over perhaps as frequently as any professional reader. Among the latter are Lear, Richard III., Henry VIII., Hamlet, and especially Macbeth. I think none equals Macbeth. It is wonderful. Unlike you gentlemen of the profession, I think the soliloquy in Hamlet, commencing, "Oh, my offence is rank," surpasses that commencing "To be or not to be." But pardon this small attempt at criticism. I should like to hear you pronounce the opening speech of Richard III.

Will you not soon visit Washington again? If you do, please call, and let me make your personal acquaintance. Yours, truly, A. LINCOLN.

Now, to us this letter speaks for itself as favorably as any letter ever spoke. Its simplicity and candor are as fresh and delightful as new-mown hay. *Only fancy a statesman, a President, confessing thus frankly he had never read Shakspeare through! How many British M. P.'s would have confessed it?* And yet how many of them there are who would have to own as much if they were put to it! We meet around intellectual or quasi-intellectual dinner tables. We talk of Shelley as familiarly as of sherry. We affect to languish at the thought of Pascal, and chuckle hypocritically over a reference to Montaigne. We laugh consumedly at a quotation from Juvenal if the quoter looks humorous, and pretend to be otherwise occupied if the expression of his countenance is not very readable. We talk as familiarly of Rabelais as of last week's *Punch*; comment on the transcendentalism of "Sartor Resartus" without the faintest idea of the tenor of the book; and narrowly escape denouncing Thomas Carlyle downright, under the impression that he is Richard Carlile, the infidel who outraged the orthodoxy of our fathers and mothers. There is no more abundant source of shame and pretension than the affectation in society of being well read in the "works which no gentleman's library should be without." Depend upon it there is much good truth and honesty in any man, and especially in a public man, who admires and respects Shakspeare, *and yet voluntarily says he has not read all his plays*.

But we are more pleased still with Mr. Lincoln for having read several of the plays many times over. *It is far better for a man to read one play twenty times, because he loves it, than to read twenty plays once because they constitute the author's works and must be gone through.* There is much indication of character, too, in his selection of favorites. "Lear," "Richard III," "Henry VIII," "Hamlet," and "Macbeth," would not be a bad library for any man who would make himself really master of them, and *for a ruler of men, who, at the same time, is a lover of human nature and a quaint humorist, they may well prove a continual feast*. The choice of "Macbeth" as principal favorite, and the preference of the less popular of Hamlet's soliloquies, also indicate that incisive use of his own wits, which is one of the surest indications of a man of power.

Long may Mr. Lincoln be able to find solace and enjoyment thus pleasantly and profitably, and may he never lack moral courage and graceful courtesy to do honor to those who, by illustrating the great dramatists, do almost all that is done effectually to keep them popularly alive. *In Mr. Hackett's case the honor is doubly due*, as many of our readers are aware. Not only is he a brilliant and unctious *Falstaff*, but a thoroughly estimable man. Once an opulent merchant, and afterwards unfortunate, he went on the stage and paid every creditor in full out of the new fortune he had made in his now avocation. He is an honor to a noble profession, the credit of which is too often inadequately sustained; and his distinguished correspondent is a man whose simple truth and cultivated intelligence will not forever be concealed by the unwieldiness of his frame or the uncourtliness of his manners. *A contrast was wanted to the suave deceitfulness and emptiness of James Buchanan, and one was found in Abraham Lincoln.*

A SENSIBLE VIEW OF BELLIGERENT RIGHTS.—M. Ciamageran, a French writer of distinction on questions of political economy, was delivered of the following sound sentiments at one of the sessions of the Social Scientific Congress recently held in Ghent. His remarks have a direct bearing upon the questions of international law now at issue between the United States and Great Britain, and are worthy of the careful consideration of those in authority:

"What should be the criterion? Hitherto it has been the fact which has given birth to the right. If the insurrection lasts, the insurgents become belligerents—that is, by the fact. It is time to substitute for this justice and right. There are the principles: First, there must be oppression, and the oppression must be manifested by the protests of the oppressed, who must have exhausted pacific means. Out of these principles there is injustice and anarchy.

"Present events afford us what the English call an 'illustration' of these principles. In America we see a group of men, the proprietors of slaves, rise against the established Government. They have been recognized as belligerents. Is the recognition right? No. The South enjoyed all possible liberty. If it had complaints to make it had every means of bringing them forward. Moreover, it had a considerable share of power. And yet it had recourse to war without employing any pacific means, and rose in order that it might maintain the right of oppressing the blacks. Not that that right was disputed, but because the chief magistrate of the country had an opinion opposed to it. These are the people whom France and England have recognized as belligerents.

"We are justified, therefore, in saying that, if these two nations are at the head of civilization, their Governments are sometimes in the rear. The motive of France may be divined—it is mistrust of liberty. In England a noble sight has been seen; the meetings of workingmen, who, in spite of the dearth of cotton, have repelled the slavery men. That is a great contrast with the acts of the Government. In another quarter of the world something very different is occurring. Poland, an ancient nation, has been divided by an act of brigandage; it has been oppressed by the powerful. Have the people submitted? Never. They have unceasingly protested. They have risen again, and for what cause? To retain their sons in the midst of them. Here, then, are belligerents, if ever there were any. And yet France and England have not recognized them. In the name of right we protest."

THE GOVERNOR-GENERAL OF CANADA AND TOM THUMB.—The Montreal *Commercial* gets off the following hard hit at the Governor-General of Canada:

"The Governor-General entertained Gen. Tom Thumb at a dinner on Saturday. The fact is suggestive, the mental capacity of the Governor being on a par with the physical magnitude of the General, and both exhibiting their littleness for money."

Forney's War Press.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 24, 1863.

THE CALL FOR VOLUNTEERS.

The issue between the friends and the enemies of the Government, in the late elections in this and adjacent States, was so fairly made up that there can be no doubt whatever as to the signification of the result. The people, by their ballots, have decided that the war shall go on, that the Union may be restored. The Administration has replied to this expression of the popular result in the call for three hundred thousand volunteers, published in our columns today. It will be seen that the Government does not propose another draft, except so far as it may be necessary to fill up the quota of those States that have not voluntarily responded to the full extent of the new levy. The people have said, in the most unmistakable manner, that they are in favor of a vigorous war, and that they are perfectly willing to submit to all the privations which such a war must entail upon them. Drafting, therefore, will be unnecessary, except, perhaps, to close up the good work of volunteering, and in place of the draft commissioner we shall greet the more welcome recruiting sergeant with his fife and drum. Whatever the quota of Pennsylvania may be, ample time remains, between now and the fifth day of January next, to fill it by volunteering, if the proper exertions are made. Let those, the nature of whose pursuits precludes them joining the ranks, subscribe liberally towards a general bounty fund, to be offered as an inducement to those who can be spared to serve their country in the field; and let all who enter the service be assured that their families will not be suffered to want during their absence, and we feel certain that the response to the President's proclamation will be fully as gratifying to all friends of the Union as were the results of the late elections.

OUR FOREIGN RELATIONS—AT HOME.

The rulers of England and of France may learn a lesson, if they are wise, from the manner in which the Russian ships of war, now in the bay of New York, have been received, welcomed, and honored, while the vessels bearing aloft the union jack and the tricolor have been in a manner passed by. So with the officers of these ships:—the utmost respect and honor have been manifested to them, not by individuals alone, not even by the corporation, (though that body has behaved very spiritedly on the occasion,) but by the whole mass of the vast population of that city, with even scarcely a glance of non-assent from the political malcontents themselves. The English and French naval officers must have felt that *they* were virtually unacknowledged, though entreated with the civility due to strangers, while the Russians were made much of, and entertained with an enthusiasm and at a cost surpassing all precedent, even in New York, where civic compliments are made "regardless of expense," and even on a more extensive scale than, three years ago, was the sumptuous reception of the Prince of Wales.

There is a great philosophic and even historic moral in what New York has done, and is doing, to show respect and regard and gratitude to Russia, and to mark, by a strong contrast, what is the public opinion of this country regarding England and France. "The Lounger," who writes so much common sense, and writes it very well, in *Harper's Weekly*, puts this matter in such a clear manner that we shall take leave to quote a portion of his article.

After saying "the welcome to the Russian officers was a striking and memorable event; John Bull in the omnibus and at windows, and on the corners of streets, laughed at the 'splendor' of the spectacle," he adds: "At this time there are also English and French ships riding at anchor in the harbor. And what the mind's eye sees as it looks is, that England and France are the quasi enemies of this country and of Russia; that England and France have recognized the belligerent rights of the rebels, and that Russia has not; that if an English pirate, like the Florida or Alabama, should appear off the bay, the English and French ships would treat her as a commissioned vessel of war, and *the Russian ships would treat her as a pirate.* These are little things visible to the mind's eye, whatever the excellent John Bull may think of the 'splendor' of the civic reception."

This is plain truth. Since the war commenced, Russia has shown the greatest good feeling towards us, not unmindful, we think, of the fact that when England and France declared war with the Czar, in 1854, the United States Government sternly put its foot upon the British attempt to recruit for Victoria's army in the Crimea, sent home several British consuls, and dismissed Sir John Crampton, the British ambassador, as a chief *particeps criminis.* We felt that it was our duty to be neutral during the war in the Crimea, and showed that neutrality by quickly remitting back to England the whole of Queen Victoria's recruiting gang. Russia evidently did not forget *this*, when our troubles began, and has shown it by her conduct.

Our friend, "The Lounger," continues thus: "Americans understand that the sympathy of France in our Revolution was not from love of us, but from hatred of England. They know, as Washington long ago told them, that romantic friendship between nations is not to be expected. And if they had latterly expected it, England has utterly undeceived them. Americans do not suppose that Russia is upon the point of becoming a republic; but they observe that the English aristocracy and the French empire hate a republic quite as much as the Russian monarchy hates it; and they remark that, while the French empire imports coolies into its colonies, and winks at slavery, and while the British Government cheers a political enterprise founded upon slavery, and by its chief organs defends the system, *Russia* emancipates her serfs." These last four words, telling a great fact, really constitute the essence of a great argument. The conclusion of the article is even finer than any preceding part of it:—"There is not the least harm in observing those little facts. Russia, John Bull will remember, conducts herself as a friendly Power. That is all. England and France have shown themselves to be unfriendly Powers. And we do not forget it. Russia treats us in our civil war as we treated England in her Crimean and Indian wars. We have no 'frenzy' of gratitude for it, but we have a very distinct and permanent perception of the fact. As to the gold lace and the splendor of the civic ovation, if they were inadequate, the Russians doubtless freely forgive the want of rings upon the hand in consideration of the warmth and sincerity of the pressure."

THE MEXICAN QUESTION.

Foreign papers state that the Archduke Maximilian had given audience to the Mexican Commissioners, and had intimated his intention of accepting the throne of Mexico, on two conditions: first, that he was unanimously called to it, and, second, that he had the assurance of being maintained in it beyond all opposition. This news may be premature, for his interview with the Commissioners did not take place until the 3d October, and the result could scarcely have been telegraphed in time to be brought over by the mail steamer Africa, which left Liverpool on that day. However, it *might* have reached Queenstown, in time to catch the steamer on the 4th. It is quite possible, however, that the Archduke has arrived at the determination thus reported.

Here is a young man, only thirty-one years old, a member of the proudest reigning family in Europe—a man who has had experience in government, as Viceroy of Venetia, before the Italian war of 1859—with only a sickly boy of five years between him and the presumptive succession to the Crown of Austria—blessed with ample fortune to maintain his princely rank, yet tempted away from country and family by the offer of a crown in the distant American Continent. There must have been a struggle, but Ambition has carried the day, and Maximilian, like the dog in the fable, may experience that he has lost the substance in grasping at the shadow.

Who can assure him, with any degree of truth, that Mexico unanimously calls him to rule it as Emperor? A few men, in an Assembly of Notables, nominated and packed under the bayonets and at the bidding of a French general, have voted the destruction of the Mexican Republic, and have voted the establishment of a Mexican Empire, with an Austrian prince on the throne. But, nearly two years before this pretended election had taken place, and two months before ever French soldiers set foot on Mexican soil, Napoleon III. had privately offered the imperial diadem of Mexico to the Archduke Maximilian. Much about the same time he issued a Proclamation, in which he solemnly assured the world that, in going to Mexico, his army had no mission to interfere in any way with the rulers of that country or its form of government. All he desired, he declared, was a settlement of the Mexican debt to Frenchmen, and apologies, or some other reparation, for injuries said to have been inflicted, in various ways, upon certain other Frenchmen, who had become traders in Mexico.

Let it be considered what a very small portion of Mexican territory has been conquered and is occupied by the French army, and at what expenditure of blood and treasure. Of the whole] twenty-five States comprising the Republic of Mexico, only three (Vera Cruz, Puebla, and Mexico) are in the hands of the French.

It was eighteen months before all the boasted valor and skill of the French army could obtain a conquest of the city of Puebla, which is half way between Mexico and the sea. If, as is expected, President Juarez remain opposed to the invaders, waging that guerilla warfare which is so well adapted to such a people and such a country, it is impossible to say when, if ever, Mexico will be wholly subdued by the invader, unless half the whole army of France be sent over, to maintain the war, at a great drain of expenditure, which, ere long, would probably create a revolution in France. It seems, therefore, that Maximilian's first stipulation, as to ascending the throne as the unanimous choice of Mexico, is likely to remain uncomplied with.

As to the second, that, if necessary, he be maintained on the throne by European aid—naval, military, and monetary—we cannot see how it is to be done, or by whom. The Emperor of Austria, who is Maximilian's sovereign as well as brother, permits him to become Emperor of Mexico, on the stern condition that, at the same time, he relinquishes all claim to be considered one of the reigning family of Austria, and, whatever the result may be—that is, if dethroned in a few years or months—also relinquishes all right not only as a Prince, but as a subject of Austria. Moreover, Maximilian at once will cease to draw any money from the public treasury of Austria, and will not receive a solitary florin towards his outfit as Emperor. Over three centuries ago, one of his ancestors, elected Emperor of Germany in 1493, obtained the sobriquet of Maximilian the Penniless:—his namesake will equally deserve to be so called, as far as his expectancy from Austria is concerned.

It was stated that the material aid and effective guarantee, necessary to maintain Maximilian on the Mexican throne, would be afforded by England, France, and Spain, the three European Powers which, far in the fall of 1861, actually invaded Mexico. But, in a very short time, England and Spain found out that they had been deceived by France, and suddenly and simultaneously backed out, withdrew the respective contingents of their forces, and left France to carry on the war alone. If there be any thing more improbable than another, it is that England or Spain will undertake to maintain a nominee of Napoleon's upon a throne in Mexico erected, by French bayonets, on the ruins of the Republic there. Therefore, the aid which Maximilian stipulates for will have to be supplied by France. But already many thousand French soldiers have perished, in Mexico, in battle or from disease, and $100,000,000, it is estimated by statisticians at Paris, have been expended by Napoleon on this Mexican war. Is France, which complains of this, at all likely to submit to further drains of men and money on account of Mexico?

There was some rumor of a loan of $100,000,000 to pay off Mexico's old indebtedness to Europe, to meet the cost of establishing the new Mexican empire, and to discharge all the expenses already incurred by France. Double the amount would not be sufficient to meet the first two requirements; as for the third, Napoleon will probably pay himself, by appropriating Lower California and Sonora,—just as he annexed Savoy and Nice to France, as compensation for his assistance in the war of Italy.

It was stated by a contemporary, a few days ago, that, in order to obtain a sure foothold in Mexico, it was probable that Maximilian would marry a daughter of the Emperor Don Pedro II. of Borazol. This would, doubtless, be a politic alliance, but it happens that Maximilian was married, on July 27, 1857, to the Princess Charlotte, only daughter of Leopold of Belgium, and cousin of Queen Victoria and the Orleans Princes. This Archduchess is in excellent health. There has not been any issue of this marriage, which would probably cause a dispute as to the succession, if ever Maximilian reign in Mexico

CHATTANOOGA.

We have not been among the number of those who have entertained an apprehension that General Rosecrans' position at Chattanooga might be invested by General Bragg, for the simple reason that we have never believed the rebel army large enough to accomplish such an undertaking. At the battle of Chickamauga, Bragg's entire force, although opposed but by the single division of General Thomas, was unable to gain any marked advantage over it, and it was not until nightfall that our troops, having failed to be reinforced, were withdrawn to Rossville. If, then, Bragg, with his entire force, could not succeed in open field in capturing one-third of General Rosecrans' army, and, in the attempt, suffered quite as much, if not more, than ourselves, how could he hope to surround our entire army, and compel it to capitulate? We could only suppose such a thing possible by supposing that he has been heavily reinforced since the late battle; but if so, from what quarter? It seems quite evident that General Lee's army has not been materially, if at all, reduced, for we now find it exhibiting signs of a disposition to assume the offensive; nor can it be believed that General Beauregard's army at Charleston, already inferior to General Gilmore's, from all we can learn, would be further weakened at such a time as this, when our siege operations are making such rapid progress as to promise the early capitulation or destruction of the "doomed city." As to drawing reinforcements from Mobile, we rather believe that this post has never been held by one-half of the force that the rebel Government would consider requisite for its defence; and had there been any available troops in North Carolina not actually needed to observe General Foster's movements, it seems reasonable to believe that they would long since have been transferred either to Virginia or South Carolina. And, finally, we know that for General Bragg to gain any accessions to his strength from west of the Mississippi is out of the question, for the rebel forces now operating in that section of the Union can scarcely hold their ground as it is, and were it not for the assistance furnished them by the guerillas, they might ere this have been "driven to the wall." The disastrous issue of the last invasion of Missouri, which we print elsewhere, is a striking proof of this assertion. Hence we are led to infer that when General Bragg opened the battle of Chickamauga, he did so with all the forces possible to concentrate for the work in hand. He had ample knowledge of General Rosecrans' projected advantage; although a rapid one, it was by no means a surprise, as was proved in the sequel, and therefore he must have made all the dispositions in his power to check it. This he tried to do, and failed most disastrously. Since that failure, there has been no general movement upon his part indicative of confidence in his ability to retrieve it, or even of an earnest design to make the attempt. The cavalry expedition of Wheeler, intended to interrupt General Rosecrans' communications, may have been a feint or an independent movement; at all events, it was judged to be a comparatively easy undertaking, entailing no great risk. How completely it failed the telegraph has already told us; and, furthermore we hear, through the same channel, that Missionary Ridge, and Lookout Mountain, which, we were told in a New York journal a day or two ago, commanded Chattanooga as completely as Maryland Heights command Harper's Ferry, and which were held by the rebel centre under General Johnston, have been abandoned. This report would seem to confirm the one before mentioned, that the rebels were suffering for lack of supplies, although it may not be the case, for Dalton, where General Bragg's right grand division is positioned, is in direct railroad communication with Atlanta, Georgia. However, our impression that General Bragg's army is not in a position to assume the offensive, with any prospect of success, is sustained by the following extract from an article in the Atlanta *Appeal*, published a week or so ago: "A vigorous prosecution of the successes of Saturday and Sunday, when the enemy was thorougly routed and demoralized, would have given us such a victory, and placed East and Middle Tennessee once more in our possession. As it is, we have only recovered some eight or ten miles of surrendered territory, while the enemy is impregnably entrenched in Chattanooga, where, we fear, he will remain during the winter." Evidently, Bragg is unpopular, and the fact is scarcely surprising. He has not gained a single decisive battle in this war, and his sole skill as a military leader consists in his ability to make "masterly retreats." The report that he will be superseded, is, therefore, very probably, correct. Resting in the belief that the army he commands has not been strengthened since the battle of Chickamauga, and that the Army of the Cumberland has, on the other hand, been materially reinforced in the meantime, we entertain no apprehensions for the safety of Gen. Rosecrans' army at Chattanooga.

THE WAR IN VIRGINIA.

But lately the interest of the war centred at Chattanooga; thence it was rapidly transferred to Ohio and Pennsylvania; now that General Rosecrans is secure, and Governor Curtin re-elected, it rests in the Virginian battle-field, and there will remain fixed until the strange movements of the two armies result in some decisive action. The Army of the Potomac is in line of battle, and apparently in constant motion, skirmishing for position being continual, with apparent disadvantage to the enemy. The later reports of the severe engagement on Wednesday between the 2d Corps and the enemy confirm the statements of our success, and the fighting of this old and veteran corps, composed largely of Pennsylvanians and including the celebrated Philadelphia Brigade, shows the splendid condition and high temper of the army. This corps, attacked suddenly by a strong force, in an attitude unfavorable to defence, was unable for a time to reply to the destructive fire of whole regiments hidden in woods and batteries in commanding positions. Yet it submitted patiently to that fire until the organization was hastily perfected by General Warren's skill, and the enemy repulsed. This is the proof that the Army of the Potomac is ready for battle, and that the country may still repose in its valor that trust which at Gettysburg was so nobly vindicated.

The report that a corps of the rebel army has moved from our front in the direction of Leesburg, does not of itself justify any speculation as to another invasion of Maryland. It may readily be accepted as an indication of the possibility of such a movement, but involves no certainty. Whatever it may mean, General Meade has by this time discovered, by the reconnoissance in that direction. No doubt exists that with good generalship every movement of the enemy can be countered, for however large General Lee's army may be, it is not sufficiently formidable to excite terror, though it may well inspire respect.

JOHN BROWN.

Among the letters found in Jefferson Davis' library is one from Mr. James S. Mason, written during the Presidential campaign of 1856, and advising the secession of the South in case General Fremont was elected. "I am a candidate for the first halter," wrote Mr. Mason. It is noticeable that the first man hung in this war was John Brown. The death of this lonely old man was for an act conscientiously committed in the cause of human freedom. With one or two friends, with a few colored men, some old muskets and pikes, he deliberately went into Virginia and made war upon the whole accursed system of slavery. It was Ajax defying the lightning. He failed, as all the world might have known, as probably in his heart he knew he would. But he died strong in his own proud consciousness, and shamed in his death the lives of those around him. As he passed from the prison gloom into the sunlight on his death-day, he took from the arms of a weeping slave woman her little smiling babe and kissed it, blessing in that sublime act the down-trodden race for which his life was sacrificed. On the scaffold he calmly looked around him and said, "How beautiful are the green fields!" A little longer and he looked on them no more.

The execution of old John Brown shocked the heart of the North; those who blamed the act respected the man, and blushed at the pitiful want of magnanimity on the part of the Virginian slaveholders. The heroic spirit was not dead in the free States; thousands felt that John Brown was justified in his own heart. His death was galling to the warm sympathies of freemen. Yet no attempt was made in the North to resist by force his execution. Kansas did not frantically secede, nor did Massachusetts, with all her Abolitionists, threaten to destroy the Union.

John Brown's transgression of the law did not compare with the crime the slaveholders committed. The men that hung him were even then plotting the great wickedness of the age, and he was slain for trying to save a few negroes from bondage, that they might with more safely attempt the murder of their country. And how great is the contrast between the law-abiding, loyal North, which permitted Virginia to hang John Brown, because it was so written in the bond, and the treacherous South, then preparing to tear the bond asunder. The Constitution was sacred as it protected slavery; worthless as it protected freedom. There was not a traitor in the Senate, or in the Cabinet of James Buchanan, who was not ten times worthier a halter than this brave old hero; and those who clamored at the time most loudly for his blood knew well their own guilt was greater. In 1856 there were more candidates for the first halter than Mr. Mason.

Horrible Murder in Delaware County—Man and Woman Butchered—An Arrest Made.—The town or village of Middleton, not far distant from Media, in Delaware county, was thrown into great excitement, on Monday, in consequence of the discovery of a horrible double murder that had been committed there some time on Sunday night. A woman named Ellen Jones, who kept a drinking house there, was found literally hewn to pieces. Not far distant from her were found the mangled remains of a man named John Barratt. An axe had been used to commit this horrid butchery. An attempt was made to wash out the bloodstains from this weapon. A basin of bloody water, and a blood stained towel, exhibiting finger marks, as traced in the life blood of the victims, were left in the house by the murderer. On Monday evening, a man giving the name of Wilkinson, was arrested in the Twenty-fourth ward, on suspicion of having committed the murder. He was taken to the station-house. In a conversation that he had with Lieutenant Tolbert, he admitted being at the house of Mrs. Jones up to quarter before eight o'clock on Sunday evening. John Barratt, whose mangled body was found, was seen about the premises from two o'clock in the afternoon until dark. He was drunk; a portion of the time, almost stupidly so. It is supposed that Mrs. Jones had money laid away, and that to gain this the murder was perpetrated. Two little children, the oldest only seven years of age, were up stairs, and probably asleep, at the time the dreadful work was going on down stairs. On Tuesday morning Wilkinson was sent to Media, and placed in prison, to await the result of the coroner's investigation of the case.

Drafted Men in Battle.—A correspondent of the Washington *Chronicle*, in giving an account of the fight at Bristow's Station, says:

"I am here compelled to say a word of truth for the conscripts. General Webb, who had a large number in his division, speaks of them in terms of wonder and admiration. They stood in their places and fought. No more can be said of the bravest modern warrior. They did more. They cursed, but it was because they could not load and fire as rapidly as our veterans."

GEN. GRANT APPOINTED TO THE ARMY OF THE CUMBERLAND.

☞ As we go to press, we have the important announcement (though unofficial) that Gen. Grant has been appointed to the command of the Armies of the Cumberland, Ohio, and Kentucky, with the full powers to which he is justly entitled by the splendor of his past achievements. This appointment is welcome; it will satisfy the best friends of the cause, and cannot offend the warmest admirers of the General superseded. General Rosecrans has been relieved from the command of the Army of the Cumberland, and is succeeded by General Thomas, that brave and skilful soldier, who, at Chickamauga, with his own corps alone, repelled a far superior force of the enemy, and saved the rest of the army from great disaster. No one can doubt his fitness for the command. The military changes in the West will be somewhat startling to the public, but are demanded by the highest interests of the country.

OUR LOYAL MEMBERS OF CONGRESS.

The gentlemen elected to the new National House of Representatives from this city, on the Union ticket, Hon. Charles O'Neill, Hon. W. D. Kelley, Hon. Leonard Meyers, and Hon. M. Russel Thayer, were constant in their efforts in favor of the cause of the country, and to these efforts much of our great local success may be justly credited. Mr. O'Neill spoke in many of the wards with rare sense and power, and Mr. Meyers made the Kensington district ring with his appeals, and the result, in that as in O'Neill's, may be read in the vote of Tuesday. Mr. Thayer's speeches in the rural parts of his district will long be remembered for their fervor and their truth. Judge Kelley's speeches, delivered in some thirty counties of the State, will never be forgotten by the hosts who heard them. He is back in good health and spirits, and ready for the new labors before all the friends of the old flag.

The public interest in party success is extinguished by the higher interest in the success of the war, and nothing is more encouraging to the friends of the Union than this fact. The recent elections demonstrate it clearly, and we have now no fear that party ambition will again endanger the integrity of the nation. We look not to Republicans, Democrats, or Whigs for the victory in this struggle; it can only come by the unanimity of the Union party—the concerted action of the loyal American people. The best Republican is now powerless to help if he appears as a partisan; the best Democrat, before giving efficient aid, must abandon his political prejudices. All loyal men must give up partisan principles and unite with that great national organization which has for its sole purpose the destruction of the rebellion in the shortest way.

The State nominations of New York, lately made, insure to the Union ticket great personal popularity. In the county conventions, it is gratifying that political antecedents are ignored. The number of loyal Democrats in nomination is large. To show the high character of the ticket, we cite the nomination of Hon. Henry J. Raymond, for Assembly, in the Seventh district. Such men in office will revolutionize the State long before Governor Seymour's term expires, and inevitably use its influence in sustaining the Government.

DINNER TO THE 118th REGIMENT OF PENNSYLVANIA VOLUNTEERS.

On Thursday evening a celebration of a very gratifying character came off at the Girard House, in the agreeable shape of a dinner to the officers, now in this city, of the 118th Regiment of Pennsylvania Volunteers. This is one of the regiments raised, accoutred, and sent into the field by the Corn Exchange Association, a body of gentlemen who possess wealth, loyalty, and enterprise in no ordinary degree, and are proverbial for their liberal and hospitable character. The officers of the regiment present were Colonel Gwynn, Major Henry O'Neill, and Adjutant Charles Hand. In consequence of indisposition, Colonel Prevost, the retiring commander of the regiment, was unable to attend. The following officers were among the invited guests: General Cadwalader, General Hatch, Major Mosse, Major McFall, Colonel Murphy, Colonel James P. Perot, and Captain Boyd.

The dinner was served in the large dining-room of the Girard House, which was handsomely decorated with flags and other loyal insigna. The chair, occupied by Joseph W. Miller, Esq., was placed under a canopy of flags and festoons of flowers. The dinner was excellent in all points—good viands, well-dressed, and well-served—and the wines were of the first quality. There seemed to be a run upon Mumm's Cabinet, which was well iced beforehand, and some curious Madeira, which, very properly, was not. It is only fair to say that the attendance was admirable—the value of active and intelligent waiters was very perceptible. During the dinner, and after each toast, a brass band did "discourse most excellent music." There were placed on the table, at intervals, pyramids of bouquets, artistically arranged.

On the removal of the cloth, the chairman addressed the company, consisting of about sixty gentlemen, and made some prefatory remarks on the circumstances under which they had assembled. To raise a Corn Exchange Regiment was a well-conceived idea, which had been effectively carried out. The wishes, the hopes, the sympathies of the Corn Exchange Association had been with these brave men during the dangers which they dared with courage and loyalty; the Association triumphed in the glory, and grieved with the sufferings, of that regiment, some of whom had fallen, baptized in blood; some of whom had escaped the perils of the battle-field. [Applause.] He concluded by proposing:

Our honored guests—Col. Prevost, the retiring, and Col. Gwyn, the present commander of the 118th Regiment: May the history of the regiment prove as prosperous and happy under the one as it has been, under the other, glorious and honorable.

Col. Gwyn acknowledged the honor paid to himself and friends in a brief and grateful speech, which he read, a copy of which we have been unable to obtain.

The next toast was:

The President of the United States: Faithful, patient, just, and true, every loyal man supports him with his whole heart.

A. G. Cattell, Esq., late President of the C. E. Association, in acknowledgment, said that he was paying no compliment to the place or to its incumbent, when he said that it was the highest position a man could fill. A king might become such by accident, or by bristling bayonets, which would support him on the throne, but the President of the United States was elected by the will of the people, and ruled at the wish of those who chose him. Such a position was high, holy, and responsible. After some further opposite remarks, Mr. Cattell likened this country to a giant, with his head in the North, his feet bathed by the waters at the South, one hand stretching across the Atlantic, and the other grasping the golden treasures of the Pacific. He concluded by characterizing Mr. Lincoln as faithful and true—a man in whom the people had confidence, and deserved and ought to obtain the support of all loyal men. [Great applause.]

The Governor of Pennsylvania—the friend of the Soldier, the lover of his Country; the courteous Gentleman; He is without a rival in the affections of the people of his State.

Alexander Getty, Esq., President of the Corn Exchange Association, referred to the gratifying result of the election which has proved how deeply Andrew G. Curtin was respected in Philadelphia. And why? Because he upholds the President of the United States in his strenuous efforts to suppress a wicked and unholy rebellion. [Applause.] Governor Curtin deserved to be called "The Soldier's Friend," and the army, whose interests he had so well cared for, had shown their gratitude and their love for him. Whether in his public capacity or in the relations of private life, Governor Curtin was a gentleman worthy of all consideration and respect, and the people had just shown how thoroughly this was their opinion of him. [Applause.]

"Three cheers for Curtin" were called for when Mr. Getty concluded his eloquent eulogium, and heartily given with a will.

The next toast, to which George L. Buzby, Esq. responded in a spirited speech, was,

Our Country:

"Stand
Firm for your Country and become a Man
Honored and loved. It were a noble end
To be found dead, embracing her."

The next succeeding toast, which was received with "*all* the honors" and a considerable number more, as becomes the gallant men whose valorous achievements have astonished "all the world and the rest of mankind," was

Our Soldiers: Brave men and true, may their deeds be reverently appreciated,—

"To fight
In a just cause, and for our country's glory,
Is the best office of the best of men."

General George Cadwalader, on rising to acknowledge this toast, was greeted with hearty cheers. It was difficult, he said, to respond to such a compliment to his profession. But he could say that the soldiers of the Union had done their duty on every occasion, and had manfully sustained the banner of their country. An atrocious rebellion, wholly unlooked for by us, and entirely without cause or justification, had arisen, and loyal men eagerly took arms to put it down. [Great applause.] Whether in the old army or in the new, there was equal alacrity in rallying around the country's flag, and the spirit of the people would continue to supply brave men to battle for the right to the end. This country had always risen above temporary difficulties, and was more capable than ever of doing so now. [Cheers.] We would crush the rebellion, and the reputation of this country would then be higher than ever abroad. [Applause.]

Let us unite to rise above all sordid considerations, and thus be in a position to resist all attempts at foreign intervention, and, if we must, show that we do not forget how other nations have treated us in our crisis. [Great applause.] The General concluded by returning thanks for the toast, in the name of the soldiers, and complimented the Corn Exchange Regiment for its uniform good discipline in the camp and gallant conduct in the field. He begged to give the health of General Winfield Scott, their old chief, who should never be forgotten when American soldiers were present. The toast was drank with the honors.

The next toast, very briefly responded to (we believe) by a naval officer, was:

Our Sailors: To them we confide the honor of our flag upon the great waters. In their keeping it has been, is, and ever shall be, safe.

Henry Budd, Esq., responded to the seventh toast, in an address which was so imperfectly audible at the upper end of the room that the reporter does not venture to give an abstract of it. The passages which he did catch were eloquent and patriotic. The toast was:

Freedom:

"In the long vista of the years to roll,
Let me not see my country's honor fade!
Oh! let me see our land retain its soul!
Her pride in Freedom, and not Freedom's shade!"

The chairman then proposed:

The Union Men of the South: Tried in the furnace of affliction, they shall come out of the fire as pure gold.

Col. Thomas Fitzgerald, in speaking to this toast, mentioned his own personal and happy intercourse, in former days, with the true men of the South, and named a great many gallant and able Southern gentlemen who, even now, amid the too general defection of the Southern States, were to be found on the side of the Constitution and freedom.

Dr. Shelton Mackenzie, of *The Press*, complied with a demand from the company and acknowledged the toast of

The Press: A most potent institution; in worthy hands, in verity the palladium of our liberties. Let us hope that while it shall ever retain its freedom it may never forget its virtue.

The concluding of the regular toasts was:

Woman:

"Oh, woman! whose form and whose soul
Are the spell and the light of each path we pursue,
Whether sunn'd in the tropics or chilled at the poles,
If woman be there, there is happiness too."

After this, the Chairman proposed the health of General Hatch, which was suitably acknowledged, in words "few but fitting," by that gallant officer. The health of the Chairman, proposed by Dr. Mackenzie, was received, as was due to Mr. Miller's talent and tact, with great applause, and was only too briefly, however ably, acknowledged.

The Chair proposed—

The health of E. G. James, Esq., an efficient, active, and able member of the Corn Exchange Association.

Mr. James, in reply, complimented the Corn Exchange Regiment on its good fortune in obtaining for its immediately future commander so admirable an officer as Colonel Gwyn. If the Almighty ever made a soldier, Colonel Gwyn was the man. [Cheers.] In all respects he was fitted, mentally as well as physically, for the high position, and the regiment might well be proud of him, as the Corn Exchange Association was proud of, and gloried in, his regiment. [Applause.] Regretting the absence of Colonel Prevost, he concluded by proposing that officer's health. Among gentlemen toasted after this were Major P. Herring, Edmund D. Souder, Esq., Colonel J. P. Perot, Major Paul of the cavalry, Colonel Fitzgerald, and Major H. O'Neill and Adjutant Hand. The two last named are officers of the 118th.

Major O'Neill, in a few words, well chosen and earnestly spoken, returned thanks, and acknowledged this favor as one of many which he had received from the Corn Exchange Association. Their remembrance would never leave him, and he hoped to prove, by action rather than words, the sincerity of his gratitude. [Applause.]

The health of Charles Knecht, Esq., proposed by George McKinstry, Esq., was followed by "The memory of the brave men who have fallen," given by the Chair and drank in solemn silence.

E. G. James, Esq., after alluding to the necessity of providing means for emigration and commerce, begged to introduce Mr. William Searle, of the firm of Jabel & Searle, Liverpool, who had come to this city to proffer to its merchants and traders a communication from England to and from Philadelphia direct, by means of a line of four first-class steamers. [Applause.] He proposed the health of "Jabel & Searle," of Liverpool. Mr. Searle, who was warmly greeted, in expressing the gratification he felt in attending a social meeting of Philadelphia merchants, said that he trusted they would believe him when he said that the heart of England was with the North and its cause. [Applause.] Many true men across the sea would rejoice that Mr. Curtin had been re-elected Governor of Pennsylvania. The struggle of the world was going on in this country, and the election just ended would tell upon the destinies of the world. Opinion had much changed, of late, in England. Earl Russell had made a great mistake, at the commencement, by acknowledging the South as belligerents, and had lately said that he had done this because five millions of men in the South had rebelled; but he (Mr. S.) would say that not mere numbers but the cause was the point, for if five men rightly rebelled, it was as much a rebellion as if five millions had rebelled. But the South had no justification for rebellion. [Cheers.] There was a tendency in the British mind to assist the weaker side, and perhaps this was the cause why, at first, Lord Russell had rather acknowledged the South. [Applause and laughter.] But the heart of England was for the right, and wished to uphold the greatest Republic the world ever saw. Lord Russell might well point to the progress which this country had made and was making. Newspaper writers, in both countries, had added to the irritation and kept up the excitement. England could not have any sympathy with the South, and desired the success of the North as it had desired the success of liberty in Italy. [Applause.] As regarded the commercial enterprise which had brought himself hither, he would only say that Philadelphia ought to have a direct line of first-class steamers to and from England. It was nearer the West, that great producing soil, than New York was, and ought to be at once its emporium and its port. If he could be instrumental in effecting this, his satisfaction would be great indeed. [Applause.]

Mr. Getty believed that if Philadelphia declined this offer of Messrs. Jabel & Searle, New York would be pretty sure to step in and accept the line for itself.

The chairman abandoned his seat shortly after eleven, and the social gathering then broke up. In consequence of the goodness of the wines (and, perhaps, the moderation of their consumers), headaches were unknown next morning, and such refreshers as bitter ale, cocktails, and other refreshers, were greatly at a discount.

LETTERS OF "OCCASIONAL."

WASHINGTON, October 17, 1863.

One great work having been accomplished in Pennsylvania, Ohio, Iowa, Indiana, and other States, in which the authority of the Federal Government has been fully vindicated, and the course of the Administration of the Government fully sustained, it now becomes us to look to the immediate future, and to understand our new responsibilities. After every great battle the soldiers are permitted little rest. They are trained for a new conflict. They are educated for new trials and for new sufferings. So with us in civil life. Without being called upon to submit to their sacrifices, and to endure their agonies, we should understand that the battle for human liberty is a continuous and never-ending struggle. The Union organizations in all the loyal States must be maintained. The languor that succeeded ordinary elections in former times must not be permitted to succeed our late triumphs at the ballot-box. We must perfect our organizations, increase our efforts, and add to our numbers by all honorable means. From this hour the campaign of 1864 may be said to have commenced. The Union Leagues, headed by that parent and powerful institution in Philadelphia, which did so much at the beginning to give heart and soul to the loyal sentiment in every section, must not forget that all their intellects and efforts are again required, and that for the coming year they must, if possible, be more active and vigilant than ever. Let us remember that we should be tolerant, kind, and vigilant to all who have heretofore opposed us in the loyal States. Let us remember that in our hands are reposed the destinies of the country. There is, and can be, no party in the future but that of the Republic, no Democratic, no Republican, and no Whig party; and let this spirit pervade and inspire every organization, small or great. The questions to be considered, adjusted, and disposed of, in the year 1864, demand that every prejudice of the past should be postponed or forgotten; and he who supposes that the great anti-slavery organization can triumph in 1864, by ignoring this fact, will be as much mistaken as he who calculates that the sun that sets to-day will not rise to-morrow.

OCCASIONAL.

WASHINGTON, October 19, 1863.

After a long absence from my post, I can scarcely tell you how I enjoyed the change everywhere apparent between the dark hour when I left, in September, and the bright and hopeful present. Never has the voice of the loyal people of loyal States done so much to encourage honest and loyal public servants as the voice that spoke from the triumvirate and triumphant States (Pennsylvania, Ohio, and Iowa) on the 13th of this month. To fully understand the value of these majestic popular utterances you should be here. It is easy to realize that if the mere sympathizers with treason in Pennsylvania felt sure of rebuking the Federal Government, those here who do more than sympathize with treason, and who are only deterred from open demonstrations by the fact that the Argus eye is upon them all the time, should have boldly and brazenly expected the defeat of the Union party in the late elections. I am told that they were so sanguine as to be ready to wager large sums upon the issue of the election in our State. For these people, like their political kindred elsewhere, had come to the conviction that the last chance for the rebels was to defeat the friends of the Administration in the Northern elections. When this hope failed them, their hearts gave way, and they saw before them only defeat and despair. How different the effect upon the public authorities—upon those who have the heavy burdens of official responsibility to carry, and who have had to withstand the reckless assaults of the Copperhead leaders! I saw the President on Friday, and several members of his Cabinet, and heard enough to make me proud of our good State, and yet more proud of the wonderful victory that has crowned the patriotic unity of her people. That victory has given new heart and strength to the Administration, and will do more to crush traitors and hasten the overthrow of the rebellion than if it had been won against the rebellion on the field of battle. A friend from the army, just in, from one of the best and bravest of the fighting columns, tells me that when the news of the election of Curtin and Brough reached the front, it was greeted with the wildest enthusiasm. Who will now say that our efforts in Pennsylvania were all in vain? Or deny that our victory has cheered the Government, stimulated the army, appalled the traitors, and given a new proof of National unity and power to foreign nations? OCCASIONAL.

THE ELECTION IN PENNSYLVANIA.

THE MAJORITY SO FAR AS OFFICIALLY DECIDED.

HARRISBURG, Oct. 19.—The official returns of the election, as far as received, give Governor Curtin 11,834 majority. The counties yet to hear from are Butler, Cameron, Clearfield, Elk, Forest, Greene, Jefferson, Potter, Somerset, Susquehanna, Tioga, Venango, Warren, Washington, and Wayne.

So far as the returns are in, the vote for Governor Curtin leads Judge Agnew about 5,000 votes. This will be increased to 10,000.

The Senate will stand 17 Republicans to 16 Democrats, and the House 52 Republicans to 48 Democrats.

THE WAR IN MISSISSIPPI—THE BLOODHOUND CONSCRIPTION.

CAIRO, Oct. 18.—The Memphis *Bulletin* of the 16th says: Information received from a Union refugee just escaped from the bloodhound conscription in Mississippi, shows that Joe Johnston's force, with the exception of one division, has been sent to reinforce General Bragg, and that there is not over ten thousand troops in the State of Mississippi.

General Loring was at Canton on the 8th, with five thousand infantry.

Joe Johnston has gone to Holly Springs on a tour of inspection.

Richardson, Ross, Whitfield, Blythe, and Chalmers, with bands about five hundred strong, are in different parts of the State, conscripting and robbing. In the counties around Atlanta over one hundred bloodhounds are being used to capture Union men.

The Memphis and Charleston railroad and telegraph are extended to Iuka.

The steamer Lady Jackson struck a snag and sunk near the mouth of the White river; loss $26,000. No lives were lost.

General Wadsworth, late of the Army of the Potomac, arrived to-day, bound on a tour of inspection of the contrabands.

The Mobile and Ohio Railroad will be opened from Columbus, Kentucky, to Jackson, Tennessee, thence to Corinth it is in operation. A large force is now working on the road from Corinth to Decatur, and it is designed to open it from the latter point to Chattanooga.

The rebel steamers Argus and Fulton were recently captured in the Red river.

ARMY OF THE POTOMAC.

Gen. Warren's Victory on Wednesday

Official Despatches from General Meade.

A Rebel Battery, 2 Colors, and 450 Prisoners Captured.

DETAILS OF THE ENGAGEMENT.

HEADQUARTERS ARMY OF THE POTOMAC,
October 16, 1863.

The following General Order was published to-day:

HEADQUARTERS ARMY OF THE POTOMAC,
October 15, 1863.

The Major General commanding announces to the army that the rear guard, consisting of the 2d Corps, was attacked yesterday, while marching by the flank. The enemy, after a spirited contest, was repulsed, losing a battery of five guns, two colors, and four hundred and fifty prisoners. The skill and promptitude of Major General Warren, and the gallantry and bearing of the officers and soldiers of the 2d Corps, are entitled to high commendation.

By command of Major General Meade.

S. WILLIAMS.

The guns captured, four of which are United States regulation, 3-inch, and one Blakeley gun, were exhibited here to-day. The prisoners were mostly North Carolinians, about fifty of whom have expressed a desire to take the oath of allegiance. Our casualties yesterday were small. A considerable number of rebel dead and wounded fell into our hands, the latter not being included in the foregoing aggregate of prisoners. The march from our late to the present position was accomplished in perfect order, and without loss of wagons or other property. The enemy were held in check in every point where they attempted a surprise or attack. The force which attacked General Warren was portions of Hill's corps. Some of the prisoners state that they had marched from Hanover Junction, near Richmond, since Thursday last.

WASHINGTON, Oct. 15.—In the repulse of the enemy, in their attack on Gen. Warren, who was bringing up the rear, we captured six fine guns from the enemy.

It was not known, up to 3 o'clock this afternoon, whether there had been any fighting to-day of consequence.

FURTHER DETAILS.

WASHINGTON, Oct. 16.—The falling back of our forces from Rappahannock Station to Catlett's and Bristow's is represented as a magnificent spectacle. They marched by four parallel lines. There were no delays nor confusion, and every movement was conducted with remarkable regularity.

In the recent conflict between General Pleasonton and Stuart's forces, while the latter was endeavoring to effect a flank movement on the former's left, the colors of both of these generals at one time were not over fifty yards distant from each other, and while there were charges of cavalry on the left and front hand-to-hand encounters followed.

Our cavalry were in splendid condition, and exhibited the greatest bravery and gallantry. Their officers say they never showed a better spirit, and in the succession of charges and rallying obeyed orders with a coolness, regularity, and rapidity, unequalled in the war.

The country being open, the spectacle is described as interesting and grand beyond description. The particulars of the engagement yesterday, in the neighborhood of Bristow's and Catlett's Stations, have been received. It appears the rebels, early in the morning, furiously attacked the 2nd Army Corps, commanded by Gen. Warren, and the cavalry division of Gen. Gregg.

The 2d Corps being one of the oldest, and highly efficient, succeeded in stopping the rebels' advance, compelling the enemy to fall back with heavy loss, our own troops also suffering largely. The Federal cavalry in like manner, fought with great desperation, leaving many killed and wounded on the field. A considerable number of prisoners fell into our hands, and a battery of six fine guns. Gen. Sykes, with the 5th Army Corps, ably supported the 2d in their arduous task of defending the rear. At six o'clock in the evening, Gen. Lee made a desperate attempt to flank General Meade by way of Chantilly, Lee endeavoring to get into General Meade's rear by the way of Fairfax Court House. In this they were unsuccessful, as General Meade anticipated the rebels by falling rapidly back to the coveted spot, thus effectually checking a movement which would have endangered both the Army of the Potomac and the capital. During last night General Meade ordered one of his supply-trains further back in his rear, when it was attacked by a small force of the rebels, probably mounted guerillas. The teamsters, resolved not to lose the property, rallied to defend it, and succeeded in driving away the enemy, who escaped with only two of the very large number of wagons. It is not believed there has been any fighting of importance to-day. Artillery firing was heard early this morning, but was not of long continuance. Major Gen. Daniel E. Sickles, with his staff, left for the front at two o'clock this morning. In case of a general engagement he will take command of his own corps.

THE BATTLE OF BRISTOW STATION.

(Correspondence of the Herald.)

THE ARMY FALLING BACK FROM CULPEPER.

HEADQUARTERS ARMY OF THE POTOMAC,
IN THE FIELD, Oct. 16, 1863.

On Saturday night last the entire army left the vicinity of Culpeper on its homeward march. We marched along the line of the railroad from that time until Wednesday morning, encountering the enemy at times, and skirmishing occasionally, avoiding a general engagement. A general action might have been brought on at any time between the Rappahannock and our present position; but it was reserved for Wednesday to witness a renewed trial of the capabilities of our brave men in the field.

THE GREAT FIGHT AT BRISTOW STATION.

In the afternoon the 2d Corps had been assigned the arduous duty of guarding the rear of the army, and on the morning of Wednesday at daylight took up its line of march in the following order: General Hayes' 3d Division leading, followed by the 1st Division, General Caldwell, the rear being brought up by General Webb's 2d Division.

CHANGE OF FRONT.

On reaching a point near the railroad, some three miles west of Bristow, the 2d Division took the lead, followed by the 3d, leaving the 1st at the rear. In this order they marched to Bristow, on the south side of the track of the Orange and Alexandria Railroad, with flankers well out on both sides and skirmishers deployed.

TOPOGRAPHY.

The Orange and Alexandria railroad here runs in a northeasterly and southwesterly direction over a broken and woody country. The town of Bristow is *non est*. But a few old chimneys point out the place where the village once was, just at the west of Broad run, about three miles west of Manassas Junction, and half a mile west of the station. There is a skirt of dense woods, undergrowth with thick brush, through which, on either side of the railroad track, a tolerable road has been cut, both of which were used by our army on its march. On the west side of Broad run the country is hilly up to the woods, and somewhat overgrown with brush. The run crosses the railroad at right angles under a high bridge, at the eastern end of which a dilapidated windmill stands, formerly used for pumping water for the use of the road.

About three-fourths of a mile west of Bristow is Cedar run, a small stream; but, from its depth of mud and water, difficult to ford. On the north side of the track, about thirty rods west of the bridge, is a solitary house, or rather shanty, which, though insignificant of itself, figures somewhat extensively in the fight. There are here also, just back of the shanty, three quite prominent hillocks or humps, upon which the rebels had planted batteries. Also there were several like elevations on the south side of the track, upon which the batteries of our own forces were located. West of Broad run, extending for a few roads, is low ground, rocky and brushy, affording excellent opportunities for sharpshooters. On the east side of Broad run, for a hundred yards, is an open plain, with a little point of timber jutting out perhaps twenty rods, and having its north border about eight rods south of the railroad.

NOW FOR THE FIGHT.

About half past twelve o'clock the advance of the 2d Corps (Gen. Webb's division) reached the eastern edge of the wood looking out towards Broad run. The rear of the 5th Corps was just crossing Broad run by the northernmost road, when, as suddenly as lightning and as astonishingly as a thunderbolt from a clear sky, boom, boom, boom, came a half dozen discharges of artillery, not a hundred yards away. It was the enemy emerging from the woods north of the railroad by an obscure road, and firing upon the rear of the 5th Corps. A few shells from the rebel battery killed four of the Pennsylvania Reserves and wounded eight others before they could be got over the run to a place of safety on the eastern side. Then a line of rebel skirmishers appeared, cresting the hill on the north of the track, and running obliquely from the road to the upper crossing of Broad run.

GENERAL WARREN'S MILITARY SKILL.

General Warren immediately formed his plans, and right beautifully were they carried out. Gen. Webb's division was thrown forward along the line of the south side of the railroad, with its right resting on Broad run, and its left at the wagon road. General Hayes' division was marched by the right flank and took position to the left of Webb, while Caldwell faced the railroad and awaited action.

THE ARTILLERY.

A section of Brown's battery, Company A, 1st Rhode Island Artillery, was thrown across Broad run and put in position in the open field, where it could face the enemy and enfilade his skirmishers, the remainder being placed on the hill just west of the run, and bearing directly upon the massing enemy. On the hill to the northwest of Brown was Arnold's famous battery—the same which at Gettysburg did such terrible execution among the rebel infantry. Then there were other batteries, but their names I could not learn; but they were not behind their compeers in the bloody fray.

THE FIGHT.

As soon as the rebels discovered that the rear of the 5th Corps had crossed to the east of Broad run, and that Warren was preparing for a fight, they developed two batteries in the edge of the wood, and commenced to send their respects to the 2d Corps. They were close by, their most distant guns being not over nine hundred yards from the line of Union infantry. They had the advantage of us at first; for they, knowing our position, and having their batteries ready planted, were able to open upon us before our line could be formed or our batteries planted, and they knew and appreciated their advantage, and right heartily did they improve it.

BRAVERY OF OUR TROOPS.

For full ten minutes they rained their bullets and hailed their shells with demoniac fury; but not a man of the gallant old 2d quailed, not a gun was dropped, not a color dipped; but, like Spartans, they faced their foe, as if each man felt that upon himself rested the responsibility of crushing the rebellion.

A LULL IN THE STORM—A BATTERY CAPTURED.

Then came a lull in the awful music; for the enemy, unable to stand against the terrible storm, had fled to the woods for safety, leaving six of their guns upon the field, one too badly crippled to be brought away. When the enemy ceased playing upon us, and the smoke had lifted so as to exhibit the field, and it was known that the enemy had retired, a detail of ten men from each regiment was made to bring away the deserted pieces. With a cheer which could be heard for miles, the men bounded across the track, and climbed the opposite hill, seized the pieces as best they could, wheeled them into position, turned them towards the retreating demons, and fired a parting salvo with the ammunition which had been designed for the Yankees. Then the boys dragged five of them away, shouting as they came to the south side of the track, and placed them in battery, the infantrymen acting as artillerists, and doing wondrous works of carnage.

A REBEL CHARGE SPOILED.

Shortly after the 2d Corps got into position the rebels tried their old tactics of massing and charging. A dense gray body of men were seen forming between the east of the woods and the run on the slope of the hill, north of the railroad, upon which the artillery and infantry opened at once, driving the throng back into the woods at a double quick. After this manœuvre a second line of skirmishers was thrown forward to the brow of the hill skirting the river, and two regiments of North Carolina troops—the 26th and 28th—came charging on our extreme right over the railroad, near the bridge.

COL. HEATH'S BRIGADE DRIVES BACK THE REBELS.

This post was held by Colonel Heath, commanding the brigade, which was the 1st of the 2d Division, and consisted of the 19th Maine, 15th Massachusetts, 1st Minnesota, and 82d New York. Our boys waited for their "erring Southern brethren," who came on with a yell, until they reached the track of the railroad, when a volley, and another, and another, sent them homeward at a pace which defies illustration.

WHO COMMANDED THE REBELS—THEIR CONDUCT.

The brigade of Carolinians, which was commanded by Brigadier General Heth, broke and fled, hiding themselves behind the rocks and bushes along the stream. This brigade of North Carolinians was Pettigrew's old brigade, and the men prided themselves on their prowess. But the men opposed to them were too well versed in fighting to be intimidated, and they gave the lauded heroes the best turn in the shop. It was laughable to see them extricate themselves from their dilemma.

SURRENDER OF THE REBEL BRIGADE.

They did not dare to rise from behind their cover when once hid, for no sooner would a head appear from behind a log, or rock, or bush, than a minie would whistle it back to death. Run they dared not, fight they could not, and the only alternative left them was to surrender at discretion, which they did by creeping out upon all fours, without their guns, and piteously asking our boys, like Crockett's coon, "not to fire, as they would come in." The captured of this brigade numbered about five hundred, and General Heth will have to recruit before taking it into action again.

WITHDRAWAL OF THE REBELS.

When the rebels found that the 2d Corps was ready and able to hold its ground, and had no notion of leaving, a fact they discovered after about five hours' hard fighting, they withdrew to the cover of the dense wood in their rear, only firing with their artillery when they could work themselves up to the fighting point sufficiently to enable them to thrust a gun out of the edge of the wood. Then they would fire, and the flame and smoke would act as a target for our gunners; so the firing would be irregular and inconstant; now chiming in peal on peal, like the reverberations of a thunder clap, then only a shot or two for several minutes.

WHO BORE THE BRUNT OF THE FIGHT.

The brunt of the fighting was done by Gen. Webb's and Gen. Hayes' divisions, with the artillery; but it was only so because Gen. Caldwell, who was on the left, was employed in watching a heavy force of rebels which was massed in the woods across the railroad, immediately in his front.

AT DARK THE FIGHTING CEASED,

and darkness found us in full possession of the field, the rebels having fallen back to and beyond the woods, having suffered the loss of six pieces of artillery, two battle flags, two colonels killed, and one taken prisoner; probably five hundred killed and wounded, whom they left upon the field, and about seven hundred and fifty prisoners.

THE REBEL LOSS.

Among the rebel slain and left were Col. Ruffin, of the 1st, and Col. Thompson, of the 5th North Carolina Cavalry. The battle flags captured were that of the 26th North Carolina Infantry, captured by the 19th Maine, and that of the 28th North Carolina, taken by the 82d New York. The battery captured consisted of one large Whitworth gun, two fine Rodmans, and three brass field pieces. One of these, however, was so badly broken up as to be worthless, and was left upon the field. The others were brought away, and to-day have been sent to Washington.

THE CAPTURE OF THE GUNS—AN INCIDENT.

I ought not to pass over the capture of these guns without mentioning an incident which illustrates the valor of our men to a remarkable degree. After the enemy had been driven from their guns by the artillery and infantry combined, Gen. Warren ordered a detail to be made of ten men from each regiment of the corps to bring off the pieces. This was done in order to debar any one regiment, brigade, or division from arrogating to itself the particular honor of their capture.

The work to be done was a hazardous one; but the boys shouted as they started at a double-quick. The woods in the rear of the battery were full of graybacks, who, in all probability, would prevent their pets from falling into the hands of the Yankee mudsills. Our infantry and artillery would be powerless to help, as a shot from either would be as likely to kill one of our own as one of the rebel troops. But the selected men went off in the direction of the prizes, reached them, seized them, turned them toward the foe, fired a parting salute from such as the enemy, in his haste, had left loaded, then commenced dragging them away by hand.

THE REBELS TRY TO RECAPTURE THE GUNS.

They had not gone far, however, when the rebels flocked out of the woods and came down at a charge towards them, seeing which, the boys dropped the artillery, grasped their smaller arms, and drove the butternuts back to the pines. They then came back and dragged off their captures in safety.

WE HOLD THE FIELD.

After the fight had closed we buried all our dead, brought off all the wounded, and came over Broad run in perfect order and safety.

OUR TRAINS AND MILITARY PROPERTY ALL SAFE.

We have not lost a dollar's worth of property by capture. Our forces are now safely and securely posted; our trains all parked in convenient and safe retreats, and the army is in excellent spirits.

DEATH OF COL. MALLON.

The brave and gallant Col. Mallon, of the 42d (Tammany) Regiment, commanding the 3d Brigade of the 2d Division, was shot through the stomach, and died in half an hour.

THE FIFTH CORPS ORDERED TO THE FRONT.

During the afternoon, while the heavy cannonading was going on, General Meade sent the 5th Corps, under General Sykes, to reinforce the second; but they did not reach the field before dark, and then the fortunes of the day were closed, and they could be of no service. General Warren had won his victory, and vindicated the wisdom of the power which made him a major general. *The victory was signal and complete.*

THE REBEL PLAN AND ITS FAILURE.

I am reliably informed that the rebel Colonel Thompson stated that General Lee's object was to head us off before reaching Centreville, and supposed that when he made the attack upon Warren he was at the head of the entire army with his corps. Consequently he only threw forward one portion of A. P. Hill's corps, numbering in all about twelve thousand men, with four batteries of artillery, in order to hold us in check until the other corps of Ewell, together with the two remaining divisions of Longstreet's corps, could come up. I presume the story is true; but they have found out their mistake.

THE REBEL GEN. COOKE KILLED.

Besides the rebels killed whom I have mentioned, there was Brigadier General Cooke, a son of General Philip St. George Cooke, of the Union army. His body was left on the field.

COMPARATIVE LOSSES.

Probably our entire losses in killed and wounded will not reach two hundred, while those of the enemy will not fall short of five hundred, besides the prisoners captured. We lost none in battle except the killed and wounded, though it is probable a few stragglers fell into the hands of the rebels between Warrenton Junction and Bristow; and such stragglers ought to be caught by the rebels or the Devil, and the sooner the better. I cannot learn that the enemy has advanced since the fight came off, nor do I think he will; but if he does he will have to fight us on ground of our own choosing.

KILLED.

Lieut. Ousta, 72d Pennsylvania, killed.
Henry Powell, 11th Pennsylvania Reserves, killed.
Corp. Geo. W. Young, 5th Penna. Reserves, killed.

WOUNDED.

General Tile, of the 10th Pennsylvania, wounded in head and foot.
Geo. Lowman, 11th Pennsylvania Reserves, arm.
Geo. Graham, 2d Penna. Reserves, wounded.
Sam'l Lowder, 2d Penna. Reserves, missing.
Ernest Adderhold, 8th Penna. Reserves, leg.
John A. Peppin, 8th Penna. Reserves, leg off.
Two in the 12th Penna. regiment wounded.
John Waugh, 10th Pa. regiment, reported killed.
Corp. Jas. Brannan, 17th Pennsylvania.
Corp. Hoover, 18th Pennsylvania.
Charles Alger, 1st Pennsylvania.
O. Grey, 148th Pennsylvania.
O. Ely, 1st Pennsylvania Cavalry.
R. S. Kent, 140th Pennsylvania.
Jacob Smeed, 145th Pennsylvania Cavalry.
A. H. Palmer, 145th Pennsylvania Cavalry.
A. Shank, 1st Pennsylvania Cavalry.
J. L. Barr, 1st Pennsylvania Cavalry.
Sergeant J. Ward, 146th Pennsylvania.
J. C. Rote, 148th Pennsylvania.
M. J. Coleman, 146th Pennsylvania.
Lieut. Col. J. R. Robinson, 16th Penna. Cavalry.
Lieutenant T. C. Lee, 145th Pennsylvania.
S. L. Barr, 118th Pennsylvania.
Charles Sponster, 84th Pennsylvania.

CONDUCT OF GEN. GREGG'S CAVALRY IN AN ENGAGEMENT WITH THE REBELS.

WASHINGTON, Oct. 14.—The *Evening Star*, of this city, says: The whole of General Gregg's division was ordered from Bealton Station on Saturday, towards Culpeper, and arrived at Culpeper at 4 o'clock on that afternoon. Thence the 2d Brigade of the 2d Division was ordered to Fox Mountain, to support General Kilpatrick; but finding that Kilpatrick did not need reinforcements, the brigade left him on Sunday morning, and rejoined the division at Culpeper.

On Sunday night General Gregg moved to Sulphur Springs, arriving at about 9 o'clock at night.

On Monday morning two regiments, the 4th and 13th Pennsylvania, were sent forward to Jefferson, about five miles from Sulphur Springs, and the 1st Maine was sent out towards Little Washington to reconnoitre.

The last named regiment encountered a large force of the enemy just beyond Amosville and were surrounded, but gallantly cut their way out and crossed the river at Waterloo Ford, about twelve miles above Sulphur Springs.

About ten o'clock on Monday morning the enemy advanced on the 4th and 13th Pennsylvania Regiments, which were at Jefferson, with cavalry, showing heavy infantry supports in their rear, when our cavalry, seeing they were being overpowered, fell back slowly, contesting the ground, to a large forest this side of Jefferson, where General Gregg, who led these regiments in person, dismounted a portion of his men and sent them out as skirmishers, their horses having been sent back to Sulphur Springs.

After stubbornly contesting the ground for nearly two hours, they were ordered to fall back slowly, and as they were doing so, a heavy infantry force of the enemy was discovered on each flank, and at the same time three regiments of rebel cavalry, having made a wide detour, attacked them in the rear.

At this time the 10th New York was sent to the support of Gregg, and Reed's Battery M, 2d United States Artillery, opened on the rebel cavalry; but owing to the short range of the guns, which were brass Napoleons, no damage was inflicted on the enemy by them.

The 4th and 13th Pennsylvania were now pressed severely on the front, and our centre was broken, and at the same time the two regiments were attacked on each flank and in the rear.

Our men cut their way through and escaped across the river with heavy loss.

The 16th Pennsylvania Cavalry was now dismounted, and thrown out along the river banks as skirmishers, while the 8th Pennsylvania was also dismounted, and ordered to support the battery, which had only four short-range guns, and the enemy opened on us with some twenty pieces of artillery, but our troops gallantly held the ground for several hours, repulsing the charges of the enemy and gradually falling back on the Fayetteville road, the enemy following, but keeping at a respectful distance.

Gen. Gregg had two aids with him, Lieuts. Martin and Cutler, both of whom were wounded, the former severely and the latter slightly.

Lieut. Adams, of the 4th Pennsylvania; Major Wilson, of the 8th Pennsylvania; Lieut. Col. Kettler, of the 1st New Jersey, and Major Russell, of the 1st Maryland, were wounded.

The loss of the 2d brigade it is thought will amount to 400 men in killed, wounded, and missing, the 4th and 13th Pennsylvania Regiments suffering most severely.

General Gregg is highly spoken of for the manner in which he fought his men, and it was owing to his skill and bravery that the 4th and 13th Pennsylvania Regiments fought their way out of a precarious position.

General Gregg was at the head of his men in the thickest of the fight, and in several charges took the lead.

During the engagement the rebels charged the battery and captured one of the guns, but the 1st New Jersey cavalry gallantly charged back upon the rebels and recaptured the piece, which was immediately turned on them with good effect.

Our cavalry yesterday held the enemy in check, and there was some little skirmishing; one man being wounded while on picket last evening.

FROM CHARLESTON.

THE REBEL ATTACK ON THE IRONSIDES.

BALTIMORE, Oct. 14.—The Baltimore *American* has the following special despatch:

CHARLESTON HARBOR, October 10.

On Monday night last a daring but unsuccessful attempt was made by the rebels to destroy the frigate New Ironsides, lying near Fort Moultrie, by a torpedo. They employed for the purpose a small and very swift steamer, cigar shaped, and having but a small portion above water. She was manned by a crew of four persons, consisting of Lieutenant Glassett, who was the commander of the party; an engineer, named Toombs; a fireman, named Scott; and a pilot, whose name is unknown at the present writing. She eluded the picket boats of our fleet by passing close into the shore of Sullivan's Island. She then made directly across the harbor, and came up to the vessel without attracting any attention. She struck the Ironsides fairly amidships, exploding a torpedo, containing sixty pounds of rifle power, at the moment of contact.

The rebel steamer was undoubtedly sunk, either by force of collision or our shot.

Lieut. Glassett, her commander, jumped overboard and swam to a schooner. He and the Fireman Scott are now prisoners on board the guard ship. Lieut. Glassett was formerly in our navy. He says that the explosion of the torpedo drove the steamer under until water ran in her smoke-pipe and put out her fires. The torpedo was suspended to the bows of the rebel vessel, so as to strike the Ironsides under the water.

The explosion was severely felt on the Ironsides, but no material damage was done to her hull, engine, or armament. One man had his leg broken, and one of the bulkheads of the vessel was knocked down, which can be repaired here.

The Ironsides was prepared for action by Captain Rowan immediately, and is as efficient for offensive operations as ever. She is now regarded here as torpedo-proof. She opened fire with musketry on the rebel vessel, and in a few minutes opened fire with two of her large guns. A musket fired from the rebel steamer dangerously wounded Acting Ensign Charles Howard, of the Ironsides, who was officer of the deck at the time. The bottom of the Ironsides has been examined by divers, and found to be wholly uninjured.

The rebel engineer Toombs, formerly of our navy, and the pilot of the rebel steamer, are supposed to have been drowned.

On Tuesday night it was supposed the rebels meditated a second attack on the Ironsides. A boat of some kind, believed to have been a small steamer, approached on our picket line, but was discovered and driven off after some firing.

The rebels greatly dread the Ironsides, and it is said that the Charleston people have offered a reward of sixty thousand dollars in gold for her destruction.

General Gilmore and Admiral Dahlgren have both paid a visit to Port Royal. Whilst there Gen. Gilmore visited the flag-ship with a band, and serenaded the Admiral. This incident shows how little truth there is in the story of ill-feeling between these two distinguished officers. They are, and always have been, in hourly intercourse, by signals.

There has been the usual firing during the past week, principally by the rebel batteries. General Gilmore occasionally replies to the James Island batteries, or throws a few shells into Fort Sumpter.

The signs are encouraging for an early renewal of active operations.

THE STATUE OF CALHOUN DESTROYED.

The *New South* says:

"It will be noticed as a most singular coincidence that one of the fifteen historic shells recently thrown into Charleston city by General Gilmore shivered the statue erected some years since in front of the court house of the doomed city, in commemoration of the late John C. Calhoun."

THE WAR IN GEORGIA AND TENNESSEE.

DISASTROUS ROUT OF THE REBEL WHEELER'S CAVALRY.

The Enemy Beaten in Three Encounters, with a Loss of 2,000 Prisoners.

FOUR PIECES OF ARTILLERY AND 1,000 STAND OF ARMS CAPTURED.

DETAILS OF THE MUTINY IN BRAGG'S ARMY.

OFFICIAL REPORT.

WASHINGTON, Oct. 19.—The following was received to-day at headquarters of the army:

CHATTANOOGA, October 18, 1863.

Major General Halleck, General-in-Chief:

The following despatch has been received from Brigadier General George Crook, commanding the 2d Cavalry Division, dated Rogersville, Alabama, October 10, 1863:

I have the honor to inform you that I have had three fights with the enemy since I left the Sequatchie Valley, whipping him very badly each time. The last battle ended at Farmington Farm, where I fought Wheeler's entire command with only two brigades. I cut his force in two, scattering a large portion of it, capturing four pieces of artillery, 1,000 stand of arms, 240 prisoners, besides the wounded. As I pushed on after the enemy immediately, I have not been able to ascertain the number of their killed and wounded, but it was very heavy. They were scattered over a distance of fifteen miles from this, and their retreat was a perfect rout, their men deserting and straggling over the country.

I pursued with great vigor, but their horses being better than mine I was only able to come up with a couple of regiments at Sugar Creek, left to detain me. I made a charge on them, capturing some fifty of them and scattering the remainder in the mountains. When within eight miles of the river I struck up a gallop, but when I reached the river I found they had all crossed at a ford some three miles above Samp's Ferry, where they could cross twelve abreast. I have never seen troops more demoralized than they were. I am satisfied that their loss in this raid was not less than 2,000. No fears need be entertained of their making another raid soon.

GEORGE CROOK,
Brigadier General Commanding.

W. S. ROSECRANS, Major General.

THE MUTINY OF THE GEORGIA MILITIA—60 KILLED AND 200 WOUNDED.

The report of a mutiny in Bragg's army seems to be fully confirmed by late intelligence. A letter from Chattanooga to the Cincinnati *Commercial* says:

"It was occasioned by the refusal of the Georgia militia to remain longer in active service. They represented that they had volunteered only for the battle of Chickamauga, to drive the Federal troops out of their own State, and that done, were unwilling to be retained in the Confederate service. Bragg refused to grant them permission to return home, and they stacked arms, whereupon a division of Longstreet's men were ordered into line. Even this did not intimidate the valiant militia. They were resolute, and were not to be coerced in any such style. Finding no virtue in threats, Longstreet's men were ordered to fire upon the mutineers, and discharged several volleys at them, with what effect we have not been able to definitely ascertain. We have it on the authority of deserters, that sixty were killed and two hundred badly wounded."

THE WAR IN EAST TENNESSEE.

(From the Richmond papers.)

LYNCHBURG, Va., Oct. 16.—Twenty-seven regiments of Yankee cavalry and mounted infantry, estimated at 14,000, passed Greenville, Tennessee, bound eastward, to make a raid on the Virginia and Tennessee Railroad, attacking our forces at Bible Ridge, six miles west of Greenville, on Saturday, the 10th inst. Our force withdrew to Henderson, ten miles east of Greenville. The enemy having succeeded in reaching our rear, our men fell back to Zollicoffer, until the Yankees, heavily reinforced, advanced upon them, when they were withdrawn to Bristol. Our loss in both days' fights was 300 killed and wounded. Our wounded fell into the hands of the enemy.

On Wednesday night the enemy arrived at Bristol, and are reported to have advanced towards Abingdon with a heavy force, supposed to number from 8,000 to 10,000.

Joe Hooker is in command in East Tennessee. Burnside has left, having been dismissed or resigned.

Three regiments of Tennessee renegades have been organized, and 4,000 refugees are following the Yankee army.

The enemy destroyed no property in East Tennessee, as they expect to hold the country permanently.

THE LOSSES IN THE BATTLE OF THE CHICKAMAUGA.

CHATTANOOGA, Oct. 12.—Complete official returns from the infantry engaged in the late battles have been received at the general headquarters, and give the following statistics:

THOMAS' CORPS—FOURTEENTH.—Officers killed, 36; wounded, 266; missing, 129. Men killed, 635; wounded, 3,297; missing, 2,127. Making a total of 6,301.

McCOOK'S CORPS—TWENTIETH.—Officers killed, 40; wounded, 163; missing, 79. Men killed, 363; wounded, 2,367; missing 1,603. Making a total of 4,620.

CRITTENDEN'S CORPS—TWENTY-FIRST.—Officers killed, 39; wounded, 131; missing, 22. Men killed, 296; wounded, 2,157; missing, 655. Making a total of 3,300.

Two brigades of Granger's Reserve Corps, engaged early in the afternoon of the second day's fight, lost: Officers killed, 16; wounded, 69; missing, 24. Men killed, 230; wounded, 677; missing, 677. Making a total of 1,732.

Total loss of four corps, 935 officers, and 14,591 men.

The losses of the cavalry, not reported, will bring up the grand aggregate to just about 16,000. Of the 4,656 missing, about 2,500 were wounded. Thirty-six pieces of artillery were lost, and a few wagons.

Southern papers of the 9th were received. They still insist that their whole loss will not exceed 12,000, but partial returns published by them indicate that it is greater. Hindman's division alone lost 2,100, out of 3,400 men.

THE GREAT REBEL SHELL WORKS—GEN. GUSTAVUS W. SMITH.

The Etowah shell works of Mark A. Cooper & Co., under the supervision of Major Gen. Gustavus W. Smith, formerly of New York, but now of the rebel army, are sixty miles from Chattanooga, immediately on the Western and Atlantic Railroad, and on the Etowah river, two miles below the town of Cartersville, in Bartow county, named after the distinguished Colonel Francis L. Bartow, of the 8th Georgia infantry, who fell at the first Bull Run battle while leading his regiment. It was formerly called Cass county, and the county seat, which is now changed to Manassas, was called Cassville. The Etowah works are perhaps the largest and most important in the rebel States, where they turn out not only shells of every size and description, but also ordnance and cannon of every calibre, and muskets and pistols. Many of the workmen were formerly employed in Colt's pistol establishment at Hartford, Conn. The place is well fortified, and has been guarded by three regiments of infantry, and one battery, ever since the occupation of Middle Tennessee by Rosecrans.

STATISTICS OF THE SIEGE OF VICKSBURG.

(From the Memphis Bulletin, October 6.)

A correspondent at Vicksburg writes us concerning the material of war expended in that far-famed siege. He gives the following statistics of receipts and numbers:

I have, by the assistance of Lieutenant Burdick, chief of ordnance, and Colonel Duff, chief of artillery, been able to procure the following important and interesting information in regard to the number of shots fired, and the amount of ammunition expended.

Amount of artillery and small arms ammunition issued by Lieutenant J. H. Burdick, chief of ordnance, to the army of Tennessee in the siege of Vicksburg, up to the day of the surrender:

	No. of Rounds.
10-pounder Parrott guns	21,610
20-pounder Parrott guns	16,621
30-pounder Parrott guns	11,752
3-inch Rodman guns	14,013
6-pounder smooth-bore guns	20,358
James' 6-pounder rifle calibre 3 80-100 inch	14,013
James' 12-pounder rifle calibre	48
12-pounder howitzers calibre	21,736
12-pounder Napoleons calibre	4,656
12-pounder English	704
24-pounder siege guns	2,772
32-pounder siege guns	783

Making a total of artillery ammunition of 142,912 shots fired into the city from various kinds of cannon.

The following is the amount of small-arm ammunition:

	No. of Rounds.
Rifles, muskets, and muskets of various calibres	18,963,000
Colt's navy revolvers, calibre 44 to the lb.	613,600
Colt's army revolvers, calibre 33 to the lb.	603,400
Remington's revolvers, calibre 44 to the lb.	300

Making a total of 20,085,300 rounds of small ammunition.

Making altogether 20,227,210 shots fired into the city during the siege and previous to its surrender.

The greatest average number of shots fired in any one day was, in the

Thirteenth Army Corps	15,769
Fifteenth Army Corps	4,147
Seventeenth Army Corps	9,414
Herron's division	3,257

Making the average number of shots fired daily, 32,617.

Which were fired from the following number of guns:

Thirteenth Army Corps	65
Fifteenth Army Corps	28
Seventeenth Army Corps	64
Herron's division	13

The greatest number of guns used in any one day against the city was one hundred and sixty-four.

EUROPE.

MATTERS OF NEWS FROM ENGLAND, FRANCE, AND THE CONTINENT.

The Rev. Henry Ward Beecher had been addressing a public meeting at Glasgow, on the American war, which called out the criticism of the London *Times*.

The *Times* criticises Mr. Beecher's doctrines in favor of the preservation of the Union at all cost. It says it "can listen to any one except a minister of religion, who blasphemously says that the maintenance of the American Union is a religious end, and sanctifies the means in the sight of God. No English audience can possibly listen to such language with any other feelings than disgust."

Mr. Beecher is to deliver addresses at Manchester and Liverpool.

EARTHQUAKE IN ENGLAND.

The shock of an earthquake, more or less severe, was felt in all parts of England at about twenty-two minutes past three o'clock on the morning of the 6th instant. At some places the shock is represented as having been quite severe, and accompanied by a loud rumbling report, while at others it was slight and without noise. No damage was sustained anywhere.

The English journals advance nothing new in regard to American affairs.

At a meeting in Manchester, the Southern Club and the Central Association for the Recognition of the Southern States were formally amalgamated into one society, under the title of the Southern Independence Association. The meeting was presided over by Lord Wharncliffe, who made a strong pro-Southern speech, and loudly urged the recognition of the South. His lordship was elected permanent chairman of the association.

MR. MASON IN PARIS.

The *Opinion Nationale* welcomes Mr. Mason to Paris by thus referring to his antecedents:

"Mr. Mason is one of the adepts of that Southern political school which considers slavery not only a necessity but a divine institution. He it was accordingly who with these principles proposed the celebrated law upon fugitive slaves adopted in 1850, and has always been in favor of the re-establishment of the slave-trade. In 1859, after John Brown's attempt, he proceeded to Harper's Ferry, accompanied by Governor Wise and Mr. Vallandigham, in the hope of extorting from the unhappy martyr, who was wounded and almost dying, some confessions which might compromise the leaders of the Republican and Abolition parties. 'I will willingly and in all freedom reply to the questions concerning myself,' said John Brown to his judge-accusers, 'I will say everything that honor permits me to say, but you will not get from me a single word concerning other persons.' It is only fair to recognize, however, that Mr. Mason did not care to insist upon this point, but left to Mr. Vallandigham the shameful task of provoking compromising answers by every means. The name of Mr. Mason will not the less remain associated in a by no means enviable manner with this deplorable trial. More recently—on the 14th April, 1860—Mr. Clark, one of the Senators for New Hampshire, proposed in Congress to vote a certain sum for the education of the free people of color in the District of Columbia. Mr. Mason immediately rose with indignation, and violently protested against 'this attempt to raise the blacks, whether free or not, from a state of ignorance in which it was necessary that they should be always kept.'"

The Paris correspondent of the *Daily News* writes as follows: "In reference to the rumor that Mr. Stephens, the Vice President of the Confederate States, is coming to Paris to conclude a treaty with the French Government, which will contain a clause relative to the abolition of slavery, the *Pays* contains little more comfort for Mr. Stephens than the *Siècle*. It says it knows nothing about his mission, and at all events, the abolition of slavery must be the indispensable condition of any recognition of the South by European peoples and Governments."

This is highly encouraging for the South, considering that slavery, and not only slavery, but the extension of slavery, is the very thing they have all along been fighting for.

It is stated that the Princess Helena, of England, will probably be married to the Prince of Orange (to whom she has been for some time betrothed) in the ensuing spring.

THE MEXICAN QUESTION.

The Mexican deputation to tender the crown of Mexico to the Archduke Maximilian, was received by the Archduke on the 3d inst., and a telegram from Weimar gives the following as his reply:

"The wishes of the Mexican Assembly of Notables have touched me deeply. It cannot but be exceedingly flattering for our House that they have turned their eyes to the descendants of Charles V. Although the mission of maintaining the independence and welfare of Mexico on a solid foundation, and with free institutions, is a most noble one, I must, nevertheless, in complete accordance with the views of the Emperor Napoleon, declare that the Monarchy cannot be re-established on a legitimate and firm basis without a spontaneous expression of the wishes of the whole nation. I must make my acceptance of the throne dependent upon a *plebiscite* of the whole country. On the other hand, it would be my duty to ask for guarantees, which are indispensable to secure Mexico against the dangers which threaten her integrity and independence. Should these guarantees be obtained, and the universal vote of the nation be given in my favor, I am ready to accept the crown, subject to the approval of the Emperor, my brother. In case Providence should call me to this high mission, I must at once declare that it is my intention to open the path of progress by a constitution, as was done by my brother; and, after the complete pacification of the country, to seal the fundamental law with an oath. By such means only can a new and really national policy be called into existence, by which all parties, forgetting all disputes, would co-operate with me in raising Mexico to a prominent rank among nations.

"Carry back with you these frank declarations to your fellow citizens, and act in such a manner that it may become possible for the nation to declare what form of government it desires to have."

It is believed that the conditions of the Archduke's acceptance of the crown are the same as those named in October, 1861, according to which he considers the co-operation of France and England to be the only means by which order can be re-established, and that a free manifestation of the wish of the whole nation is absolutely necessary.

The Archduke stated, in conversation with the members of the deputation, that he would only accept the crown if all these considerations were fulfilled, and that he would now await their fulfilment.

(The Archduke's speech had been previously submitted to the Emperor of Austria and approved.)

La France announces that most of the Powers have declared their intention of recognizing the new Mexican Empire.

The *Globe* says that in face of the language held in the Northern States of America against the new Mexican Empire, the Archduke Maximilian is quite justified in requiring guarantees for the integrity and independence of the new Empire, and that no doubt the great Powers will give the most friendly consideration to the subject, but it is one which requires the most careful consideration.

The *Times* remarks, on the position taken by the Archduke, who is willing to accept the throne, but will not consent to be left alone, with the chance of finding his principality overturned after a few years by the Republican Saracens of the New World: "The demand of a guarantied independence in the sense in which the phrase is used, with respect to Greece, for instance, is so unlikely to be listened to by European Powers, that we can hardly think that the Archduke seriously intends to make his acceptance contingent on his obtaining it. That France should give a guarantee for the security and independence of the new Government, in its first days of difficulty, is no more than just, and we can hardly imagine that the Courts of Paris and Vienna will fail to come to an understanding on this point; but it may be that the Archduke looks for something also from us. The opinion of this country will be in favor of any Government which promises to restore quiet to Mexico, and there is, we think, a general wish that the Archduke may find the difficulties which lie in his way not insurmountable. This feeling will, we doubt not, find its expression in a prompt recognition of the new Government, and a hearty co-operation with it for all good objects. Our own friendship and support we will readily guaranty; to go further our principles forbid it."

THE POLISH QUESTION.

The Paris journal *La France*, of the 4th instant, declares that up to that time no diplomatic documents had been exchanged between the three Powers since the receipt of the last reply from Russia, and that all the details published by the journals were pure inventions.

The *Pays* also says it is authorized to declare that no negotiations have been opened between Paris, London, and Vienna, relative to Poland and the last replies of Russia.

At Warsaw great exasperation was being manifested by the inhabitants, and a disturbance was apprehended. Five fresh executions had taken place there.

The Polish leader, Lassinowski, had been brought before a court martial, by order of the national Government, in order that the circumstances of the late defeat might be investigated.

The Commissariat Department of Warsaw had been informed that 60,000 fresh troops would shortly arrive in Poland and remain there during the winter months. Every little town would be garrisoned.

The Paris *Nord* of the 5th publishes a telegram from St. Petersburg denying that the Russian minister has protested at Rome against the religious procession ordered there in behalf of the Poles.

The *Constitutionnel* states that no fresh negotiations have been entered upon relative to the Polish question, neither have any communications been exchanged on the subject, and says that the *Journal La Presse*, by publishing intelligence to that effect on Saturday, has been the dupe either of its imagination or its correspondents.

EXECUTIONS IN POLAND.—A German traveller writes to the Augsburg *Gazette*: In Kowno and Wilna there is an execution every day, usually of from one to four persons. On the 26th and 27th of August I was residing at Kowno, near the place where the executions take place. At mid-day the execution was heralded by the sound of the trumpet, and masses of people came out of the town to be present, while the prisoner was taken strongly guarded in a cart to the spot. The newly-appointed Governor of Kowno, a son of the known Mouravieff of Wilna, a young man of about thirty, conducted the execution in person. After the sentence was read, the prisoner turned once more for pardon to the Governor. "Away, away," was the only reply muttered in Russian. Twelve soldiers then came forward and fired at the victim, who was tied to a post; and, as he did not fall immediately, Mouravieff ordered twelve more to fire, upon which he fell. It appeared that one bullet struck a stone, ricocheted, and hit Mouravieff in the leg. The Governor was carried to his house, but it appeared by a bulletin published next day that the wound was not a dangerous one. It is a striking fact that the Russian press says nothing of all this, nor of the weekly executions of ladies. I have myself seen two ladies shot in Wilna, and three hanged at Kowno. The process of executing these ladies is truly disgusting. A long, white shirt, with a thick woolen cape, covering the head, is the only dress, and the halter is placed round the neck just below the cape. Before the body, already half dead, is strung up, six Russian soldiers pull with all their strength at the feet, in order to prevent the crowd seeing the convulsions of the victim, who is left hanging twenty-four hours.

CHICKAMAUGA.

A correspondent of the Columbus (Ga.) *Enquirer* says of the battle of Chickamauga:

I have been on several battle fields, and have read many descriptions of them, but none that I have ever seen or read can compare with that of Chickamauga. During the fiercest of the fight on Saturday evening, when our division (Stewart's) was engaged, the woods took fire and spread rapidly. The killed and wounded suffered from its terrible effects alike. It was enough to make one's heart bleed to witness the agonies of our wounded comrades as they laid upon their backs utterly powerless to help themselves, while the consuming element had fast hold on some, and was rapidly approaching others. May we be spared the necessity of witnessing such another sight.

Forney's War Press.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 24, 1863.

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PROCLAMATION BY THE PRESIDENT.

300,000 Volunteers Called.

WASHINGTON, Oct. 17, 1863.—By the President of the United States of America,

A PROCLAMATION.

Whereas, The term of service of a part of the volunteer force of the United States will expire during the coming year; and whereas, in addition to the men raised by the present draft it is deemed expedient to call out three hundred thousand volunteers to serve for three years or the war, not, however, exceeding three years,

Now, therefore, I, Abraham Lincoln, President of the United States, and Commander-in-Chief of the Army and Navy thereof, and of the Militia of the several States when called into active service, do issue this my proclamation, calling upon the Governors of the different States to raise and have enlisted in the United States service, for the various companies and regiments in the field, from their respective States, their quotas of three hundred thousand men.

I further proclaim that all volunteers thus called out and duly enlisted, shall receive advance pay, premiums, and bounty, as heretofore communicated to the Governors of States by the War Department, through the Provost Marshal General's office, by special letters.

I further proclaim that all volunteers received under this call, as well as all others not heretofore credited, shall be duly credited on and deducted from the quotas established for the next draft.

I further proclaim that if any State shall fail to raise the quota assigned to it by the War Department under this call, then a draft for the deficiency in said quota shall be made on said State, or in the districts of said State, for their due proportion of said quota. And the said draft shall commence on the 5th day of January, 1864.

And I further proclaim that nothing in this proclamation shall interfere with existing orders, or those which may be issued for the present draft in the States where it is now in progress, or where it has not yet commenced. The quotas of the States and districts will be assigned by the Department through the Provost Marshal General's office, due regard being had for the men heretofore furnished, whether by volunteering or drafting, and the recruiting will be conducted in accordance with such instructions as have been issued by the Department.

In issuing this proclamation I address myself not only to the Governors of the several States, but also to the good and loyal people thereof, invoking them to lend their willing, cheerful, and effective aid to the measures thus adopted, with a view to reinforce our victorious armies now in the field, and bring our needful operations to a prosperous end, thus closing forever the fountain of sedition and civil war.

In witness whereof, I have hereunto set my hand and caused the seal of the United States to be affixed.

Done at the city of Washington, this seventeenth day of October, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and sixty-three, and of the Independence of the United States the eighty-eighth.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

By the President,

WILLIAM H. SEWARD,

Secretary of State.

THE TWO CAMPAIGNS.

We accept the victorious issue of the campaign just closed in Pennsylvania as something more than a mere augury of victory in the campaign about to commence in Virginia. The defeat of Mr. Justice WOODWARD does not simply foreshadow the defeat of General LEE, but contributes very materially and directly to accomplish such a result. It will serve to inspire the noble Army of the Potomac to fresh deeds of heroism, as it has furnished them a fresh assurance that their toils, and privations, and dangers have been appreciated by their friends and brothers at home. They have now the encouraging reflection, that, however powerful may be the enemy in their front, the enemy in their rear is henceforth powerless; and that the necessity of weakening their ranks to keep that enemy in check, as was the case in New York not long ago, will not occur in Pennsylvania. They can rest assured now, that instead of wasting their strength in garrisoning disloyal cities in the North, they will be enabled to concentrate and hurl it against the rebel armies in the South. Henceforth a new spirit must animate their ranks, for never since the war began have they seen a more unmistakable expression of the popular resolve that it shall be continued with unabated vigor to a glorious termination. They must feel that if they but accomplish their portion of the task as nobly as we have accomplished ours, the goal towards which we are striving in common must soon be reached. The consciousness that we have not sought to evade any part of our duty, that we have not been idle while they toiled, that we are working with them, must have a powerful influence for good upon the morale of our troops; and we expect to see a glorious manifestation of it in the coming engagement in Virginia.

In fact, the two campaigns are not so much analogous as identical—identical in the combatants arrayed against each other; identical in the objects sought to be attained by each; identical in the influence their results must exercise on the future of the nation. In each case the contest is between free and loyal American citizens, struggling for the Government of their fathers, on the one side, and disloyal American citizens, slaves to the spirit of sectionalism, and struggling for the disruption of the Government, on the other. In each case the triumph of the former would be a guarantee that the Union shall endure, while the success of the latter would mean dissolution of the Union, anarchy, and the establishment of a foreign despotism upon the ruins of American liberty. The people were not blind to the nature of the issue, and, breaking the shackles of party, they cast their voice for the side of honor, of safety, and of Union. They have won the campaign for the Union in Pennsylvania; they have baffled the traitors North and South; they have effectually disappointed the rebel calculation of French intervention, and they could not have more decidedly declared against the possibility of such an event being tolerated had the Monroe Doctrine itself been the platform upon which they elected their candidates to office. More than this, Pennsylvania, by the noble stand she has taken at this time for the Republic, has practically given to England an injunction as to her necessity of preserving in the future at least the show of neutrality observed towards us in the past. Earl RUSSELL in his speech of the 28th ult., at Blairgowie, Scotland, alluded to in our columns last week, said: "Her Majesty's Government are prepared to do everything that the duty of neutrality requires—everything that is just to a friendly nation, taking as a principle that we should do to others as we should wish to be done to ourselves." When the result of the elections in Pennsylvania, Ohio, Indiana, and Iowa, come to be known in England, public sentiment, however divided upon the question of our civil war, will unanimously decide that Earl RUSSELL, in so speaking for the British Government, has placed it in the most honorable and safest attitude which it could assume towards this country. It is only necessary to exhibit our strength to the world to gain its respect. When we show to the people of Europe that we are united, that we still have a Government, and are determined to maintain its authority, we shall dispel their ignorance, and regain their friendship. These elections are the best diplomatic circulars we can send forth to the world. Their language is unmistakable, and their purport clear. They embody the views of the people fully; without the ornament of rhetoric it is true, but without its ambiguity; and in a hundred ways they directly tend as well to unfold to foreign eyes the true nature of the struggle for human liberty on this continent, as to bring that struggle to an honorable conclusion.

Between the civil campaign won by Governor CURTIN, and the military campaign to be won by General MEADE, such an intimate relation exists that failure in the one would almost inevitably result in failure in the other. A defeat of the Union candidate at the polls would have exerted such a depressing influence upon our troops in the field, and inspired the battalions of LEE with such desperate hope and determination, that a disaster to General MEADE could scarcely have been averted. So that Governor CURTIN, in canvassing the State, was working not for a mere personal advantage, not alone to save our own noble Commonwealth from shame, and the Union from greater dangers than now encompass it. He was working as well *for the success of the Army of the Potomac;* and as by his election he has strengthened it, both materially and morally, and given it an assurance that it shall not be defeated hereafter, so has he, in this proud hour of triumph, established an additional claim to be considered the friend of the soldier. None can tell how many weary marches the Army of the Potomac has been saved, how much bloodshed and how many fearful battles it has been spared, nor how many fruitless campaigns in Virginia have been averted, in the re-election of Governor CURTIN. But to all who cast their ballots in his favor must ever remain the proud reflection that they have done all that could be done to re-establish the Union on the basis of a satisfactory peace.

"THE ATTEMPT AND NOT THE DEED CONFOUNDS US."

A day or two before the election in this State, Major General GEORGE B. MCCLELLAN, U. S. A., well known as a former commander of the Army of the Potomac, and subsequently as a "martyr to the spirit of Abolition fanaticism," took the trouble to stultify himself before the world by writing a partisan letter, endorsing the audacious claim of Mr. Justice WOODWARD to the Gubernatorial chair. We take it for granted that the public generally, by this time, has become aware of the fact, for it was advertised gratuitously in the columns of THE PRESS. In the evil eye of Crime lurks a strange, terrible fascination, and the truth never becomes more apparent than in the case of the crime of suicide, which if it were not romantic would be terribly repulsive. Many a man has gained newspaper notoriety by simply "shuffling off this mortal coil," who, had he lived out his appointed time, might never have been heard of outside of the circle of his immediate acquaintances. In the case of a political suicide, the same principle manifests itself; and very many people who would have felt no especial interest in Major General MCCLELLAN *per se*, will feel a decided curiosity, morbid it may be, to learn all the circumstances connected with his melancholy deed of self-immolation. In "Bleak House," the junk-shop keeper, Mr. Krooks, weird and wonderful as he was in life, never expanded in the full bloom of his mysterious character until he became wholly moribund. His life might never have served to point a moral or adorn a tale, but for the sudden and unexpected manner of his taking off. We do not pretend to say that the cases are analogous; but simply that the one may be taken as an average illustration of the singular principle involved in the other.

So far, and no farther, the parallel holds good. The mystery surrounding the decease of Mr. Krooks was never cleared up. But what Mr. DICKENS failed to do in the case of Mr. Krooks, a certain gentleman, bearing the scriptural appellation of DAVID SOLOMON, has inadvertently done in the case of Major General GEO. B. MCCLELLAN. The mere circumstance that Mr. SOLOMON's name is one that the public has rarely, if ever, heard of, should not be sufficient to discredit his testimony, or create the impression that he is not a personage of overwhelming consequence; for we are well assured that he is at present one of the Directors of that great and powerful corporation, the Pennsylvania Railroad Company. And, moreover, to show that he is not altogether undeserving of notoriety, we may mention that last fall, when he aspired to be one of the three Directors chosen annually by the city, Mr. HARPER, of the Eighth ward, offered a resolution that a committee be appointed to investigate his loyalty. Therefore, Mr DAVID SOLOMON is a person entitled to be heard. Be it understood, however, that what he has said, he has said not voluntarily and directly, but indirectly, and by virtue of his profound indiscreetness. The few gaps in his evidence we have taken the liberty of supplying, with information derived from private sources, unquestionably reliable, the whole making a page of contemporaneous history, well worthy the attention of dramatic authors.

Towards the close of the week before last week, when the splendid reception of Gov. CURTIN in this city, and other equally significant events had demonstrated that the people were resolved not to have a change of Governors, the friends of Mr. Justice WOODWARD became alarmed, and Mr. SOLOMON, one of the number, had an interview with the silent candidate, in which he importuned him, if he would say nothing himself, to get some one to say it for him. The result of this interview was, that a few days previous to the election, Mr. SOLOMON, armed with a letter to Major General MCCLELLAN, from Mr. Justice WOODWARD, and with special injunctions to "keep quiet" concerning his mission, started to New York. So anxious was he to get off, that he did not even delay to consult Mrs. NICKLEBY, but bade good-bye to WILLIAM B. REED, and his bosom friend SCHOFIELD, both of whom shook him affectionately by the hand. He saw Maj. Gen. GEORGE B. MCCLELLAN, induced him to sign his own political death-warrant, and all aglow with joyful enthusiasm, to say nothing of his happy visions of the day when he should be the Deputy Collector of the Port, under a Democratic administration, he entered the cars to return to Philadelphia. It was Monday morning; the election in this State was but two days off, and hence a general interest was felt in the issue, as was observable to the hearer of the passengers' conversation. Some men, under the circumstances, would have kept the death-warrant of Major General GEO. B. MCCLELLAN to themselves, and perhaps have buttoned it up tightly in an inside pocket. Some men, having been particularly enjoined to maintain inviolable secrecy, would have bit their lips till the blood came rather than betray their trust. Some men, in fact, would have had ordinary prudence. Mr. DAVID SOLOMON had not. He was an Envoy Extraordinary in every sense of the word. There was no music so sweet to his ear as the music of his own tongue; and we feel the selection of so garrulous an ambassador, by so reticent a principal as Mr. Justice WOODWARD, is a living evidence that opposite natures have a sympathy and attraction for each other, which Messrs. REED, UPHAM, ABERCROMBIE, and other metaphysical writers, will please make a note of. In plain terms, Mr. DAVID SOLOMON "blabbed." He told every one aboard the train just what he had been instructed not to divulge prematurely, and the consequence was that the wind was taken out of Mr. CHARLES J. BIDDLE's sails. Not content with this, we next find this "SOLOMON, in all his glory," rushing headlong to the office of a small Copperhead newspaper, published, we believe, in the neighborhood of the Central Police Station, and exclaiming, with classic egotism, "VENI! VIDI! VICI!" In charity we will let the curtain fall at this point.

That one individual had chosen to make himself ridiculous, and that another had chosen to ruthlessly terminate his existence before the public, is not, perhaps, of much consequence to the people. But when Mr. DAVID SOLOMON, after giving us such a proof of his utter incapacity to do anything he is told to do, or to keep any secret he is told to keep, asks to be again made a director of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company, we think that the members of Councils should recall these amiable traits of character, and decide accordingly. Indiscretion is not a requisite qualification for a railroad director; and in the case of the Pennsylvania Railroad, when important military secrets must frequently be entrusted to those who have the management of affairs, secrecy is, above all things, necessary. We trust there are in Councils a majority of gentlemen sufficiently intelligent to appreciate this truth, and sufficiently loyal to observe its dictates, without regard to party considerations, when they come to choose directors next month to represent the city.

Altogether, we cannot help coming to the conclusion that the business of letter-writing, always an extremely ticklish one, has in this instance severely burned the fingers of all concerned. It has shown that Mr. Justice WOODWARD, the dignity of whose ermine would not suffer him to enter upon a political canvass, nevertheless did not conceive it to be beneath his dignity to beg a letter of recommendation to the people of Pennsylvania, as an electioneering card, from one who had been a full imitator of his own stately reserve. It has shown that Mr. DAVID SOLOMON, leaving the question of loyalty wholly aside, is unfit to hold any public office requiring ordinary prudence, and he will doubtless be relieved from the duties of the position after the close of his present term. While so far as Major General GEORGE B. MCCLELLAN is concerned, we feel morally certain that in penning the letter referred to, he was penning his own epitaph.

THE triumph of CURTIN and BROUGH, and the defeat of WOODWARD and VALLANDIGHAM in Pennsylvania and Ohio, will have a depressing effect, we suspect, on the rebel cause in Europe. The Confederate loan, which has picked the pockets of sundry political capitalists in England and France, was sure to tumble down, even into a lower depth than its last quotation of "30 per cent. discount, and no buyers." The foreign newspapers in the rebel interest assumed as a fact beyond doubt, that the Copperheads were to carry all before them, in Ohio and Pennsylvania, on Tuesday, the 13th of October. No wonder, when even some journals here, affecting to possess abundance of political information and most sagacious foreknowledge of coming events, told the same story. For example, the *New York Leader*, of October 10th, speculating on the Pennsylvania election, pronounced that Mr. CURTIN's "chances of success are not very promising," and declared, "on the contrary, WOODWARD continues to gain steadily, and, like a good horse in a long race, he is gradually drawing ahead as he nears the winning post." It wound up by promising to give, in its next issue "an accurate account of the exact state of the canvass [*sic!*] and announce WOODWARD's majority." Alas, for the prophet! CURTIN's majority over WOODWARD, the "good horse in a long race," was 22,000 ahead in the State, and over 7,000 in the city.

A NATIONAL PARTY THE SOLE PROTECTION OF THE UNION.

To the great conspiracy to destroy the Government we are indebted for many evils, but for one blessing, which, in the end, will be the highest good to the nation. *The rebellion, in seeking to destroy the Government, has actually strengthened its power, and added to its security,* for it has summoned to its defence the entire loyalty of the people. Previously, for many years, the Government had not fully embodied the strength of the nation, for each Administration had been the exclusive possession of a party, which sometimes used its power with moderation, but too often with injustice. Each party in turn ruled the Government; each party was ruled by prejudice. This political tyranny European statesmen declared to be the weakness of the Republic, and Southern treason proved their declarations true. Had not the Government been corrupted and degraded by Mr. BUCHANAN's prostitution of its influence to the service of Southern slavery—had it been as strong three years ago as it is to-day, there would have been no rebellion.

The Administration of Mr. LINCOLN is virtually the strongest of the century, solely because it represents, more than any other, the patriotism of the people. It is not strong because of the Republicanism which originally placed it in office, but from its superiority to all parties, and the pure nationality of its basis. Had its elements been simply political, where now would have been our hopes, and how could it have appealed to loyal men of all party creeds, and gained their unqualified support? The stainless knight, Sir Galahad, could say, "My strength is as the strength of ten, because my heart is pure;" the strength of the Government is sufficient to crush rebellion, to rebuke foreign interference, to uphold the honor and prosperity of the country, because the spirit of national devotion inspires it, and it has for its sublime object the preservation of the American Union. No party administration could have secured the late triumphs through the North, and it is certain that if ever again a sectional and narrow party obtains possession of the Government, the strength of the people will desert it. The ablest of our statesmen may say, "It is not I that am great, but my country."

It is, therefore, thus that we must pluck the flower safety from the nettle danger, and assure the permanence of the Republic by maintaining it on this unshaken basis. For years to come, perhaps forever, it will be criminal in the American people to give into the control of party the power which they only can rightly use. Taught wisdom by the mighty danger of the present, we must, for the future, unite as men who love their country, and, so far as the National Government of the Union demands their support, Republicans must cease to be Republicans, and Democrats to be Democrats. The National Union party—if we must use the name party—must remain the protection and the proof of our loyalty. In such a party no sectional interests can be placed above the interests of the nation—no narrow politician can rise to power; to be loyal is to belong to it. It is a party which sustains the Government—which is, in fact, the governing power of the Union. It is the only party to which a true patriot can now belong—which can maintain the dignity and rights of the Republic, making its future nobler than the past, and assuring to the humblest of Americans an equal interest in the glory and prosperity of his country.

THE "ROAD TO PEACE."

Pennsylvania and Ohio have pointed out the road to peace; the only road to peace that the loyal States can ever be persuaded to pursue. It is not the road indicated by the Richmond *Enquirer* a month or so ago, when it called upon the Northern friends of the rebellion to "rally to the polls in October," and elect the Democratic ticket, if they would terminate the war. It is not the road to peace that such men as Mr. VALLANDIGHAM and Mr. WOODWARD would willingly pursue; nor that which the enemies of the Union abroad have contended must eventually be chosen. Nevertheless, we regard it as the only safe and honorable path out of the labyrinth of difficulties that has encompassed us. There can be no end to the war until the traitorous conspirators who commenced the war have been overthrown, and rendered powerless thenceforth to jeopardize the stability of the Government. This is what the loyal freemen of Pennsylvania and Ohio have declared by their votes. They could not waver now; after the sacrifices they have made they could not turn back now, when the goal is nearly reached. These elections have perhaps shortened the war by years; they have saved to the nation rivers of blood, and millions upon millions of treasure. Not only have they saved the Government from destruction at the hands of the Southern rebels, but in all probability they have saved it from any foreign interference, which must certainly have followed the triumph of the peace faction at the polls. They have shown us how the war is to be ended; how not merely a peace, but a permanent and secure peace, may be attained, a peace that will leave the Union brighter in its regeneration.

We have confidence that such a peace must speedily follow now. It is a mistake to suppose that the ballot is powerless in the work of crushing the rebellion. We may gain material victories over the rebel armies. We may drive them back from position to position; we may occupy the Southern territory; and destroy the military power and resources of the Southern States. But these material victories are not to be wholly relied upon in the work of restoration. We must gain a moral victory over the rebellious hearts of the Southern people. We must show them by our ballots, not less than by our bullets, that we are unanimous for the restoration of the Union, and are determined to make any sacrifice, and to go any length, to achieve this result. And when this truth, so forcibly expressed in the late elections, comes to be fully understood and believed in North and South, the instinct of self-preservation alone will prevail upon the people of the South, and those who have abetted them in our midst, that a continuance in resistance to the authority of the Government will be as vain as it must be fatal. After this must come peace. The Richmond paper was right when it relied upon the Northern Democracy to seal a truce at the ballot-box, and point out how the war shall be ended. But it was the *loyal* Democracy that has done this thing. Will it be believed in Richmond that there can be loyal Democrats? It is because the Southern people have always regarded the great Democratic party of the North as their ally (as, indeed, the greater portion of it has been), that they have been encouraged to maintain their defiant attitude. Let them see that this belief is delusive—let them see that their friends are in a decided minority here, as they are abroad—and they will come to consider, and to ask themselves, what is to be gained by prolonging a hopeless struggle. And if their haughty pride has been sufficiently humbled to answer the question honestly, the answer will be a universal cry for peace.

THE PATRONAGE OF THE CITY GOVERNMENT.

He is a wise man, who, after a great disaster or a great advantage, makes provision to repair the one or to perpetuate the other. The Union victory in Pennsylvania is a result full of lessons and warnings. Used with comprehensive judgment and generosity, it will produce a perennial as well as perpetual crop of good fruits. Misused, or turned to mere party or selfish purposes, it will prove to be the renewal of the meanest of dissensions, and therefore of deserved defeats. We take it, that Philadelphia, the Union party in Philadelphia, might do well to imitate the Unionists of other counties of Pennsylvania in this respect. In Allegheny, Lancaster, Chester, Delaware, Bradford, Erie, Wayne, the Republicans have been more anxious and ready to honor Democrats who act with the friends of the Government, than if they had been older and better tried in the war against slavery. This course should be imitated here, if we desire to hold on to the vast power and the enormous majority given at the last election. Let us recollect that every loyal Democrat, with a few discreditable exceptions, is a man who never looks back, or goes back, if he can see before him honest consistency and a decent recognition of his courage and his country. One swallow does not make a summer; nor one BRIGHTLY an ingrate loyal Democracy. Governor CURTIN understands this philosophy, and has practised upon it from the first, as many of his appointments, military and civil, will show. President LINCOLN has given marked emphasis to the necessity of recognizing the loyal element of the Democratic party, in repeated instances, since the day of his inauguration, and his Cabinet have gladly responded to his example. It is not for us to suggest, much less to dictate, to those who are soon to be called on to appoint the directors of the city patronage, just fallen, by the result of the late election, into the hands of the Union men of Philadelphia, and for years past so potent and fierce an engine in the hands of the Copperhead leaders. But we trust the right spirit will pervade the Councils and the other municipal organizations just coming into power. Narrow partisanship will not do. Corrupt combinations are worse. If we would hold to the mighty influence given to us by the last election in this city, changing, as it does, the whole despotic policy and action of disloyal men, which gave a single class a disgusting preponderance in our local offices, we must emulate the course of LINCOLN, CURTIN, and hosts of others of our leading friends elsewhere. *We must show that our purpose is to make the party of the Government and the Union a united party for at least a generation to come.* Having no leisure to press these views upon our political friends in a personal appeal, we now address them from our editorial chair, leaving the whole case in their hands. As WILLIAM B. REED would say, these are "words of counsel." But, differing from him in one sense at least, ours are words of sincerity as well as of counsel.

HOW THE CAMPAIGN WAS WON.

Not by any party. That is the first great truth. The victory was won by the people, irrespective of all parties, and in the purest devotion to the Union. The Government is sustained not merely by the Republicans who elected Mr. LINCOLN, but by the Douglas Democrats, who voted against him, those who supported Mr. BELL, and many, even, who repent of their adherence to BRECKINRIDGE. It is thus sustained because it is the Government of the Union—an Administration attacked by open traitors, and secret traitors; because to strengthen it is to strengthen the Republic. This primal truth underlies the success of the campaign; it must be remembered, if the speedy subjugation of the rebellion is desired; it must not be forgotten, if the North is to be united against treason.

ILLUSTRATION is frequently more effective than argument, and an old Pennsylvania Democrat, who voted for Governor CURTIN, understood its force when he employed the following simile: "To send my son to the war to kill rebels, and to stay at home myself to vote against the Government, is like hitching a team of oxen to one end of a wagon and a team of horses to the other, when the only result will be of pulling the wagon to pieces."

HON. JOHN BROUGH, Governor elect of Ohio, is triumphantly placed in office by a majority of over Fifty Thousand. Ohio has reason to greet Pennsylvania with shouts of victory. This ends the career of disloyalty in the West. If Ohio has done better than Pennsylvania, we may, while we honor and envy her triumph, account for it with justice to ourselves. Mr. VALLANDIGHAM is a man far more notoriously disloyal than Mr. Justice WOODWARD; known all over the Union, in Canada, and in Europe, to be in sympathy with the rebellion. Such a man could not be otherwise than ignominiously defeated. GEORGE W. WOODWARD's disloyalty is comparatively obscure, and thousands of voters refused to believe that it existed. Mr. BROUGH had also, in addition to this radical weakness of the opposition, the support of the Ohio soldiers, whole regiments voting unanimously in his favor. Governor CURTIN's majority is lessened by thousands by the legal decision that Pennsylvania soldiers had not the right to vote. These facts account for the difference in majorities. No man can justly infer that Pennsylvania is less loyal than Ohio. We answer the congratulations of our sister State with pride and pleasure. She has won a mighty victory for the Union, and has a Governor who will do her great honor and the country good service.

NEW YORK CITY.

NEW YORK, October 17, 1863.

THE ELECTIONS.

The news of the recent elections in Pennsylvania and Ohio has caused much jubilation among loyal men, and unmistakable depression among the Copperheads. As far as regards the latter State, no doubt was entertained of the result; and even the very papers which, at the nomination of Vallandigham, declared that his election was a certainty, as the day drew nigh, endeavored to clear themselves of all affiliation with their own candidate, and did not hesitate to sneer at him as one already rejected. With Pennsylvania, however, the case was essentially different. Woodward, without manliness in disloyalty—if the term may be so employed; without the courage to avow his dishonorable sentiments openly, was holding out false lights, and luring many to his support who would never have cast a vote for him had they understood the real issues involved in the platform upon which he stood. This fact gave rise to doubt in the minds of many; and, although the mass of our citizens were doubtless confident of Curtin's re-election, there were thousands of patriotic hearts who felt a sense of relief when the glorious news was flashed over the wires, and the figures of the estimated majority beamed benignantly from the bulletin boards. All honor to the true men who rallied for the Union at the polls!

The letter of General McClellan, supporting the disloyal candidate, has created a rather unexpected sensation among his New York friends. I have conversed with many of his warmest admirers and staunchest upholders, since its publication, and one and all, they have expressed sorrow and chagrin at the act of stupendous folly. If the feelings of his friends here afford any index to those of his admirers in other portions of the country, the conclusion is irresistible, that henceforward his influence is at an end; and that any hopes which he may indulge of political preferment will prove fallacious.

A NEW ENROLMENT.

A new enrolment has been ordered in six of the congressional districts, and preparations are making for immediate action in the matter. The necessity arises from the factious objections which were made by Governor Seymour and his owners, to the fairness of the first enrolment. It will be remembered that he claimed in effect, that the officials having it in charge had made false lists, sparing Republicans as much as possible, and throwing the great burden of the draft upon the Democrats. In consequence, but fifty per cent. of the quotas was drawn, and the new enrolment was promised.

It is hardly presumable that the Governor will care to throw further obstacles in the way of the conscription in this State; not only because the bloody sequences of his prior action would deter him from a second attempt, but also because, having been thrown overboard by his party, he will not care further to expose himself to the public disapprobation and contempt, by acting in their interest.

CHRISTY'S WILL.

Quite a sensation was created in the Surrogate Court, on Thursday last, by the production therein of certain portions of the skull and vertebra of the late Edwin P. Christy, the originator of negro minstrelsy. Christy was formerly established at the Mechanics' Hall on Broadway with his troupe, and there made a large fortune. The novelty of the idea and the excellence of the band attracted the whole respectability of the city. Nightly, the hall was literally crowded to overflowing. George Harrington, better known as George Christy, was a *protégé* of his, whom he had picked up at New Orleans, and introduced in his troupe. After accumulating sufficient wealth, Christy retired to private life, and the enjoyment of the results of his good fortune. Subsequently he became silent partner in a large wholesale dry-goods house. The immediate cause of his death was an injury which resulted from his own act. Laboring under a partial derangement of the intellect, he threw himself from a window of his dwelling, and was terribly crushed. Before death ensued he was married to a female who had been living with him at the time of the affair, and also made a will, leaving his property to her. It is now sought to set this will aside, on the ground that the testator was not of sound and disposing mind; and the line of proof involving certain surgical testimony, the body of the unfortunate was exhumed and the necessary bones brought into court.

THE RUSSIANS.

On Monday evening the municipal banquet to the Russian officers is to be given at the Astor House. This is to be followed, in the course of a fortnight, by a mercantile banquet at the Academy of Music. A third will probably be given by the shipbuilders, in the early part of November, provided that the plans, which have been already set on foot, are not abandoned for unforeseen reasons. The Russians are to visit Niagara, during the coming week, in company with some of our own naval officers. Nothing definite about the aldermanic ball has yet been ascertained.

SHOOTING A DESERTER.

A deserter has been shot down in our streets, under the following circumstances: It appears a party of deserters, who had been forwarded to the dépôt on Governor's Island from New London, were put in charge of a detail from a Connecticut regiment, to be delivered to the officer in command of that post. These men numbered four-and-twenty, while the detail consisted only of a sergeant and three men. They were fellows of a most desperate stamp, most of them being of ruffianly appearance. Just as they reached the corner of West and Albany streets, a fellow named Killough broke the ranks, and dashed up Albany street. The locality was well suited for his purposes, as a few steps would take him among the old tumble-down shanties and tenement houses, where, as in the Whitefriars of London, in ancient times, any attempt at recapture would prove futile, not only from the fact that in some of the narrow and distorted passages of the buildings, concealment could easily be had, but that the peculiar population of the district would not scruple to rise for a rescue. As Killough ran, the sergeant called upon him thrice to halt, and then, as a last resort, ordered one of the soldiers to fire. The aim proved fatal. This occurred early in the day, when the streets were crowded. Butler, the soldier who shot him, was arrested, but exculpated from all blame, by the coroner's jury. A sudden dash up these streets has been a favorite method of escape with conscripts, substitutes, and apprehended deserters. From almost any of them, lying at right-angles with Broadway, a few moments of hot flight will enable the rascal to reach the haunts of the *ouvriers*—the riot-makers, the "revolving voters," and the most literal upholders of the Copperhead party, and such haunts are sanctuaries always opened for deserters and "bounty jumpers."

STUYVESANT.

SECRETARY CHASE ON FOREIGN AFFAIRS

At the great Republican meeting in Cincinnati, on Monday night, Secretary Chase appeared, and was greeted with the most enthusiastic applause. He made a long speech, and alluded to foreign affairs in the following significant terms:

We are showing our strength to the nations of the earth, and if we simply go on showing our strength, there will be no danger whatever of intervention. There will be no danger, because it will not pay. [Cheers.] It is true that Great Britain has behaved very unneighborly. We used to think this great Anglo-Saxon family was to stand together the world over to establish freedom of the press, freedom of the ballot-box, freedom of thought, freedom of speech, and freedom for all; but, of late years, we have seen manifestations of a very unkind and unfriendly spirit; and sometimes I have felt as if I wanted to take old mother England by the hair and give her a mighty good shaking. [Loud laughter and applause.] I am not sure that this is the wisest plan; but of this I feel tolerably sure, that England will not send any more pirate-ships out against us; and I think when England thinks the matter over calmly; when she reflects of the Alabama, fitted out in a British port, manned by British seamen, armed by British guns, and ever since roving over the seas, plundering merchant vessels, without bringing a single one into any port; when they come to look over these things, *they will conclude it is best to pay the American merchants for all the pillage the Alabama has done.* [Loud cheers.]

We have got a sort of new empire upon our borders in Mexico. Well, gentlemen, I am not much disturbed about that. Empires will not last long in Central America. [Cheers.] I don't know how long this empire—if it gets born—will last. There was an attempt to make an empire in Mexico some time ago, and, if I am not mistaken, was no great success. I do not know that this Austrian Emperor will find his bed of roses there, but I am strongly inclined to think that the roses will be very few and the bed very hard. [Cheers and loud laughter.] I am willing to trust to the future, and I am perfectly sure, taking all things into consideration, that the European monarchs will, in the end, think it best to keep their institutions at home. I am confident of this. [Cheers.] I do not propose any particular measures just now. It is never wise to advance what you are going to do a great while in advance of doing it; but I think the time will come when the world will reconsider these things, and when this Republic of ours will be re-established from the Gulf toward the Pole, and from the Atlantic to the Pacific, based upon freedom and free labor; gathering strength from our present contest, and rising from it grander than ever."

DEMOCRACY A FALSE TITLE FOR DISLOYALTY.

A correspondent in San Francisco, who subscribes himself "Three-Score-and-Ten," makes the following excellent suggestions:

"As Sampson's great strength lay wholly in his beard, so does the whole strength of the Copperhead—the pretended Democratic—party lie in the name it so wrongfully assumes, and which name, unhappily, appears to be generally conceded to it by the Union press.

"To take from them the name they so tenaciously keep, and which gives them all their strength, would rapidly withdraw from their support a large body of voters, especially those of foreign birth, who, though ignorant of its true meaning, worship the name of Democrat."

RELIGIOUS MATTERS.

RELIGIOUS LITERATURE IN THE ARMY.

Few persons have any idea of the extent to which the various religious newspapers of the day are distributed in the army. It is well known that, among other humane things performed for the benefit of our brave soldiers in the field and in the hospitals, by that excellent organization, the Christian Commission, is the furnishing of these men with reading matter, much of which is of a moral and religious character. But the distribution, on their own account, of denominational newspapers, is outside of their province. Some months ago there was a demand of this kind made upon them, but they very wisely declined a direct response, on the grounds that the moneys they received from the public were not given for any such purpose. They, however, presented the case to the publishers of the various religious weeklies of this city and elsewhere, who, in turn, laid the subject before their readers, at the same time offering to send the full number of copies of their respective papers to the army for all contributions that might be sent to them for that purpose. The ball was thus immediately set in motion. The appeal needed but to be made to have the people manifest their characteristic liberality in a cause that was doubly sanctified by patriotism and religion. Donations began to be forwarded to the various publishers, and they have steadily increased, until now at least one of the religious weeklies published in this city, sends for pay contributed in advance, *over ten thousand copies* to the army every week, with the *pecuniary* assurance that this number will not be diminished during the next three months. From these facts it may be inferred that the aggregate of this class of reading sent to the army from Philadelphia alone is very large, and from the letters of appreciative thanks, written home by many of the brave fellows who receive and mentally devour it, no less than the touching instances recorded of the positive good the distribution of these papers has accomplished, there is reason to believe that the moneys given to this object are wisely contributed. Let the good work go on with increased liberality. Although the Christian Commission cannot consistently make the purchase and circulation of religious newspapers a part of its benign mission, it can and does superintend their distribution among the various divisions of the army, for which it has unparalleled facilities. For this reason all the papers intended for this object are forwarded to the office of the "Commission" as soon as issued.

A PLEASING INCIDENT AT THE GREEN-STREET M. E. CHURCH.—There was an incident occurred at the Green-street Methodist Episcopal Church on Sunday week that deserves to be recorded as a model mode of making church collections. The pulpit of this church, now regularly occupied by the Rev. H. F. Hurn, was filled on Sunday morning by the Rev. I. H. Torrence, Secretary of the Philadelphia Bible Society, the claims of which he presented in a highly acceptable discourse founded upon the text—"*The law of the Lord is perfect.*" The preacher stated, in conclusion, that the society in question was in need of funds, and respectfully desired from the congregation he was addressing a contribution of five hundred dollars. Without the usual routine of dunning people—by far too common in some churches on such occasions—the congregation were simply requested to write the amounts they wished to give on blank cards placed in the pews for that purpose. This request was at once silently responded to, and when the several amounts designated on the cards were summed up, it was found that their aggregate exceeded the "five hundred" asked for. Prompt liberality has always been a distinguishing characteristic of Green-street M. E. Church; but we have seldom seen an appeal for money in behalf of the Bible, or any other cause, responded to with as much grace as marked the pleasing incident above described.

SPLENDID GIFT OF BOOKS.—In accordance with the expressed wish of the late Rev. George W. Bethune, D. D., one of the most learned and eloquent divines in the Reformed Dutch Church, his widow has transferred the elegant library of her honored husband to the Theological Seminary of that denomination, located at New Brunswick. The library consists of over three thousand volumes, and was selected by Dr. Bethune with great judgment and taste, and without regard to cost. It is said to be particularly rich in theological and classical works, and includes many rare books.

Apropos of this, we may state that Dr. Bethune's lectures on the Heidelberg Catechism are now passing through the *Riverside Press*, and will shortly be issued by Messrs. Sheldon & Co., of New York.

NEW COLORED CHURCH ORGANIZED AT WASHINGTON.—A church of contrabands and other colored people, at Washington, D. C., has just been organized, and William O. Walker, one of their number, ordained to the pastoral office over them. Rev. Dr. Sampson and other clergymen officiated on the occasion.

NEW METHODIST CHURCH AT OIL CITY.—Four years ago Oil City, Venango county, this State, consisted of two or three inferior public houses, the proprietors of which gained a precarious subsistence from the lumbermen who made this a stopping point in the transit of their lumber rafts. It is now a "city" containing more than a thousand inhabitants. A Methodist church has just been completed there which on the day of dedication was filled to overflowing. After the discourse an appeal was made for means to liquidate the balance of the church's indebtedness, about one thousand dollars. The congregation showed their liberality on the spot by contributing eleven hundred dollars.

DISTINGUISHED LIBERALITY.—The Christian *Chronicle*, in its report of the Baptist Association, which met in this city last week, says:

"The letter of the Berean Church of West Philadelphia having been called for, gave an item of extraordinary interest. It was nothing less than the information, that John P. Levy, Esq., one of their members, had cleared their entire property of debt, and vested the title in the proper representatives of the church, to be held for the purposes of a Baptist church forever. This truly munificent gift is valued at over $27,000. All honor to Brother Levy!"

Captain Levy is well known as of the firm of Neafie & Levy, Kensington, and one of our most successful and public-spirited business men. This gift to the Berean does him infinite credit.

A NEW CATHEDRAL.—The corner-stone of a new cathedral will be laid at Burlington, Vermont, on next Wednesday. A sermon will be preached on the occasion by the Right Rev. Bishop Loughlin, of Brooklyn.

DEPARTURE OF AN EMINENT MISSIONARY.—The death of the Rev. Henry V. Rankin, for many years attached to the Ningpo Mission, of the Presbyterian church, is announced. Mr. Rankin visited this country some years ago, and made a deep impression upon the people in his extensive travels by his earnest discourses and evident sincerity in the noble cause to which his life was dedicated.

CALLING PASTORS BY TELEGRAPH.—The First Presbyterian Church of Oakland, California, have telegraphed to Rev. S. J. Leelye, D.D., late of Albany, to be their pastor.

CATHOLIC CONGRESS IN BELGIUM.—Among the dignitaries in attendance at the Catholic Congress lately convened at Malines were Mgr. Ledochowski, the Papal nuncio, Cardinal Wiseman, and many other English Catholic prelates, the Catholic Bishop of Adelaide, the Archbishop of Jerusalem, &c. The assembly was opened, after a solemn high mass celebrated in the metropolitan church of St. Rambaut, by an address from Mgr. Sterckx, Cardinal Archbishop of Malines, who said that as the object of the meeting was to do service to the Church, they should above all things aim at practical conclusions and useful measures. All proper opinions might be enunciated, all measures calculated to do good might be proposed, and all might be discussed, defended, and opposed with the greatest freedom. M. de Gerlache, the president of the Congress, then addressed the assembly. Next evening M. A. Dechamps, deputy, made a speech on the triple objects of the Congress. M. de Montalembert will develop and explain the famous formula of "a free church in a free state." Three Polish priests delivered a discourse on the position of Catholics in Poland, and Count A. Foucher de Careil spoke on the union of peoples and the persistence of the feeling of national independence. M. Schollaert, M. de Montalembert, and Cardinal Wiseman addressed the Congress—the latter on the religious and civil position of Catholics in England. The Rev. Father Dechamps, Cardinal Wiseman, and the Abbe Mermillard, of Geneva, preached in the Church of St. Rambaut.

RELIGIOUS REVIVAL IN MISSOURI.—Extensive revivals of religion are in progress in various parts of Missouri. Rev. Mr. Caples, in a sermon preached at Brunswick, a Sabbath or two since, said that over four hundred persons had joined the Methodist Episcopal Church South in the last two months, all in Chariton county. A meeting at Williamsburg, Lewis county, has resulted in the accession of forty-two members to the Methodist Episcopal Church South. A similar meeting in Buchanan county resulted in ninety-four additions to the church—ninety by baptism.

MISSIONARIES SAILED FOR BURMAH.—The following missionaries sailed from N. York to the City of Washington for Burmah, on Saturday week: Rev. D. A. W. Smith, and wife; Rev. J. D. Colburn, and wife, and brother Albert Haw, of whom we gave some account last week. Mr. Smith is the son of Rev. S. F. Smith, D. D., of Boston, who was present with his wife, to take a final leave of their son. Dr. Murdock was also present, and several others to commend them to God and to the word of His grace.

A CONTRADICTION.—Generals Grant, McPherson, Gilmore, and Rosecrans are all of Methodist extraction and persuasion.—*Boston Post.*

But are Catholics now.—*Boston Pilot.*

THE ELECTION.

THE VOTE OF PHILADELPHIA.

The Board of Return Judges for the county of Philadelphia assembled on Friday morning, for the purpose of ascertaining the vote of Philadelphia on Tuesday, and to make out certificates of election to the parties elected. The following shows the entire vote:

STATE OFFICERS.

WARDS.	GOVERNOR.		SUP. JUDGE.	
	Curtin.	Woodward.	Agnew.	Lowrie.
First	3713	2150	3217	2141
Second	2109	2122	2094	2111
Third	1174	1255	1162	1256
Fourth	866	1785	878	1802
Fifth	1112	1260	1093	1262
Sixth	1086	1122	1078	1121
Seventh	2104	1237	2070	1239
Eighth	1654	1081	1621	1113
Ninth	1442	1287	1432	1293
Tenth	2244	1015	2227	1036
Eleventh	973	1389	951	1406
Twelfth	1308	1184	1257	1203
Thirteenth	1976	1175	1965	1179
Fourteenth	2313	1225	2300	1223
Fifteenth	2088	1959	2089	1970
Sixteenth	1468	1631	1490	1609
Seventeenth	1129	1901	1104	1914
Eighteenth	2197	1168	2181	1179
Nineteenth	2210	2361	2153	2270
Twentieth	2963	2456	2945	2476
Twenty-first	1464	1315	1440	1325
Twenty-second	1909	1101	1890	1108
Twenty-third	1712	1255	1701	1267
Twenty-fourth	2104	1696	2170	1753
Twenty-fifth	767	1145	765	1148
Total	44274 37193	37193	43914 37516	37516
Majority	7081		6398	

CITY OFFICERS.

WARDS.	CITY COM.		CITY TREAS.	
	Hamilton, (Union.)	Kane, (Dem.)	Bumm, (Union.)	Brodhead, (Dem.)
First	3214	2120	3206	2124
Second	2106	2127	2110	2119
Third	1176	1286	1176	1283
Fourth	721	1675	738	1676
Fifth	1114	1256	1111	1256
Sixth	1076	1125	1085	1112
Seventh	2165	1234	2105	1223
Eighth	1557	1093	1648	1084
Ninth	1420	1265	1428	1276
Tenth	2258	1013	2258	1003
Eleventh	954	1398	965	1395
Twelfth	1299	1191	1272	1188
Thirteenth	1973	1174	1971	1172
Fourteenth	2239	1241	2214	1255
Fifteenth	2972	1964	2979	1957
Sixteenth	1501	1591	1489	1588
Seventeenth	1103	1928	1101	1900
Eighteenth	2188	1147	2157	1129
Nineteenth	2191	2470	2189	2364
Twentieth	2967	2460	2960	2456
Twenty-first	1441	1314	1446	1314
Twenty-second	1882	1103	1884	1100
Twenty-third	1701	1261	1704	1239
Twenty-fourth	2073	1719	2075	1720
Twenty-fifth	769	1150	768	1140
Total	43,068 37,124	37,124	43,996 37,013	37,013
Majority	6,872		6,983	

COUNTY OFFICERS.

WARDS.	RECORDER.		PRO. DIS. COURT.	
	Broomall, (Union.)	Paul, (Dem.)	Kelly, (Union.)	Loughlin, (Dem.)
First	3206	2125	3207	2127
Second	2168	2154	2163	2142
Third	1168	1290	1160	1292
Fourth	848	1800	861	1797
Fifth	1107	1261	1107	1263
Sixth	1089	1127	1066	1133
Seventh	2180	1249	2172	1247
Eighth	1562	1089	1537	1082
Ninth	1417	1265	1429	1266
Tenth	2227	1041	2230	1032
Eleventh	950	1408	951	1408
Twelfth	1255	1206	1230	1199
Thirteenth	1949	1192	1959	1182
Fourteenth	2193	1285	2183	1281
Fifteenth	2942	1963	2945	1978
Sixteenth	1478	1621	1499	1610
Seventeenth	1090	1911	1099	1917
Eighteenth	2170	1162	2174	1164
Nineteenth	2180	2271	2185	2265
Twentieth	2352	2450	2364	2465
Twenty-first	1441	1320	1444	1321
Twenty-second	1884	1115	1886	1109
Twenty-third	1688	1165	1687	1167
Twenty-fourth	2059	1758	2061	1753
Twenty-fifth	757	1160	757	1160
Total	43,705 37,546	37,546	43,833 37,451	37,451
Majority	6,159		6,382	

WARDS.	CLERK Q. S.		CORONER.	
	Moore, (Union.)	Sherrard, (Dem.)	Taylor, (Union.)	Crawford, (Dem.)
First	3212	2117	3214	2124
Second	2110	2121	2108	2120
Third	1165	1251	1170	1290
Fourth	882	1819	861	1816
Fifth	1118	1241	1100	1257
Sixth	1067	1135	1083	1133
Seventh	2097	1280	2101	1243
Eighth	1513	1080	1577	1080
Ninth	1418	1280	1455	1288
Tenth	2235	1036	2253	1007
Eleventh	953	1414	962	1403
Twelfth	1256	1191	1258	1201
Thirteenth	1958	1153	1954	1154
Fourteenth	2170	1278	2306	1252
Fifteenth	2968	1953	2962	1975
Sixteenth	1479	1614	1457	1607
Seventeenth	1096	1910	1019	1920
Eighteenth	2174	1161	2164	1161
Nineteenth	2162	2230	2172	2278
Twentieth	2974	2435	2955	2465
Twenty-first	1413	1319	1447	1318
Twenty-second	1883	1105	1881	1151
Twenty-third	1688	1165	1689	1203
Twenty-fourth	2063	1726	2071	1729
Twenty-fifth	756	1163	759	1151
Total	43,790 37,334	37,334	43,835 37,604	37,604
Majority	6,456		6,231	

SENATOR.

FIRST DISTRICT.

	Nichols.	Caldwell.
1st ward	3,100	2,216
2d "	2,064	2,167
3d "	1,147	1,308
4th "	620	1,516
7th "	2,065	1,259
8th "	1,653	1,030
	10,758	9,836
	9,836	
Nichols' majority	922	

THE LEGISLATIVE TICKET.

FIRST DISTRICT.

	Foster, U.	McCrossin, D.
1st ward	3,207	2,106
6th, 7th, and 8th precincts of 3d ward	427	673
	3,634	2,779
	2,779	
Foster's majority	855	

SECOND DISTRICT.

	Choate, U.	Barger, D.
Second ward	2,070	2,157
		2,070
Barger's majority		87

THIRD DISTRICT.

	Wills, U.	Josephs, D.
Fourth ward	867	1,796
1st, 2d, 3d, 4th, and 5th Divisions of Third ward	754	591
	1,621	2,387
		1,621
Josephs' majority		766

FOURTH DISTRICT.

	Watson, U.	Whalley, D.
Fifth ward	1,087	1,258
1st, 2d, 3d, 4th, and 6th Divisions of Eighth ward	1,223	774
	2,310	2,032
	2,032	
Watson's majority	278	

FIFTH DISTRICT.

	Watt, U.	Kennedy, D.
Seventh ward	2,120	1,212
5th Division of Eighth ward	332	309
	2,452	1,521
	1,521	
Watt's majority	931	

SIXTH DISTRICT.

	O'Hara, U.	Ludlow, D.
Ninth ward	1,414	1,294
1st, 2d, 3d, 4th, and 5th divisions of Sixth ward	567	634
	1,981	1,928
	1,928	
O'Hara's majority	53	

SEVENTH DISTRICT.

	Cochran, U.	Thackray, D.
Thirteenth ward	1,978	1,167
6th, 7th, and 8th divisions of Sixth ward	506	456
3d division Fourteenth ward	296	114
	2,780	1,767
	1,767	
Cochran's majority	1,013	

EIGHTH DISTRICT.

	Kerns, U.	McLaughlin, D.
Tenth ward	2,229	999
1st, 4th, 5th, 7th, and 8th division of Fourteenth ward	1,478	813
	3,706	1,812
	1,812	
Kerns' majority	1,894	

NINTH DISTRICT.

	Dixey, U.	Quigley, D.
Twelfth ward	1,283	1,169
1st, 2d, 3d, 4th, 5th, and 6th divisions of Eleventh ward	640	972
	1,923	2,141
		1,923
Quigley's majority		218

TENTH DISTRICT.

	Pancoast, U.	Chapman, D.
Fifteenth ward	2,960	1,973
2d and 6th divisions Fourteenth ward	421	313
	3,381	2,286
	2,286	
Pancoast's majority	1,095	

ELEVENTH DISTRICT.

	Sheppard, U.	Hopkins, D.
Sixteenth ward	1,612	1,588
Part of Eleventh ward	314	436
" Seventeenth ward	109	174
" Twentieth ward	352	229
	2,287	2,436
		2,287
Hopkins' majority		149

TWELFTH DISTRICT.

	Sutphin, U.	Motz, D.
Eighteenth ward	2,172	1,160
Part of Seventeenth ward	476	298
	2,648	1,458
	1,458	
Sutphin's majority	1,190	

THIRTEENTH DISTRICT.

	Leader, U.	McManus, D.
Nineteenth ward	2,165	2,278
Part of Twenty-fifth ward	244	590
	2,409	2,868
		2,409
McManus majority		459

FOURTEENTH DISTRICT.

	Getz, U.	Schofield, D.
Part of Twentieth ward	2,647	2,170
Part of Seventeenth ward	558	1,393
	3,205	3,563
		3,205
Schofield's majority		359

FIFTEENTH DISTRICT.

	Smith, U.	Roberts, D.
Twenty-second ward	1,881	1,094
Part of Twenty-first ward	745	669
	2,626	1,763
	1,763	
Smith's majority	863	

SIXTEENTH DISTRICT.

	Lee, U.	Duffield, D.
Twenty-third ward	1,679	1,291
Part of Twenty-fifth ward	509	557
	2,188	1,848
	1,848	
Lee's majority	340	

SEVENTEENTH DISTRICT.

	Miller, U.	Young, D.
Twenty-fourth ward	1,995	1,801
Part of Twenty-first ward	700	649
	2,695	2,450
	2,450	
Miller's majority	245	

RECAPITULATION.

The following shows the ticket elected:

City Commissioner—Philip Hamilton, U.
City Treasurer—Henry Bumm, U.
Recorder of Deeds—Lewis E. Broomall, U.
Prothonotary District Court—George Kelly, U.
Clerk of Court of Quar. Sessions—G. H. Moore, U.
Coroner—William Taylor, U.
SENATOR—1st District—Jeremiah Nichols, U.

LEGISLATURE.

Districts.	Districts.
1.—William Foster, U.	10.—S. S. Pancoast, U.
2.—Thos. J. Barger, D.	11.—Jos. W. Hopkins, D.
3.—Samuel Josephs, D.	12.—Luke V. Sutphen, U.
4.—John D. Watson, U.	13.—F. McManus, D.
5.—Wm. W. Watt, U.	14.—A. R. Schofield, D.
6.—Isaac H. O'Hara, U.	15.—Wm. F. Smith, U.
7.—Thomas Cochran, U.	16.—Ed. G. Lee, U.
8.—Jos. N. Kerns, U.	17.—James Miller, U.
9.—Geo. H. Quigley, D.	

Unionists 11
Democrats 6

STREET AND OTHER SCENES.—On Wednesday afternoon, as the colored regiment passed down Chestnut, on their way to assist in squelching the rebellion, they were cheered as they pushed on the column. Standing in front of a newspaper office on that thoroughfare, just below Fifth street, was a large crowd of individuals. This assemblage opened, and the "Americans of African descent" marched through. There were slight demonstrations of a lawless character manifested by some of the more ignorant of the opening crowd, but the rear guard of the soldiers, bristling with fixed bayonets, bore aloft, as their weapons pointed heavenward, a salutary admonition. At this stage of the proceedings a gentleman, who had seen service on the battle-field, stepped into the street, and, raising his hands above his head, commenced clapping his hands. The effect was catching, for instantly a large number of others did the same thing. Some one proposed three cheers for Governor Andrew G. Curtin. This was responded to with a mighty shout, in which the regiment joined.

But just as the proposition was made to cheer for the Governor, some one in the already opened crowd proposed three cheers for Woodward. The result was, that all his friends joined in on that. Thus, it will be observed, all on both sides, white and black, mingled their cheers together. At this moment a couple of gentlemen emanated from an eating house. One said to the other, "Isn't that glorious! what an effect the election of Governor Curtin has had." "See," said he, "*behold the Copperheads even cheering the black regiment!*" He made a slight mistake, however, yet the joke is worth recording. The regiment passed on. There was "nobody hurt."

The crowd in front of the newspaper office still lingered until near the midnight hour. We mingled with it considerably, accepting, as our admonition, *Stephano's* advice to *Trinculo* in Shakspeare's "Tempest." It was wonderful to watch the fluctuation of the political thermometer—now up, now down, then down and up again. Various, indeed, were the sayings in the crowd.

"I wonder if Woodward is elected?" a philosophical individual would inquire.

"Of course he is—the *Age* says so."

"Let's give him three cheers." The cheers were given.

"It's all right!" shouted a rotund red-faced Irishman of the Sixth ward. "Cap Dunovan says that Wudward says he's elicted, and the nagurs is defated."

Three cheers were given for that.

"Why the divil don't ye luminate yer office fur Misther Woodward?" shouted out a stout son of the Emerald Isle on the sidewalk. The crowd was now seized with a spasm of galvanism, and some cheers were given.

"What news have they got?" said several gentlemen inquiringly. "Let's go down to *The Press* office." Away they started.

"Have ye heerd from Clarien," shouted out a man who had a wager staked on the result. This inquiry was directed to a sick-looking Democrat, who had just poked his head out of the second-story window as if gasping for fresh air.

"What does Clarien say?" again shouted the man.

There was no response from the protruded head—it went in.

Thus things were kept on for hours.

At one time we entered the *Age* office; ascended to the conclave in the second story; they were grouped around; a gloom seemed to settle on them; they had no word of comfort; they had no comforter; the ghost of Democracy did not even appear among them. A more sad, forlorn-looking spectacle we had not seen for some time.

"Telegraph despatch" was announced by a boy, who hastily entered with a sheet of tissue paper in hand.

"Good ——!" exclaimed a cadaverous-looking gentleman, "Indiana gives 400 more for Curtin."

"The —— it does; oh, we're licked. What the —— matter; d—— the telegraph; here, boy, don't bring any more such news like that."

Indiana fell like a wet blanket on the party; it seemed to cover in oblivion all hope. They became sick at heart. A fat gentleman, with a gold-headed cane, octagon shape, simply arose, gave a sort of grunt, and said in husky sepulchral tones, "I'm going home." About half past ten o'clock the mob in front of the office seemed to be laboring under a sort of hallucination or infatuation. They would have it Judge Woodward was elected by 7,600 majority. It was passing strange, indeed. On the strength of this feeling, a band was procured to serenade the Judge because of his election as Governor.

They proceeded along Chestnut street. Near Seventh, they took the advice of a philosophical Democrat, on his way from the Continental to the *Age* office. The band proceeded no further. The cornet was quiet; the double-bass horns did not bray out one sonorous sound; nor did the trombone pump in a note of time; the cymbals were quiet, and the *snare* drum awakened "nary" a rattle. The crowd separated, and the sold party went home to dream, reminding us of a line from Longfellow—

"Things are not what they seem."

Yesterday the crowd in front of the *Age* office was sensibly diminished; nor was it so much excited. Hope was banished at ten o'clock in the morning. In the afternoon some returns from counties that had not been heard from before were received. They increased the vote of Governor Andrew G. Curtin, and scattered the crowd as effectually as a regiment of police officers.

CITY INTELLIGENCE.

WHAT PHILADELPHIA HAS DONE FOR THE SOLDIERS.—Philadelphia may justly be proud of the position which she occupies among the loyal cities of the Union on account of her devotion to the interests and welfare of our soldiers. In after years none can reproach her with neglect or indifference to the wants of the brave men who have gone to risk their lives on the battle-field. Her volunteer refreshment saloons, and the many well-conducted hospitals, with hundreds of her citizens, male and female, who are laboring among the suffering in the army, all evince that she is fully awake to the terrible issues which press upon us as a patriotic and humane people.

A visit to any or all of our city hospitals is especially interesting at this time, as showing the treatment and kindness shown by a patriotic community to those whom the chances of war have thrown in their midst.

Chestnut Hill Hospital is a large and well-arranged, and a well-conducted hospital. At Broad and Cherry streets everything indicates management and care in behalf of the wounded; and those in West Philadelphia merit the same commendation.

The Satterlee Hospital, on the other side of the river, is in charge of Dr. Hayes, well known as a companion of Kane in his expedition. He has associated with him a very efficient, courteous, and obliging corps of assistants. The hospital is large enough to accommodate several thousand patients. It has every convenience for comfort and cleanliness. Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays are the days on which visitors are admitted; and on these occasions a very good band enlivens the scene by a variety of well-selected pieces. One arrangement in connection with this hospital that attracts universal attention, and which is highly beneficial, is the printing-office and its valuable and interesting paper. We have received several copies of this paper, called *The Hospital Register*, from the worthy chaplain, Dr. West. It is a weekly issue.

In connection with this hospital there is a neat and very commodious chapel. It has comfortable seats, partially cushioned, a neat pulpit, and arranged throughout so that all may hear the Gospel without annoyance or discomfort. Rev. Nathaniel West, D. D., is the chaplain, and discharges the duties of his office with fidelity. He preaches regularly on the Sabbath, lectures during the week, and has a Bible class and prayer meeting. All these services, we are told, are well attended. A very convenient and neat chaplain's room has recently been added. It has been suitably furnished by the ladies, and has all that is required to give comfort and attractiveness to a minister's study.

The West Philadelphia Hospital will certainly stand a favorable comparison with any in the country. But we write chiefly to speak of Philadelphia in respect to all her noble efforts in behalf of those who are defending our country. In the army the soldiers speak of the city with gratitude, and with the feeling that here are found thousands of hearts alive to their hardships and sufferings, and ready to give freely of money and by personal attendance, for the relief of the wounded and sick soldiers.

DEPARTURE OF TROOPS.—The 6th Regiment of United States colored troops embarked on the transport steamer Conqueror, between five and six o'clock on the 14th inst., and steamed out into the stream, where they laid at anchor all night, preparatory to leaving at an early hour in the morning. They are ordered to Fortress Monroe, to report to Major General Foster. This regiment has been encamped for the past two months at Camp William Penn, near Chelten Hills, where it was recruited and instructed in the military manual to a high degree of perfection by Colonel Wagner, commander of the post, assisted by the commissioned officers of the regiment. It numbered ten companies of eighty men each, making a total of eight hundred altogether. The regiment, which is composed principally of substitutes and drafted men from different parts of this State and Delaware, has been in readiness to leave for some time past; but orders not having been received to that effect, it was not able to leave until the 14th, when they broke up camp about 11 o'clock, and took the North Pennsylvania Railroad cars for this city, where they arrived soon after, and marched through a number of our streets, and finally halted at the Union Volunteer and Cooper Shop Refreshment Saloons, where they were bountifully supplied with the necessaries of life by the ladies and gentlemen attached to those noble and far-famed institutions, after which they proceeded by companies on board the transport, which was attached to the wharf below Washington avenue. Quite a large concourse of their colored relatives and friends had assembled on the wharf to see them go, and many were the affectionate adieus, and loving good-byes, given before they started. It was heart-rending to witness the mothers and sisters, with their eyes bedimmed with tears, and their hearts too full for utterance, casting a longing look as their darling ones moved off, never, perhaps, to be seen by them again.

The following is a list of the field officers: Colonel, J. W. Ames, formerly Capt. of the 11th Infantry; Lieut. Col., E. C. Royce; Major, J. B. Kiddoo, formerly Colonel of the 137th Pennsylvania Drafted Men; Adjutant, Lieut. York.

SINGULAR CASE OF POISONING.—The sudden death of Samuel Tool, aged seventy-three years, was announced in *The Press* of Friday. The coroner held an inquest on the body, and the following facts were developed: Mr. Tool was an old shoemaker, and kept a little cobbling shop at Ridge avenue and Oxford street. Some time since a barrel of flour belonging to a grocer on the opposite side of the way burst on the pavement. The grocer gave to the old shoemaker as much of the flour as he could scrape up from the sidewalk. He collected a couple of pounds and made it into paste, as he wanted it. He had used all except three-fourths of a pound. On Thursday he was about removing his quarters. He gave the flour to a next-door neighbor, a poor woman, who made it into a pudding and gave it to her children to eat. She also sent some of it to Mr. Tool. He ate a small part of it. The children were taken suddenly sick, and the mother at once apprehended that there must have been poison in the flour. She hastened to the old man and told him what she thought. A physician was at once called in and the proper remedial agents were applied. The children were saved, but the old man died. The remainder of the pudding was thrown into the street. A dog and some chickens that ate it also died. It is evident that poison was mingled with the flour, but how it got there is a point that never will be divulged. The jury rendered a verdict of death from being poisoned.

THREE HUNDRED THOUSAND MORE!—Recruiting, for some time past, has not averaged over seventy-five per week. Under the present call of the United States for three hundred thousand more, we may expect again to hear the squeak of the fife and the rattle of the drum in all our streets. The inducements now offered for volunteering are exceedingly liberal, and should be sufficient to obtain enough men to fill the quota of the State previous to the 1st of January, 1864, at which time a draft will be made to meet any deficiency that may exist. Both the drafts that have already been made were violently denounced by certain of the Secession sympathizers, who contended that by an appeal for volunteers thousands would have sprung to arms. They now have an opportunity to test their sincerity between the present time and the next New Year's day. In case the President's views are promptly met, there will be no draft; if his views are not met, a draft will be resorted to. The Government wants men, and will have them.

ARRIVAL OF A PRIZE STEAMER.—Steamer Spaulding was captured by the United States supply-steamer Union, Acting V. Lieutenant Edward Conroy commanding, in lat. 30 N., long. 80.20 W., Oct. 11th, after a chase of four hours. Captain Dexter, of the Spaulding, confessed that he was bound to Darien, Charleston, Wilmington, or any other port in Dixie. The Spaulding was in the rebel service from the 24th August up to the 12th September. In the harbor of Charleston was employed as a transport, to carry troops and ammunition between that city and Fort Sumpter and Wappoo creek. On the night of the 16th September she ran out of that port with a cargo of 300 bales of cotton and turpentine. The Spaulding is of light draught, a fast steamer, and a very staunch sea boat, as she has proved herself in the continued gales that we have had to contend against since her capture. Among her passengers is a Philadelphian, by name Malcom McEwen. He boasts of having been in the rebel army, and he is a confirmed rebel and traitor. The prize is in charge of Acting Ensign George F. Wilkins.

VALUABLE INSTITUTION.—The twentieth anniversary of the Howard Mission School took place on Sunday evening. We learn from the annual report that since the organization of the Mission 3,936 scholars have been admitted as members, 200 during the past year; present number 170; average attendance 216. Number of classes 24; teachers, 9 male and 19 female. Library 300 volumes. The missionary, during the year, visited 257 families, and expended for food, clothing, and fuel $13,078. The current expenses of the school amounted to $257.71. This is one of the most useful schools ever established in this city. Named, as it was, after the great philanthropist, it has quietly and unostentatiously done a vast amount of good.

A LIVE VILLAGE.—Since the rebellion began many instances have come to our knowledge of extraordinary efforts, on the part of the patriotic citizens of the North, to alleviate the sufferings and minister to the comfort of our brave soldiers. At the rooms of the Christian Commission on Monday we heard of a fact which goes to show that some of our neighbors of New Jersey can do other things besides raising sweet potatoes. Paulsboro is the name of a small village near Woodbury, N. J. Its population consists of about four hundred persons. The ladies of Paulsboro held a fair recently for the benefit of the soldiers. They labored under many difficulties, but they were bent on making it a success. The proceeds amounted to the neat sum of *four hundred and fifty dollars*, which is a little more than one dollar to each inhabitant. The money has been distributed as follows: United States Christian Commission, $200; benefit of soldiers' families in Paulsboro, $100; Volunteer and Cooper Shop Refreshment Saloons, each, $50; to buy underclothing for soldiers, $60. This noble example is worthy of imitation by other towns and villages in New Jersey.

PARTRIDGE SHOOTING.—The season for this kind of exciting and healthy sport has arrived in Pennsylvania. The season in New Jersey does not commence until the first of November. The birds are in good order, though, perhaps, in the northern counties of the State they are still on the run.

FRANKLIN INSTITUTE.—The regular monthly meeting of the Franklin Institute was held at their Hall on the evening of the 15th inst.

Mr. Leffer exhibited his improved water-filter, which consists of an upright tubular case, in the upper end of which is a bucket, with a perforated bottom, which contains the filtering material through which the water must pass as it ascends, the heavy particles of dirt falling to the bottom of the case below the inlet-pipe, where they can be drawn off at intervals. The inlet-pipe is made tangental to the case, so that the water shall acquire such a rotating motion as will effectually remove any particles of matter which may adhere to the inner side of the case.

Prof. Henry exhibited Mr. Vander Weydes' gas alarm. In this apparatus a vertical tube, open at both ends, has a gas burner near each end, a small jet of gas from the upper burner being constantly burning. The cock admitting the gas to the lower burner is so connected to a door or shutter, that when the latter is opened the gas will flow from the burner, ascend through the tube, and be lit by the jet at the upper end, when the combustion of the gas within the tube will produce a loud, continuous sound, resembling that of a steam whistle.

Mr. Howson, president of the committee on meetings, exhibited T. Morris, Perot, & Co's improved army mess chest. The case is made of convenient size for handling and transportation, and contains a sheet-iron stove, with several feet of pipe. Within the stove are packed some 90 different pieces of kitchen-ware, including plates, knives, etc., sufficient for a mess of a dozen men. All the articles are well made, and not reduced in size in order to obtain room for packing. The chest contains several large cans for butter, sugar, etc. A somewhat similar chest, without the stove, made by the same firm, was also exhibited. In this are two tripods, with a connecting rod, on which articles may be hung to cook, over the fire. Either of the chests must prove invaluable to the medical department, for which they are intended, although they would answer equally well for officers, emigrants, and others.

Mr. Howson explained, by means of a large model, the optical illusion generally known as Prof. Pepper's ghost.

Mr. H. remarked that the model before the meeting was the result of several experiments prompted by information derived from various sources, and that he believed it to be identical in principle with the apparatus patented by Professor Pepper. The model consists of a large sheet of glass, supported on a frame, the upper edge of the glass leaning toward the audience. On an inclined platform below the lower edge, in front of the glass, are placed the objects to be reflected by the glass, a bright light being thrown on the objects by a reflector.

Several plaster casts and other objects were placed on the platform, and the reflection appeared quite as distinct in every respect as the originals, although apparently suspended in mid air, and occupying an indefinite position in respect to the distance from the spectators.

Mr. H. remarked that it was questionable whether many of the well-authenticated miracles of the middle ages were not produced by some such a device; and that many of the apparitions which have appeared to excited enthusiasts in more modern times are probably due to similar causes.

Lieutenant Colonel F. D. Hart's improved shell was exhibited by the inventor. The body of the shell is elongated, of cast iron, surrounded by vertical strips firmly secured to the shell, but which, when the latter explodes, readily separate, thus insuring a more perfect division of the parts, and a consequent more destructive effect. Springer & Weaver's patented letter-box was exhibited; also, Irwin's patent clothes washing machine.

Mr. John Gystrom exhibited some models of ships, and explained a new system of ship-building which he called the parabolic construction.

Mr. Shaw gave the details of a new locomotive-engine, which has been built by James Millholland, Esq., for the Reading Railroad Company. This engine, which weighs over 100,000 lbs., it is supposed will be able to push four hundred cars, at one time, on a level.

ARRIVAL OF THE U. S. STEAMER BERMUDA.—The United States supply steamer Bermuda, Acting Master J. W. Smith commanding, arrived off the navy yard about 4 o'clock on Sunday afternoon, from the Western Gulf Squadron. She left New Orleans on the 7th, and Port Royal on the 15th inst. Everything was quiet at both places, although an attack on the forts in Charleston harbor was then under preparation. This vessel reports the capture of the United States steamers Sachem and Clifton, by the rebels, off Sabine Pass, in the latter part of September. An expedition had been sent against the town of Sabine, but the above named vessels were the only ones that succeeded in crossing the bar, they being of light draught, but the tide going down they were unable to get back, and the rebels succeeded in capturing them. Another expedition against the same place was soon to be under way. The United States steamers Ossipee, New London, and Katahdin were off Galveston city when the Bermuda left, and an attack upon that city was expected to be made by those vessels shortly. The yellow fever, which has been raging so severely at New Orleans for some time past, has now ceased, there being but few or no cases reported lately. She brings quite a number of prisoners from the Gulf squadron, also a few officers attached to the different vessels in that fleet.

PRESENTATION OF TWO EAGLES.—Two young eagles, male and female, measuring about two feet from tip to tip, were presented on Monday by Captain Worden, of the navy yard, and Captain Wells, of the gunboat Galena, to the Union Volunteer Refreshment Saloon. These fine specimens of eagles deserted the territory of the rebels and landed on board the United States supply steamer Bermuda, off the coast of Texas, and were taken possession of by Acting Master Smith of that vessel, and presented to Captains Worden and Wells, who in turn presented them to the saloon. They seem very tame, and are at present confined in one of the hospital rooms. A fine opportunity here offers itself to curiosity-seekers who have never as yet seen a live eagle.

A GETTYSBURG RELIC.—An interesting relic has been obtained from the field of Gettysburg, by a member of the family of Benjamin Schiver, Esq., of Graefenberg. The relic consists of a daguerreotype of three children—two little boys and a little girl. It was found clasped between the hands of a Union soldier, whose eyes were intently fixed upon it. The gaze of the dying man appears to the last to have been concentrated upon these objects of his tenderest affection. The name of the dead soldier is not known, but his remains are protected within a secluded and honored grave. The daguerreotype is now in the hands of Dr. Burns, of this city.

THE VOTE OF A JUDGE.—Judge Strong, of the Supreme Court, a loyal Democrat and associate of Judge Woodward, voted the whole Union ticket in his precinct in the Seventeenth ward on Tuesday. When such high-minded intelligent men can forget party and vote for country, it is high time that the mass of mere partisans should emulate and thus profit by such an example.

COMPLETION OF THE GREAT ORGAN IN THE BOSTON MUSIC HALL.

[From the Boston Advertiser.]

The great organ of the Western World is nearly completed, and in a few days we shall see the noble result of those wise plans which have cost so much deep thought, so much severe labor, and so large an expenditure since the time, now ten years past, when the enterprise was first suggested by that honorable Bostonian to whose constant care is greatly due this splendid fruition of the germ he planted and fostered. We refer to Dr. J. Baxter Upham, the president of the Music Hall Association, whose anxieties and exertions are soon to be ended by the perfection of the greatest organ, save one, in the whole world. Already the mere mechanical processes are over; the thousands of pipes are grouped in their labyrinthine recesses, the huge bellows hold their potent blasts in check, the floods which are to set the intricate mechanisms in motion wait but their signal of command, the artificers have smoothed the massive pipes of wood, and polished with lustrous brightness the tubes of fair-shining metals, the keys, the pedals, the scores of stops attend expectant upon the touch of the player, while around and above all rises that frame of wondrous beauty, carved from its broad base to its soaring pinnacles with figures of strength and of beauty, emblematic of the sturdy vigor and delicate grace which shall combine in those utterances which all are listening so eagerly to hear. The tools of the laborer are cast aside, and the task of the artist succeeds; for the multitudinous voices which are pent within this exquisite suggestion of the unity of all lovely things, are yet to be brought into the most glorious harmony that has ever been borne on cis-Atlantic airs. To the dexterous hand of the craftsman must be added the quick ear of the musician and the fine taste of the critic, that no strident trumpet, no bold diapason, no clear flute, no shrill hautboy or lofty clarion may dare to assert its self-good beyond the limit assigned by the designer of the vast community. This nice duty has devolved upon Herr Walcker, the builder's son, and he is now devoting nights and days to the faithful execution of it, studying every tone both in its individuality and in its many combinations, until when he shall fold his hands in rest we may feel confident that the science of organ-making has ended its last and grandest effort.

A day is now set for the formal consecration of this magnificent instrument to its proud purposes of instructing, elevating, and delighting the human soul—purposes that we hope many a decade, aye, many a century, may find it still fulfilling in majesty and power. That inaugural day is the 2d of November next, when the best organists of America will convene to lend their assistance in the interpretation of music chosen from the chief masters of organ composition. An ode has been written for the occasion, which will be produced by Miss Charlotte Cushman, who postpones the fulfilment of her personal plans to take part in the exercises of a day that will mark not only an era in the musical history of this country, but likewise an epoch in the progress of musical science and art.

THE HOP CROP.—The crop of hops in New England this year will exceed that of last year by from fifteen hundred to two thousand bales. The crop in Vermont on the old fields is not equal to that of last year, but the increase of fields more than makes up the deficiency. The quality is not generally as good as last year. The crop in the State of Maine will exceed that of last year. The climate and soil of that State is peculiarly adapted to the production of hops of the best quality. The crop in Massachusetts and New Hampshire will not differ much in quality or quantity from last year. The crop in New York is from ten to fifteen per cent. less than last year, and the quality generally inferior.—*Newark Advertiser.*

THE NATIONAL CEMETERY OF GETTYSBURG.

GETTYSBURG, Oct. 6, 1863.

To His Excellency A. G. Curtin, Gov. of Pennsylvania

SIR: I have been in communication with the Governors of the States interested in the soldiers' burial ground at this place, about the arrangements for the consecration of these grounds.

They have all most cordially united in the selection of Hon. Edward Everett to deliver the oration on that solemn and important occasion; and, in accordance with the unanimous wishes of the Chief Executives of the several States, I addressed a letter of invitation to Mr. Everett, to deliver the address at the consecration of these grounds on the 22d of this month. He replied that his engagements were such, that he could not possibly make such preparation as would enable him to do justice to the interesting and important occasion, and meet the expectations of the multitude that will be assembled. But if the day could be postponed till Thursday, the 19th of November, he would cheerfully undertake the honorable duty. The proposition to postpone the time has been acceded to, and therefore this burial ground will be consecrated, and set apart to its sacred and holy purposes, with appropriate ceremonies, on *Thursday, the 19th day of November next.*

Mr. Everett suggests that "the ceremonies would be rendered more interesting, if deferred till after the removal of the soldiers. All references to their self-sacrificing bravery in the cause of their country would be far more effective, uttered over their remains, than if only pronounced on a spot to which they are hereafter to be removed."

The removal of the dead will be commenced about the 26th of this month, and a large portion of the bodies will be interred in the cemetery before the 19th of November.

Mr. Wm. Saunders, the rural architect in the employ of the Agricultural Department at Washington, is here now designing and plotting the grounds, preparatory to the removal of the dead.

I remain, with great respect, your obedient servant,
DAVID WILLS.

THE ENGLISH AND FRENCH ADMIRALS IN NEW YORK.

Admiral Milne, of the British navy, and Admiral Reynaud, of the French navy, enjoyed an inspection of the institutions of New York, through politeness of Commissioner Draper. In reply to a toast, at a friendly repast, Admiral Milne said:

In the name of myself and the officers of the English squadron, and also in the name of Admiral Reynaud and the officers of the French squadron, I return our thanks to Mr. Draper, and the other commissioners of the institutions we have visited to-day, for the courtesy they have shown in inviting and accompanying us to visit these institutions, which are such a credit to your country. I came here a comparative, if not an entire, stranger among you. I believe I am the first Admiral of the British nation who has visited your shores for a long period of years, and the courtesy we have received from the gentleman who proposed my health, and the other commissioners, is a source of the greatest gratification to myself and the officers whom I have the honor to command. I beg sincerely to thank you, in my own name and in that of my officers, and also in the name of Admiral Reynaud and his officers, for the highly satisfactory day we have enjoyed.

Admiral Farragut's health was proposed, and the gallant Admiral said:

I can only say, gentlemen, that I conceive this to be a perfect outrage, to get a man upon an island out of the way of his friends, and take such an advantage of him, and drag him before the public to make a speech, as you have done with me. [Laughter.] If, as the President has said, I went up the Mississippi, and helped to open it, I consider that it was a perfect God send; and, although I carried out the views of my Government in going up there, and my own views in coming back, I claim nothing for myself but the determination to go there. [A voice, "And to come back."] Yes, and to come back. [Applause.] And that determination I attribute a good deal to the natural obstinacy of character which my friends assure me I have always possessed. They told me in New Orleans that I could not go there, and that, if I did, I would never come back; and so I determined to do both. [Renewed cheering.] I can only say further that I am most thankful for the courtesy and kindness shown us today, and I beg that you will excuse me from saying any more. [Cries of "Go on, go on," amid which the gallant Admiral sat down.]

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[For The War Press.]

HARVEST EVE.

Wait for me at the gate, love,
The gate at the end of the lane;
I shall surely come at twilight,
So you will not watch in vain.
You'll see me adown the winding path,
And the crimson dress I wear;
Will glide along through the yellow grain,
Like rubies in golden hair.

Stand by the poplar trees, love,
When the chime of the evening bells
Pealing and throbbing and sighing,
Far over the prairie swells.
You'll start as your darling's blithesome voice
Breaks out o'er that music sweet,
And your heart will echo the quaint old song
That is wafted over the wheat.

Little and plain and shy, love,
The world may have called me so,
But when you gather me close to your breast,
It is not your thought I know.
To you there is beauty wrapped in my heart,
And my face can never be plain,
You have often, often told me this,
But I love to hear it again.

Only one bitter thought, love,
Comes up to give me pain;
I try to thrust it away in the dark,
But my strength is used in vain:
What, if among the years to come,
One of us by the gate
Should stand alone in the harvest eve,
With nothing for which to wait!

What if we're parted by death, love,
That chasm too deep to be crossed?
What if the stars we watch to-night
Should shine on the grave of the lost!
Oh, when the mortal hands are stretched
Unseen to the far-off shore,
Will not the cry of yearning love
Be stronger than ever before!

Wait for me at the gate, love,
And pray when the night steals on,
That God will spare us this dreadful cup,
Or grant when the draught is done,
That patience with all its healing power,
May breathe on the broken heart,
And our souls may live in kindred faith,
Together although apart.
[EMMA EGGLESON.

SONGS OF YORE.—TO S. M. W.

BY WIEN FORNEY.

I.

These songs of yore, fair lady, sing,
And swell their music to the breeze—
For they, in rapture, ever bring
The gladness of old memories:
Of home, of youth, of other days—
Of fond hearts slumb'ring in the grave—
Those precious songs! those ancient lays!
Which rous'd the sternness of the brave.

II.

Oh! how they rang throughout the land,
When patriot men for freedom swore—
When every village sent a band,
And every arm a weapon bore;
When Beauty, with a virtuous smile,
Bath'd freedom's banner with a tear—
When white-haired men stood by awhile,
To awe the coward-thought of fear.

III.

Those are the songs, and yours the voice,
Which I have long in dreams ador'd—
Both bade my weary soul rejoice,
While it in vain for rest implor'd;
Let them ring out, in accents sweet,
That tone their cadence with the wind—
And many hearts will wildly greet
The music of a chasten'd mind.

VARIETIES.

CENSURE is the tax a man pays to the public for being eminent.

POETRY and consumption are the most flattering of diseases.

OPINIONS founded on prejudice are always sustained with the greatest violence.

DEATH and the sun have this in common—few can gaze at them steadily.

FIRE and sword are but slow engines of destruction in comparison with the babbler.

THE Bible is a window in this prison of hope, through which we look into eternity.

NEXT to acquiring good friends, the best acquisition is that of good books.

VICE.—Old age has deformities enough of its own; do not add to it the deformity of vice.

EVIL WORKS.—Every base occupation makes one sharp in practice, and dull in every other.

THE vanity of human life is like a river, constantly passing away, and yet constantly coming on.

To excel in anything valuable is great, but to be above conceit on account of one's accomplishments is greater.

DEATH we can face; but knowing as many of us do what is human life, which of us could, if consciously summoned, face the hour of birth?

HA! is the interjection of laughter—ah! of sorrow. The difference between them is only the transposing of an aspiration; in the turning of a breath, our mirth is changed into mourning.

GOOD enterprises find support in a selfish and frivolous age, as the Israelites did not devote all their treasures to making the golden calf, but had some gold left to furnish and ornament the tabernacle.

THERE is a fellow in Vermont who has a bugle, the notes of which are so sweet that when he plays the whole neighborhood catches them up to use instead of sugar.

WOMEN AND PLEASURE.—Pleasure is to woman what the sun is to flowers: if moderately enjoyed, it beautifies, it refreshes, and it improves; if immoderately, it withers, it deteriorates, and destroys.

HABITS influence the character pretty much as under-currents influence a vessel; and whether they speed us on the way of our wishes, or retard our progress, their effect is not the less important because imperceptible.

HORACE MANN very beautifully remarked that a brother's tender relation to a sister was designed by Heaven as a preparation and a prophecy of that holier relation for which one shall forsake father and mother, and brother and sister.

IT is useless to talk about "love in a cottage." The little rascal always runs away when there is no bread and butter on the table. More love originates in a full flour barrel than in all the rosies and posies and woodbines that ever grew.

APPROPRIATE.—A hotel and livery-stable keeper, at a fashionable watering-place, advertises, among other inducements to visitors, "*sociables* for young ladies and gentlemen, and *sulkies* for married folks."

A PERSON complained to Dr. Franklin of having been insulted by one who called him a scoundrel. "Ah!" replied the doctor, "and what did you call him?" "Why," said he, "I called him a scoundrel, too." "Well," resumed Franklin, "I presume you both spoke the truth."

CONVERSATION.—Surely one of the best rules in conversation is, never to say a thing which any of the company can reasonably wish we had rather left unsaid; nor can there anything be well more contrary to the ends for which people meet together than to part unsatisfied with each other or themselves.

IN Shields, England, last spring, a female sparrow was seen to discard her mate, and take another more to her liking, whereupon the two males had a "terrific combat," which resulted in the discomfiture of the ousted mate, who thereupon commenced, human-like, to study revenge. Waiting his chances, he destroyed the nest begun under the auspices of the original pair, during their absence; and again, when they had got a new one completed, he served that in the same way, showing a very unforgiving disposition.

LIFE'S SECOND MORNING.—We have met with few more beautiful lines than the following, from the pen of Mrs. Barbauld, which the poet Rogers, in his latter years, was fond of repeating to his friends with just enough of tremulousness in his fine voice to give his recitation the effect of deep feeling. They were written by Mrs. Barbauld in her old age:

"Life! we've been long together,
Through pleasant and through cloudy weather!
'Tis hard to part when friends are dear—
Perhaps 'twill cost a sigh or tear;
Then steal away, give little warning,
Choose thine own time;
Say not good night, but in some happier clime
Bid me good morning."

EVERY bush and tufted tree
Warbles sweet philosophy;
Mortal, fly from doubt and sorrow,
God provideth for the morrow. [*Heber.*

SONG.

Sweetest love, I do not go
For weariness of thee,
Nor in hope the world can show
A fitter love for me.
But since that I
Must die at last, 'tis best
Thus to use myself in jest
By feigned death to die.

Yesternight the sun went hence,
And yet is here to-day;
He hath no desire nor sense,
Nor half so short a way:
Then fear not me,
But believe that I shall make
Hastier journeys, since I take
More wings and spurs than he. [*Donne.*

INCIDENTS AND HUMORS OF THE ELECTIONS.

THREE GRAND MISTAKES.—A long, lengthy, tall, extended, thin, discouraged, cold-looking individual was discovered this morning, standing on the steps of his hotel, looking as woe-begone as if he had just heard of the capture of a slave-ship, (freighted with black bodies, bringing souls to this country to be converted, the bodies to be returned to Africa at the cost of the Colonization Society), or as if he didn't know where he was to collect money for the Colonization Society to pay his next board bill. He had a morning paper. Pulling out his spectacles, he carefully wiped them; put them on; couldn't see anything. He rubbed his spectacles again. Evidently his vision was disturbed—something that he wished to see was not visible to the naked eye. It might have been "Vallandigham's election by *the people* of Ohio, by 60,000 majority," as prophesied by Eaton, W. W. He couldn't see it. Again he rubbed his glasses, and stretching his long neck over the newspaper, distinctly read as follows:

THREE GRAND MISTAKES:
Vallandigham—Woodward—McClellan's Letter.
[*Hartford paper.*

PATRIOTIC NINETY.—Our friends in the Northwest ward deserve the thanks of the loyal people everywhere for the heroic stand they made on Tuesday against the well-trained and confident rank of the opposition to the Union ticket. The district was well worked, and the result shows what thorough organization and perseverance can accomplish. Every vote was brought out; and it is worthy of note, that among those who voted for their country were Mr. Martin Shreiner, 90 years of age, who has voted at every Presidential election since the days of Washington, and Mr. John Jungling, who is only two years the junior of Mr. Shreiner. When such men as these rally for the cause, it well deserves the success it won.—*Lancaster Express.*

WHY THE VOTE AGAINST VALLANDIGHAM WAS NOT LARGER.—"Tell the people of Ohio," said General Garfield, before the election, "that the vote for Brough in the Army of the Cumberland will be smaller than it would have been had not the friends of Mr. Vallandigham killed off some thousands of our Ohio boys."

A QUEER KIND OF DIVORCE.—In his speech in Congress, January 14, 1863, C. L. Vallandigham said: "Believe me, and accept it as you did not the solemn warnings of years past, the day which divides the North from the South, that self-same day decrees eternal divorce between the West and the East." Maine and Ohio still stand side by side, and have won the distinction of being first to bruise the head of the serpent who hissed out this lying prophecy.

THE ELECTION IN OHIO.—Our returns from the State are given in our telegraph column as we received them. The result is so decided that we have not thought it worth while to put them into tabular shape this morning. The majority for Brough on the home vote will exceed 50,000, and may reach 70,000. The soldiers' vote will swell Brough's majority to 100,000 or over. The Legislature will be Union by an overwhelming majority. The Union men have carried nearly every county in the State, thus securing nearly all the county offices. The Copperheads are defeated utterly. They are crushed. The people have spewed them out of their mouths. —*Cincinnati Gazette.*

SERVITUDE FOR LIFE—AN ANSWER TO THOMAS CARLYLE, BY J. M. LUDLOW.—Frederick Maximus. Harkee here, Dan, you black nigger rascal; you're no longer a slave; you're a servant hired for life.

T. C. Nigger. By golly! Wife and chil'n servants for life, too, massa?

F. M. Yes; all you niggers. But you must work all the same, you know.

T. C. N. Iss, massa. What wages you gib?

F. M. Wages, you rascal! Quart of corn a day and three shirts and pantaloons a year, for legal hours of work—fourteen hours a day for half the year, and fifteen the other half.*

T. C. N. Any priv'leges, massa?

F. M. Privileges! Ha! ha! Yes, privileges of John Driver's whip, or of such other punishment as I choose to inflict, and of not being believed on oath if you go and peach against me, and of being sold down South when I please, and of being converted by any person whom I choose to allow.

T. C. N. H'm. Wife and chil'n my own dis time, massa?

F. M. Ha! ha! ha! Yes, till I or Mr. Overseer want them. But you have the privilege of taking another wife as often as I allow it, and of having as many children as it pays me to bring up.

T. C. N. Beg pardon, massa, but what for you call me servant hired for life?

F. M. What for, you rascal? Because a great man, after whom I named you, when he had written a d—d good book on the "nigger question," says that is all the difference between you and those white-livered Yankee working men, who are hired by the month or the day.

T. C. N. Massa, if him good book, why's I not privileged to learn read it?

F. M. Read, you infernal scoundrel! Why, if any one were to help you to learn, the law gives him fine and imprisonment or lashes,* and what do you suppose you'd get? So off with you——. Stay; how old is that yellow nigger, your wife's daughter?

T. C. N. Born three weeks 'fore Miss Susy, massa.

F. M. She'll fetch a right smart price at Mobile, now that New Orleans——.

T. C. N. (*Aside, while going away.*) Dey say de Yankees aint bery long way. Wish dey was heeah. Wish dey'd gib me a rifle 'fore I dies.—*Macmillan's Magazine for September.*

* Laws of South Carolina.

THE RIGHT MAN IN THE WRONG PLACE.—It was while making a rally like this that a friend of mine met with a singular adventure, which well illustrates the confusion caused by the darkness of the hour. His horse had been killed in the battle, and his leg injured, and as he limped away he was overtaken by a body of men moving in the same direction. Supposing them to be our own troops, he resolved to attempt to make a stand, and sought to face them to the front, using even blows in his excited eagerness. At length some one exclaimed, "Who are you, sir?" "Major of the 76th!" was the reply. "76th what?" said the stranger. "76th New York," replied the major. "Well, sir, you are my prisoner, for you are trying to rally the 2d Mississippi." And so the gallant major had to make an excursion in a southerly direction, to escape once during the night, and be again captured as he groped his way through the darkness, to meet with various adventures, to be paroled, and finally exchanged. On his return to his regiment he was warmly congratulated by his friends on his success in rallying a southern regiment.—*Capt. Noyes.*

FACTS ABOUT RAILROAD SPEED.—A railroad car moves about seventy-four feet, or nearly twice its own length in a second. At this velocity the locomotive driving wheel, six feet in diameter, makes four revolutions in a second, the piston rod thus traversing the cylinder eight times. If a horse and carriage should approach and cross a track at the rate of six miles an hour, an express train approaching at the moment would move toward it two hundred and fifty-seven feet while it was in the act of crossing; if the horse moved no faster than a walk, the train would move towards it more than five hundred feet, which fact accounts for the many accidents at such points. When the locomotive whistle is opened at the post eighty rods from the crossing, the train will advance near one hundred feet before the sound of the whistle traverses the distance to, and is heard at the crossing.

PARIS.—Of the hundreds of elegant seats put up all over the city for the repose of the public, I have not seen one disfigured by a pen-knife. From one end of the town to the other, everywhere the choicest flowers are blooming, with only a barrier a foot high around the beds, and yet not a single plant or flower is ever touched. Paris has become the best lighted city in the world, and will soon be, if it is not already, the best ventilated. Its drainage is known to be nearly perfect. The policemen are not ruffians, but as civil as gentlemen-ushers of the black and white rod. In the most polite and obliging manner all your inquiries are answered, and every reasonable assistance is rendered if you get into a strait. If an Englishman should tumble into a gutter in returning from an evening party, he would be lifted as by the gentle hand of the good Samaritan, and placed upon his own beast.

WORK.—The best lesson a father can give his son is this: "Work; strengthen your moral and mental faculties, as you would strengthen your muscles by vigorous exercise. Learn to conquer circumstances; you are then independent of fortune. The men of athletic minds, who left their marks on the years in which they lived, were all trained in a rough school. They did not mount their high position by the help of leverage; they leaped into chasms, grappled with the opposing rocks, avoided avalanches, and, when the goal was reached, felt that but for the toil that had strengthened them as they strove, it could never have been attained."

THE PATHS TO GREATNESS.—There are but two ways which lead to great aims and achievements—energy and perseverance. Energy is a rare gift—it provokes opposition, hatred, and reaction. But perseverance lies within the reach of every one, its power increases with its progress, and it is but rarely that it misses its aim. Where perseverance is out of the question, where I cannot exert a protracted influence, I had better not attempt to exert any influence at all, for I should only disturb the organic development of affairs, and paralyze the natural remedies which they contain, without any guarantee for a more favorable result.—*Goethe.*

THE WEED OF DISSATISFACTION.—Try for a day, I beseech you, to preserve yourself in an easy and cheerful frame of mind. But be for one day, instead of a fire-worshipper of passion, the sun-worshipper of clear self-possession, and compare the day in which you have rooted out the weed of dissatisfaction, with that on which you have allowed it to grow up, and you will find your heart open to every good motive, your life strengthened, and your breast armed with a panoply against every trick of fate; truly you will wonder at your own improvement.
[*Jean Paul Richter.*

THE HOPE SUSTAINING.

Oh! was there ever tale of human love,
Which was not also tale of human tears?
Died not sweet Desdemona? Sorrowed not
Fair patient Imogene? and she whose name
Lives among lovers, Sappho, silver-voiced,
Was not the wailing of her passionate lyre
Ended forever in the dull deaf sea?
Must it be thus? Oh! must the cup that holds
The sweetest vintage of the vine of life
Taste bitter at the dregs? Is there no story,
No legend, no love passage which shall bend,
Even as the bow that God had bent in heaven
Promising respite to the rain of tears?

[From the Atlantic Monthly for October.]

VOLUNTARIES.

BY R. W. EMERSON.

I.

Low and mournful be the strain,
Haughty thought be far from me;
Tones of penitence and pain,
Moanings of the Tropic sea;
Low and tender in the cell
Where a captive sits in chains,
Crooning ditties treasured well
From his Afric's torrid plains.
Sole estate his sire bequeathed—
Hapless sire to hapless son—
Was the wailing song he breathed—
And his chain when life was done.

What his fault, or what his crime?
Or what ill planet crossed his prime?
Heart too soft and will too weak
To front the fate that crouches near—
Dove beneath the vulture's beak;
Will song dissuade the thirsty spear?
Dragged from his mother's arms and breast,
Displaced, disfurnished here,
His wistful toil to do his best
Chilled by a ribald jeer.
Great men in the Senate sate,
Sage and hero, side by side,
Building for their sons the State,
Which they shall rule with pride.
They forbore to break the chain
Which bound the dusky tribe,
Checked by the owner's fierce disdain,
Lured by "Union" as the bribe.
Destiny sat by, and said,
"Pang for pang your seed shall pay,
Hide in false peace your coward head,
I bring round the harvest-day."

II.

Freedom all winged expands,
Now perches in a narrow place,
Her broad van seeks unplanted lands,
She loves a poor and virtuous race.
Clinging to the colder zone
Whose dark sky sheds the snow-flake down,
The snow-flake is her banner's star,
Her stripes the boreal streamers are.
Long she loved the Northman well;
Now the iron age is done,
She will not refuse to dwell
With the offspring of the sun.
Foundling of the desert far,
Where palms plume and siroccos blaze,
He roves unhurt the burning ways
In climates of the summer star.
He has avenues to God
Hid from men of northern brain,
Far beholding, without cloud,
What these with slowest steps attain.
If once the generous chief arrive
To lead him willing to be led,
For freedom he will strike and strive,
And drain his heart till he be dead.

III.

In an age of fops and toys,
Wanting wisdom, void of right,
Who shall nerve heroic boys
To hazard all in Freedom's fight—
Break sharply off their jolly games,
Forsake their comrades gay,
And quit proud homes and youthful dames,
For famine, toil, and fray?
Yet on the nimble air benign
Speed nimbler messages,
That wait the breath of grace divine
To hearth in sloth and ease.
So nigh is grandeur to our dust,
So near is God to man,
When duty whispers low, *Thou must,*
The youth replies, *I can.*

IV.

Oh, well for the fortunate soul
Which Music's wings unfold,
Stealing away the memory
Of sorrows new and old!
Yet happier he whose inward sight,
Stayed on his subtile thought,
Shuts his sense on toys of time,
To vacant bosoms brought.
But best befriended of the God
He, who in evil times,
Warned by an inward voice,
Heeds not the darkness and the dread,
Biding by his rule and choice,
Feeling only the fiery thread
Leading over heroic ground,
Walled with mortal terror round,
To the aim which him allures,
And the sweet heaven his deed secures.

Stainless soldier on the walls,
Knowing this—and knows no more—
Whoever fights, whoever falls,
Justice conquers evermore,
Justice after as before—
And he who battles on her side,
—God—though he were ten times slain—
Crowns him victor glorified,
Victor over death and pain;
Forever; but his erring foe,
Self-assured that he prevails,
Looks from his victim lying low,
And sees aloft the red right arm
Redress the eternal scales.
He, the poor foe, whom angels foil,
Blind with pride, and fooled by hate,
Writhes within the dragon coil,
Reserved to a speechless fate.

V.

Blooms the laurel which belongs
To the valiant chief who fights;
I see the wreath, I hear the songs
Lauding the Eternal Rights,
Victors over daily wrongs;
Awful victors, they misguide
Whom they will destroy,
And their coming triumph hide
In our downfall, or our joy;
Speak it firmly—these are gods,
All are ghosts beside.

FASHIONS FOR OCTOBER.

[From Le Follet.]

We have recently seen a very pretty dress of two colors, intended for autumn wear. The effect was so very novel and *distingue* that our readers may probably wish for a description. A plain long gored skirt of light stone colored silk, with high-buttoned body and very small open sleeves. Over this was worn a tunic of royal blue silk, also gored, reaching down to the knee in front, but longer behind. A low body, pointed at the top and bottom, without sleeves, with a postillion basque, completed this very elegant toilet. The style is likely to come into great vogue; but will never be in danger of becoming common, as no lady with any pretension to good taste would make it in any but rich materials—such as silk, poplin, &c. The tunic and low body made of black silk would have a very *recherché* effect, and might be worn with any colored silk or poplin skirt.

The new skirts are made from five and a half to six and a half yards round the bottom, and are trimmed with ribbon, braid, ornaments in point d'Espagne, or gulpure passementerie, with or without beads intermixed—the latter being made in an immense variety of styles.

Sometimes silk skirts are trimmed round with chenille fringe; but this would probably appear more suitable for camails of plush; indeed, for them, it is almost indispensable as a finish. Chenille fringe, both woolen and silk, is expected to be fashionable as a trimming during the winter, and, on thick material, has a very good effect.

Plaid, although, perhaps, rather common as a trimming for out of doors garments, is exceedingly fashionable for trimming silk or poplin dresses, especially self-colored or black. Woolen plaids, both for dresses and cloaks, may decidedly be considered la mode this season. The plaid talma, with or without a hood, and trimmed with a chenille fringe to match the tartan, is very pretty. Robes and camails will also be made of plaid, plush, or velvet.

BONNETS.—A very charming bonnet in this material had the front of pink satin, in deep folds, and the crown of black velvet. A row of flat bows of black lace lined with pink satin, placed at the joining of the crown and front, reached to the curtain, which was of black velvet, lined with pink satin. Strings of pink satin, edged with black velvet.

Another satin bonnet, gazelle color, was trimmed at the edge with narrow quillings of satin and tulle. Two rows of this trimming were placed round the bonnet, so that the tulle and satin came alternately. These were crossed with very fine wreaths of leaves and balls of a soft green tint, which ended inside the bonnet, among bouillonnées of green and white tulle. Curtain of satin, covered with white blonde. Strings to match the bonnet.

A capote of imperial blue silk. The edge of the front and inside trimmed with small bouquets of heath formed with brown feathers. A bouillon of blue tulle is carried round the front and inside the bonnet; curtain of taffetas edged with tulle; strings of blue ribbon.

The newest capotes are principally trimmed with ruches of tulle or crape and small bunches of grass, with dew-drops on them, but no flowers.

Crape bonnets are still worn, but they are mostly mixed with silk. A very pretty one was made of white crape and tulle bouillonne, with a pache of silk and tulle round the edge, a bunch of white camelias placed at the left side; white silk curtain, trimmed with rich blonde; cap composed of tulle and blonde, with a bouquet of camelias.

Velvet bonnets are beginning to make their appearance, but at present they are much too heavy, unless composed of velvet and crape, on tulle and blonde, which has a good effect, and will be much worn.

WELSH GOLD.—A remarkable discovery of this precious metal has lately been made at Ruthin. A few weeks ago, in sinking for the foundations of a new pier, the workmen came on some fragments of quartz impregnated with gold. The circumstance occasioned considerable surprise, as the ground is a mixture of peat, sand, &c., where one would hardly expect to find such a treasure. No attention, however, was paid—the pier was built, and the ground restored to its former condition. Since that time, however, a trial has been made close to the spot, when within five or six feet or less from the surface fragments of quartz containing gold, as well as pure gold dust, were found mixed up in white sand. The sole machinery is a single laborer, set to dig by the owner of the soil, and who is all day long surrounded by a dozen open-mouthed and open-eyed natives watching the work. Although this discovery may not be very important as to the amount of gold obtained, yet it is one of considerable interest, as indicating that the mountains to the east and south of this part of the Vale of Clwyd originally contained the metal, which has been brought down by the action of the water and deposited in the sand with or without its matrix or quartz. It is not unlikely, therefore, that these mountains may be soon added to the gold-producing districts of North Wales, which have lately attracted so much attention.

THE BAXTER SPRINGS MASSACRE.

LETTER FROM MAJOR GENERAL BLUNT—THE MURDER OF UNARMED MEN AND SURRENDERED PRISONERS.

BAXTER SPRINGS, 63 miles below Fort Scott,
October 7, 1863—10 o'clock, P. M.

Captains Tholen and Loring:

* * * * * *

You will probably have heard some of the particulars of the affair here yesterday, before you receive this. The escort, Company I, 3d Wisconsin, and Company A, 14th Kansas, consisting of 100 men, behaved disgracefully, and stampeded like a drove of frightened cattle. I did not anticipate any difficulty until we got below this point. We arrived near this camp about 12 M., and halted on the hill almost in sight of the camp, and not more than four hundred yards distant, to wait for the escort and wagons to close up. The escort came up and dismounted, to wait for the train, which was but a short distance behind.

At this time my attention was called to a body of men, about one hundred, advancing in line from the timber of Spring river, on the left, which you will recollect is not more than three or four hundred yards from the road. The left of the line was not more than two hundred yards from Lieutenant Pond's camp at the spring. They being nearly all dressed in Federal uniforms, I supposed them at first to be Lieutenant Pond's cavalry (two companies) on service. At the same time my suspicions were aroused by some of their movements. I ordered the wagons, which had come up, to the rear, and formed the escort in line, with their carbines unslung, while I advanced alone toward the party fronting us, to ascertain if they were rebels. I had advanced but a short distance when they opened a fire, at the same time firing was heard down in Pond's camp. Turning around to give the order to the escort to fire, I discovered them all broken up and going over the prairie to the west at full speed. They did not even discharge the loaded carbines they had in their hands, except in a few cases. Had the escort stood their ground, as soldiers should have done, they could have driven the enemy in ten minutes. I endeavored in vain, with the assistance of Major Curtis, to halt and form a portion of them. When the escort stampeded, the enemy discovering it rushed on with a yell, followed by another line of about two hundred that emerged from the edge of the timber. Being better mounted than our men, they soon closed in on them. The men of the escort were much scattered, and with them it was a run for life. After going a mile, I succeeded in halting fifteen men, including Lieut. Pierce, company A, 14th Kansas, who has done his duty well and nobly throughout. As soon as I got them in line, and commenced advancing on the pursuing enemy, they fled and fell back to the wood, when their whole command (six hundred) formed in line of battle. The balance of the escort that had escaped were all out of sight in the advance. Major Curtis had been seen to fall from his horse, which had been wounded, and stumbled in crossing a ditch.

About one o'clock I sent Lieutenant Tappan (who had kept with me all the time) with four men to Fort Scott, while with the other nine I determined to remain until the fate of those that had fallen could be ascertained, and whether the post at the spring had been captured, which I much feared was the case. As they fell back to the road, I followed them up over the ground we had come, to look for the wounded, but all with two or three exceptions (who had escaped accidentally) were killed, shot through the head. All the wounded had been murdered. I kept close to them and witnessed their plundering the wagons. At one time they made a dash at me with about 100 men, endeavoring to surround me, but failed in their purpose. As they moved off on the road leading south, I went down to the spring and found them all O. K.

Lieut. Pond, of the 3d Wisconsin, and also his command, are entitled to great credit for the manner they repulsed the enemy and defended the post. The colored soldiers fought with great gallantry. All of the wounded were shot through the head, and thus murdered. The band wagon was captured, and all the boys shot in the same way after they were prisoners. The same was the case with the teamsters and Mart, my driver. O'Neill (artist for Frank Leslie) was killed with the band boys. All of the office clerks, except one, were killed; also, my orderly (Ely.) Major Henning is with me. But few of the escort who escaped have come in. I suppose they have gone to Fort Scott. The dead are not all buried, but the number will not fall short of seventy-five. The enemy numbered six hundred—Quantrell's and Coffey's commands. They are evidently intending to go south of the Arkansas. I have scouts on the trail. Two have just come in, and report coming up with them at the crossing of the Neosho river. Others are still following them up.

Whether they will go directly south on the Fort Gibson road, or cross Grand river to Cowskin Prairie, I cannot determine. When they came in, they crossed Spring river, close by Baxter. I have sent messengers to the Arkansas river, and if they succeed in getting through safe, our forces there will be put on the alert, and may intercept them. I am now waiting the arrival of troops from Fort Scott. If I get them, (which is doubtful, as the 14th Kansas is not armed,) I will follow the hounds through the entire Southern Confederacy, as long as there is a prospect of overtaking them. And I will have it well understood that any man of this command who again breaks from the line and deserts his post, shall be shot on the spot; and there shall be no quarter to the motley bands of murderers.

* * * * * *

I was fortunate in escaping, as in my efforts to halt and rally the men, I frequently got in the rear, and became considerably mixed up with the rebels, who did not fail to pay me their compliments. Revolver bullets flew round my head thick as hail, but not a scratch. I believe I am not to be killed by a rebel bullet. Yours, truly, JAS. G. BLUNT.

THE FRENCH FRIGATES IN NEW YORK HARBOR.

A STRANGE MISSION ASSIGNED TO THEM.

There has been a great deal of speculation concerning the purpose for which vessels-of-war of each of the three greatest Powers of Europe were in our harbor. The public, we believe, generally settled down into the belief that the English *happened* here; that the Russians had come to our Atlantic coast for safety in event of war between Alexander and Napoleon; but nothing intelligible could be suggested regarding the French, unless, like the English, their coming was an accident. Concerning this latter, the Richmond *Examiner* pretends to have news—wonderful, if true. The French Government, which monopolizes the tobacco trade of France, and gains from it an enormous annual revenue, amounting in 1860 to about *two hundred millions* of francs, sent agents to the South, shortly after the inauguration of the war, to purchase large quantities of the Virginia weed; but the Confederate Government was unwilling to let it go from their ports, and it has been stored at certain points in Virginia for nearly two years. The *Examiner* says that Vicompte de St. Romain has at last obtained the consent of the Richmond authorities to let the tobacco go, provided the French Government will send its own vessels for it, which the latter will do, accompanying the ships by armed convoys; and it is on this errand that the French frigates have been sent to New York. To this whole arrangement, however, the Federal Government objects, and Vicompte de St. Romain has come North to communicate the results of his mission to the French Emperor.

The main features of this story are highly probable, though it does seem singular that the French Government should ever think it possible that our Government would permit the export of tobacco under such circumstances. If the French could thus purchase and export tobacco from the South, they could of course do the same with cotton and with sugar, and might thus drive an enormous trade with the Confederate Government, and fill up its exhausted coffers. And if the French Government had this privilege, we could deny it to no other; and thus the blockade of the Southern coast would be completely abolished. It is simply absurd to conceive that the United States Government could consent to this.—*N. Y. Times.*

A TENDER EPISODE IN THE STORY OF THE WAR.—Gen. W. T. Sherman, the colleague and friend of Grant in the great Vicksburg campaign, lost a bright, beautiful boy of eight years, whose disease was contracted while in camp with his father on the Big Black, twenty miles from Vicksburg. The following extract from a letter written to Capt. Smith, of the 13th battalion of regulars, by General Sherman, presents a very tender episode in the story of the war:

"My poor Willy was, or thought he was, a sergeant of the 13th. I have seen his heart beat and his eye brighten as he beheld the battalion under arms, and asked me if they were not real soldiers. Child as he was, he had the enthusiasm, the pure love of truth, honor, and love of country, which should animate all soldiers. God only knows why he should die thus young. He is dead, but will not be forgotten till those who knew him in life have followed him to that same mysterious end.

"Please convey to the battalion my heartfelt thanks, and assure each and all that if, in after years, they call on me or mine, and mention that they were of the 13th Regulars when poor Willy was a sergeant, they will have a key to the affections of my family that will open all it has—that we will share with them our last blanket, our last crust."

FASHIONABLE GAIETIES.—On the evening of the eighth, the British Admiral, with Lady Milne and his niece, were fortunate in the coincidences of their entertainment at Mr. Cyrus W. Field's. After a delightful summer shower, it cleared off, warm and genial, about three hours before the time for the assembling of the guests, making it agreeable and convenient for every one to accomplish his share of the festivity. The sumptuous residence in Gramercy Park was remarkably lighted, both by lamps and stars—the latter sparkling brighter than usual in the sky, and the lamps gleaming through the freshly-washed leaves of the Park with uncommon brilliancy. There was also a very fortunate happening of beautiful women, like Mrs. General Banks, to give her English ladyship a favorable impression of American loveliness. The selection of company, from our city's choice circles of intellect and position, was, of course, the most distinguished; but the city was crowded besides with eminent strangers, assembled by the various gatherings that were taking place, and these were all presented by Mr. Field to the British Admiral—Wm. B. Ogden, Esq., from Chicago, perhaps the most distinguished of them all. The physiognomies of men of mark in the United States—types, as they usually are, of character that has made itself—are very sure to show well; but the exhibition, to the mingled assemblage of English, Russian, and French officers, by Mr. Field, was, most certainly, very favorable for our country's pride.—*N. Y. Home Journal.*

Oh, sacred sorrow! by whom souls are tried;
Sent, not to punish mortals, but to guide.
[*Crabbe.*

As we go down the vale of life,
With flowers the road becomes less rife.
[*Hogg.*

CHESS PLAYING EXTRAORDINARY.—We read in a letter from Berlin: "The wonderful feat of Herr Paulsen, the great chess player, recently accomplished at Dusseldorf, seems to equal, if not to mock, anything ever heard of, as to the mathematical and combining powers of the human mind. At a congress of the Rhenish chess clubs, Herr Paulsen played ten games at a time, fighting twenty opponents at every board, and continuing for fifteen hours unremittingly. At the end of this extraordinary effort, rendered more difficult by turning his back to the boards, and opposing players of tried mettle, he had lost three games, won three, and came to a draw in the case of the four others. The monster contest lasted from half past two till half past five in the morning. While it was going on Herr Paulsen never left the chair, placed at some distance from the boards, and at the farther end of the platform erected at one side of the hall. The boards were watched in his interest by Herr Wilfred Paulsen, his brother, and also a phenomenon in his way, who moved the figures, announcing in a loud voice his opponent's moves. He exhibited a power of memory nearly similar to that of his brother's, for while the latter was playing with one of the ten, he allowed the nine others to displace the figures, and try all sorts of moves, showing the position of the board when he left it whenever their turn came round. He, as well as his brother, kept in mind during the game an aggregate amount of 640 squares, with 320 figures, distributed over them; but the elder Paulsen had them before his eyes, the younger relying upon memory alone, besides calculating his chances and fighting 200 opponents, headed by skilful and renowned adepts. There were 333 moves made on either side, every opponent having about half an hour's time for reflection, and no more than three minutes being usually required by the common antagonist."

THE MONEY MARKET.

PHILADELPHIA, Oct 19, 1863.

Gold fluctuated between 150@151 to-day, with considerable excitement and large transactions. Towards the close there was a weakening of the market, and 150 was the best bid. The retrograde movement of General Meade is not considered as a disaster, but is generally looked upon as a shrewd device to draw the rebel leader away from his base, and confidence is everywhere expressed that it is all right. In money there is no change to note; the market is still easy, and rates moderate, say 6@5 per cent; 4@5 for call loans. Government securities are very firmly held. Considering the immense amount issued, and the small amounts sold daily, it is evident that they are generally in the hands of those who desire steady investments.

The stock market was active and excited, prices generally hardening at the advance lately noted. State fives advanced to 101; new City sixes rose ¼, 104 was bid for the old; Pennsylvania and Reading Railroad bonds were firm; Elmira sevens sold at 110; North Pennsylvania sixes at 96½@⅞, 122 bid for the tens; 104 was bid for Philadelphia and Erie sixes; 111½ for Sunbury and Erie sevens; Catawissa common was in demand at 9@9¼, the preferred selling up to 28, on a buyer's option; Philadelphia and Erie sold at 28½; Reading fell off about ¼; Norristown sold at 61; Pennsylvania sold at 72; North Pennsylvania at 21¾; Beaver Meadow at 77; Little Schuylkill at 49½; West Philadelphia at 67½; Arch-street at 25; 43 was bid for Tenth and Eleventh; 27¾ for Girard College; 35 for Thirteenth and Fifteenth; 45 for Green and Coates.

Canal Stocks were in strong demand. Susquehanna sold at 15. Schuylkill Navigation common advanced to 15; the preferred active at 29½@34; 91 bid for 1881 6s; 65 was bid for Lehigh; 49 paid for the scrip; 107½ for the sixes. Morris Canal sold at 69½; the preferred at 135. Union sold at 1½; the preferred at 4½; the sixes at 29½. New Creek Coal was sold at ¾; the bonds at 30. Commonwealth Bank sold at 16½; Mechanics' at 23; Farmers' & Mechanics' at 57¾. The market closed firm, $30,000 in bonds, and 6,700 shares changing hands at the regular boards.

Jay Cooke & Co. quote Government securities, &c., as follows:

U. S. 6s 1881	105¾@106¼
U. S. 7 3-10 Notes	106⅝@107¼
Certificates of Indebtedness, old	101 @102½
Certificates of Indebtedness, new	98⅞@ 99⅜
Quartermasters' Vouchers	98½@ 99
Demand Notes	149½@150⅛
Gold	149⅞@150⅜

PHILADELPHIA MARKETS.

OCTOBER 19—Evening.

Business generally has been interrupted by the election, and the markets for most of the leading articles have been quiet this week. Bark is wanted at the advance. Breadstuffs are better, and for all kinds prices are higher. Cotton is held firmly, but there is very little doing. Coal is active, and firm. Coffee is very scarce, but firm. Sugar and Molasses are higher. Fish are in fair demand. Fruit of all kinds are looking up. Feathers are scarce. The Iron market is excited, and higher. Naval Stores continue very scarce. In Coal Oil there is very little doing. Provisions are more active. Rice is very scarce. In Cloverseed there is very little doing. Timothy is without change, but Flaxseed is in demand, and prices are looking up. Whisky is rather dull. Tallow is firm, and prices better. In Wool there is more doing, and prices are advancing. The Dry Goods market has been inactive, but prices of both cotton and woolen fabrics are firm and advancing.

There is more doing in Flour, and a firmer feeling in the market: sales comprise about 11,000 bbls, including 400 bbls superfine at $5.25@5.75; 1,000 bbls extra family at $6@6.50 for old stock, and 3,000 bbls City Mills extra and extra family on private terms. The retailers and bakers are buying from $5.25@5.75 for superfine; $5.87½@6.50 for extra, $6@7 for extra family, and $7.00@8.50 per bbl for fancy brands according to quality. Rye Flour is scarce, and held at $5.75 per bbl. In Corn Meal there is little or nothing doing.

GRAIN.—There is a good demand for Wheat; about 55,000 bus good and prime red sold at $1.50@1.60, mostly at the latter rate for prime, and some inferior at $1.35@1.45 ℔ bu; white ranges at from $1.65@1.90 ℔ bu—the latter for prime Kentucky. Rye has been selling at from $1.10@1.25 ℔ bu. Corn—There is less demand; about 25,000 bus have been sold at $1.05@1.06 ℔ bu for yellow and Western mixed. Oats are quiet; about 20,000 bus have been disposed of during the week at 83@86c, weight. 1,000 bus Malt sold at $1.56 ℔ bu.

The following are the receipts of Flour and Grain at this port during the past week:

Flour	10,550 bbls.
Wheat	58,740 bush.
Corn	31,180 bush.
Oats	45,930 bush.

PROVISIONS.—There is a better feeling in the market and more doing. Small sales old Mess Pork are reported at $13.50, and new at $15.50@16 ℔ bbl; 1,000 bbls prime Mess sold on private terms. Beef is selling in a small way at $12@15 ℔ bbl for city packed. Bacon—the sales are limited, but prices are firm; sales of Hams at 11@12c for plain, and 12½@13½c for fancy bagged; Sides, in lots, at 7@7½c, and Shoulders at 6½c ℔ lb. Green Meats are firm, but the stock is very light. Lard—there is more inquiry, and prices are well maintained; about 1,000 tierces and barrels sold at 11¼@11½c, cash, and kegs at 12½c ℔ lb. There is a good demand for Butter, and prices are firm; sales of solid-packed at 16@18c, and roll at 18@23c; 500 pkgs Ohio dairy and glade sold at 22@23c. Cheese sells at 13@14c ℔ lb, and Eggs at 20c ℔ dozen.

METALS.—There is more demand for Pig Iron at an advance; small sales of Anthracite are making at $33, $35, and $37 ℔ ton cash for the three numbers. Scotch Pig is held at $40 cash. Manufactured Iron is held firmly. Lead—Sales of Galena are making at 8¼@9c, cash. Copper—Yellow Metal is selling as wanted at 32c, six months.

BARK.—First No. 1 Quercitron is in demand at the advance; small sales have been made at $36@37 ℔ ton, and 50 hhds on private terms.

CANDLES.—There is rather more doing; sales of city made Adamantine at 18½@20c ℔ lb. Tallow Candles are better, with sales at 14½@15½c ℔ lb.

COAL.—There is a fair inquiry at the late advance, and shipments are making to the East, and to supply the Government, at full prices.

COFFEE.—There is very little stock here, but holders are firm in their views. About 800 bags sold, in lots, at 31½@33c for Rio, Java at 36@37c ℔ lb.

COTTON.—There is very little doing, but prices are very firm. About 300 bales sold, in lots, at 80@83c ℔ lb, cash, for middlings.

DRUGS AND DYES.—There is a firmer feeling in all kinds of foreign, but not much doing. Small sales of Soda Ash at 3¾c; Alum at 3½@3¾c, and Blue Vitriol at 12½c. Indigo continues very scarce and high.

FISH.—There is a good demand for Mackerel, and prices are firm. Sales from the wharf at $14.50 for 1s, $9.50@10 for 2s, and No. 3s at $6.50@7.75 ℔ bbl. The store rates are about $1 ℔ bbl above these rates. Codfish are better, with sales at $6 ℔ quintal. Pickled Herring are worth $3.75@4 ℔ bbl.

FRUIT.—All kinds of foreign are very scarce, and prices high. A few Raisins have been sold at $4.40@4.75 ℔ box. No Oranges or Lemons here. Green Apples are coming in freely, and sell at $1.50@2.50 ℔ bbl. Dried Apples are scarce at 7c. Cranberries are plenty at $11@12 ℔ bbl.

FEATHERS.—Good Western are worth 52@53c ℔ lb.

FREIGHTS.—There is very little doing to Liverpool, and the rates are without change. A British brig has been taken to Cardenas at 62½c and $3.25@1, and two vessels from Calais to Jamaica, with lumber, at $11, and back with wood at $4. The Boston steamers are getting 35c for Flour, 8c for measurement goods, and 25c the 100 lbs for iron.

GINSENG.—There is very little offering; we quote crude at 85@90c, cash.

GUANO.—There is very little demand, and the sales are only in a small way at former rates.

HOPS.—There is not much demand; small sales are making at from 18@28c ℔ lb, the latter figure for the new crop.

HAY is better, and selling at from $20@23 ℔ ton.

LUMBER is in better demand, and rather higher, with sales of Yellow Sap Board at $22@23; White Pine at $22@23 ℔ M feet; and Laths at $1.45.

MOLASSES.—The market is firm, but there is very little doing; small sales of Cuba Muscovado have been made at 50c ℔ gallon, on time.

NAVAL STORES.—Rosin is very scarce, and ranges from $40@50 ℔ bbl. In Tar and Pitch there is nothing doing. Spirits of Turpentine is selling in a small way at $2.75@2.80 ℔ gallon.

OILS.—There is very little Lard Oil here, and Winter commands $1@1.05 ℔ gallon. Fish Oils are looking up, with sales of crude Whale at $1.05, and bleached Winter Whale at $1.15 ℔ gallon, cash. Linseed Oil is selling freely at $1.37@1.40 cash. In Petroleum there is very little doing; crude is held at 35c; about 1,400 bbls. refined sold at 53@55c in bond; and 63@65c ℔ gallon, free, as to quality. The following are the receipts of crude and refined Oil at this port during the past week: Crude, 3,540 bbls.; refined, 1,620 bbls.

RICE.—There is very little here, and it is selling in a small way at 7½@7¾c., cash.

SALT.—The arrivals are very large, reaching 3,600 sacks Marshall's fine, and 10,000 sacks Liverpool ground have come direct to a dealer.

SEEDS.—Clover is scarce at $7 ℔ bu, and we hear of no sales; Timothy is selling at $2.75; Flaxseed is in demand at $3@3.15 ℔ bu, now held higher.

SPIRITS.—Brandy and Gin are quiet, but firm, with limited sales; N. E. Rum is worth 70@72c; Whisky is rather lower, with sales of bbls at 60@62c, and Drudge at 58@60c ℔ gallon.

SUGAR.—There is not much doing, but the market is very firm; about 700 hhds Cuba have been sold at 12¼@12½c, and Porto Rico at 13½@13¾c ℔ lb.

TALLOW has advanced and city rendered is firm at 11½@12¼c ℔ lb.

TOBACCO.—Holders are firm in their views, but there is very little doing in either leaf or manufactured.

WOOL.—There is a good demand, and prices are looking up. About 150,000 lbs sold at 71@80c ℔ lb, cash, for common, fine, and tub washed.

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKET.

OCTOBER 19, 1863.

The arrivals and sales of Beef Cattle at Phillips' Avenue Drove Yard continue large, reaching about 2,600 head. The market, in consequence, is dull, and prices about 25c the 100 lbs lower. First-quality Western and Pennsylvania Steers selling at 9½@9¾c; fair to good at 8@9c; and common cattle at from 5@7c ℔ lb, according to quality. Stock cattle are selling at from 3@4c ℔ lb gross.

The market closed very dull, and 300@400 head were left over.

COWS.—About 100 head arrived, and sold this week at from $20 up to $42 ℔ head, as to quality.

SHEEP.—There is a fair demand this week, with sales of 6,000 head at 4½@5c ℔ lb for fat Sheep, and $2@2.25 ℔ head for stock Sheep.

HOGS.—The arrivals and sales at the different yards are large this week, reaching about 4,400 head, selling at from $6 up to $8.25 ℔ 100 lbs net, for still and Corn-fed Hogs.

The Cattle on sale to-day are from the following States: 1,100 head from Pennsylvania; 900 from Illinois; 600 from Ohio.

The following are the particulars of the sales:

P. McFillen, 105 Illinois and Chester county Steers, selling at from 8@9c for fair to extra quality.

A. M. Fuller & Co., 81 Western Steers, selling at from 8@9c ℔ lb, for fair to good quality.

John Kirwin, 70 Western Steers, selling at from 5½@4c ℔ lb, gross, for common to good quality.

J. J. Martin, 40 Chester county Steers, selling at from 8@9c for fair to good quality.

Ullman & Co., 65 Chester county Steers, selling at from 8@9c for fair to good quality.

P. Hathaway, 113 Chester county Steers, selling at from 7½@9½c for common to extra quality Steers.

Jones McClese, 43 Western Steers, selling at from 7@8c for common to good quality.

B. C. Baldwin, 60 Chester county Steers, selling at from 8@9½c for fair to extra.

Mooney & Smith, 120 Illinois Steers, selling at from 8@9½c.

H. Chain, 120 Pennsylvania Steers, selling at from 7½@9c.

H. Keppier, 94 Western Steers, selling at from 6½@8½c.

A. Christy & Bro., 71 Illinois Steers, selling at from 6@9½c.

Frank & Shamberg, 175 Ohio Steers, selling at from 6½@9½c.

E. Darlington, 72 Chester county Steers, selling at from 6@9c.

COWS AND CALVES.

The arrivals and sales of Cows at Phillip's Avenue Drove Yard reach about 100 head this week. There is a fair demand at about previous rates. Springers selling at from $20@30, and cow and calf at $25@42 ℔ head. Old lean cows are selling at from $15@16 ℔ head, as to condition.

CALVES.—About 57 head have been disposed of at prices ranging from 3½ up to 6c ℔ lb, according to weight and quality.

THE SHEEP MARKET.

The arrivals and sales of Sheep at Phillip's Avenue Drove Yard are moderate this week, reaching about 6,000 head. There is a fair demand, and prices are without any material change. Fat Sheep are selling at from 4½@5c ℔ lb, gross, and stock Sheep at from $2@2.25 ℔ head, according to condition.

Lambs are scarce. Sales are making at prices ranging from $1.50 up to $3.50 ℔ head, as to quality.

THE HOG MARKET.

The arrivals and sales of Hogs at the Union, Avenue, and Rising Sun Drove Yards are large this week, reaching about 4,400 head, and selling at from $6 up to $8.25 the 100 lbs. net.

3,164 head sold at Henry Glass' Union Drove Yard at from $6.50 up to $8 ℔ 100 lbs, net.

870 head sold at the Avenue Drove Yard, by John Crouse & Co., at from $6@8.25 the 100 lbs, net.

400 head sold at the Rising Sun Drove Yard, by Phillips & Muth, at from $6.50 up to $8 the 100 lbs, net, as to quality.

MARRIED.

WHITE—KNOWLES.—On the 7th inst., by the Rev. E. H. Dorell, at the residence of the bride's father, John Knowles, Esq., of Crosswicks, N. J., Mr. Peter R. White, of Philadelphia, and Miss Anna K. Knowles, of the former place.

BOCKIUS—HEISE.—On the evening of the 12th, at the residence of Mrs. S. A. White, by the Rev. B. A. Brown, Dr. S. Atlee Bockius to Miss Emily F. Heise, all of Columbia, Pa. No cards.

BOMBERGER—WIGHT.—On the 14th inst., by the Rev. J. M. Crowell, assisted by the Rev. S. H. Giesy, the Rev. J. H. A. Bomberger, D. D., pastor of the First German Reformed Church of this city, to Miss Julia Aynlar Wight, daughter of the late Andrew Wight, Esq., of this city.

BOKER—SMITH.—On Tuesday, Oct. 13th, at St. John's (Luth.) Church, Philadelphia, by Rev. Dr. Seiss, Joseph Boker and Anna C., daughter of the late Frederick Smith, Esq., of Chambersburg, Pa.

THOMPSON—WATTSON.—On Thursday, 15th inst., at the First Baptist Church, by the Rev. J. Wheaton Smith, James G. Thompson to Miss Lizzie Wattson, all of Philadelphia. (No cards.)

GWIN—JASPER.—On the 6th inst., by Rev. Jonathan C. Gibbs, Mr. Wm. J. Gwin to Miss Amelia T. Jasper, both of Virginia.

WELSH—NEWBOLD.—On the 15th inst. at St. James' Church, by the Rev. Dr. Morton, John Lowber Welsh to Maria, daughter of the late Anthony T. Newbold.

KLEMM—EASTWICK.—On the 15th inst., at the residence of the bride's father, by the Rev. Chas. A. Malson, J. George Klemm to Miss Maria J., daughter of A. M. Eastwick, Esq., all of this city.

SIMON—SHRIVER.—October 15th, by Rev. M. D. Kurtz, at the parsonage of the Twelfth-street M. E. Church, 1313 Poplar street, Mr. Samuel W. Simon to Miss Sarah Jane Shriver, both of this city.

COX—SMITH.—On Thursday, the 15th, at the house of the bride's father, according to the ceremony of Friends, J. William Cox, of Longwood, Chester county, Pa., to Mary F., daughter of J. T. S. Smith, of New York city. (No cards.)

WOODS—HEISKELL.—October 15th, 1863, by the Rev. Dr. Carden, Mr. G. Burrow Woods to Miss Mary S. Heiskell, both of this city.

WISTAR—ALDERSON.—On the 15th inst., at Burlington, N. J., William Wilberforce Wistar, of Philadelphia, to Anna Mary, daughter of Harrison Alderson, of the former place. (No cards.)

DIED.

ALTEMUS.—On the 15th inst., Mrs. Pamela Altemus, relict of the late Thomas Altemus, in the 51st year of her age.

SANDERSON.—On the morning of the 14th inst., Sarah E., wife of W. Sanderson, Sr.

ASHTON.—On the 13th inst., Mrs. Catharine L. Ashton, in the 75th year of her age.

TOMLINSON.—On the 15th inst., Jonathan Tomlinson, in the 51st year of his age.

WOOD.—On the 14th inst., John Wood, in the 58th year of his age.

KNISELL.—On the 13th inst., Anna E., daughter of S. Lewis and Sally A. Knisell, in the 6th year of her age.

POWELL.—Suddenly, on the morning of the 13th inst., William H. Powell, in the 55th year of his age.

SANDERSON.—On the morning of the 14th inst., Sarah E., wife of William Sanderson, Sr.

HUTCHINSON.—At Bristol, on Seventh-day evening, Ann, daughter of the late John Hutchinson.

BARTHOLOMEW.—On the 10th instant, A. Phillips Bartholomew, son of Augustine and Mary A. Bartholomew.

LEWIS.—On Seventh-day, the 10th instant, Elizabeth R. Lewis, of West Vincent, Chester county.

LARGE.—On the 12th inst., Thomasine Large, in the 68th year of her age.

WILSON.—On the 14th inst., Mrs. Annie Wilson, in the 88th year of her age.

GEORGE.—On the 13th inst., in the 58th year of her age, Alice George.

FOX.—On the afternoon of the 13th inst., of bilious remittent fever, William M. Fox, aged 37.

LINNARD.—On the 16th inst., James M. Linnard, in the 5th year of his age.

MECASKEY.—On the 16th inst., Rev. John W. Mecaskey, A. M., of the M. E. Church, in the 43d year of his age.

BONFIELD.—On the morning of the 16th inst., Theodore Kirk, son of George R. and Mary E. Bonfield, in the 19th year of his age.

WRIGHT.—On the 16th inst., Mr. Samuel Wright, in the 80th year of his age.

PYLE.—At West Chester, suddenly, on the 17th inst., Mary Lapsley, wife of B. Franklin Pyle.

SMITH.—On the 15th inst., Annie M. Smith, daughter of Huston and Susan B. Smith.

DAVIS.—Killed, in the late engagement, Lieutenant Ellwood Davis, Jr., of the 3d Pennsylvania Cavalry, in the 19th year of his age.

WEEKLY REPORT OF INTERMENTS.

HEALTH OFFICE, October 17, 1863.

Deaths and Interments in the City of Philadelphia from the 10th to the 17th of Oct., 1863.

CAUSES OF DEATH.	Adults.	Childr'n.	CAUSES OF DEATH.	Adults.	Childr'n.
Abscess	1		Fever Brain		1
Asphyxia		2	" Congestive	1	
Albuminurea	1		" Intermittent	1	1
Apoplexy	6		" Puerperal	1	
Burns and Scalds		4	" Scarlet		2
Cancer	5		" Typhoid	2	2
" Breast	1		Fatty degeneration of Liver	1	
" Uterus	1		Gangrene		1
" Stomach		1	Gall Stones	1	
" Mouth		1	Hernia	1	
Casualties, not defined	1		Hæmorrhage	1	
Croup		6	" Uterus	1	
Congestion, Brain	4	5	" Bowels	1	
" Lungs	2	1	Hooping Cough		6
" Heart	1		Inflammation, Brain	1	9
Cholera Infantum		6	" Bronchi	1	2
Coma	1		" Larynx	1	1
Cirrhosis of Liver	1		" Liver	3	
Compression Brain	1		" Lungs	1	6
Consumption, Lungs	46	3	" Peritoneum	2	1
Cramps		1	" Pleura	1	
Convulsions	1	9	" Stom. & Bow.	4	1
" Puerperal	1		Inanition		2
Cyanosis		1	Intemperance	1	
Diptheria		12	Lupus	1	
Diarrhœa	4	3	Malformation		1
Dropsy	6	1	Marasmus	1	12
" Abdominal		1	Old Age	4	
" Brain		4	Palsy	5	
" Chest	1		Poisoning	1	
Disease of Brain	2	1	Run over on Railr'd	2	
" Heart	3	2	Rheumatism		1
" Spine	1		Scrofula		1
" Throat	1		Small-Pox		1
" Lungs	1		Still-born		20
" Liver	1		Suicide	1	
Debility	13	9	Suffocation		1
Dysentery		1	Ulceration Stomach	1	
Epilepsy		1	Unknown		1
Erysipelas		1	Wounds—Gunshot	6	
Explosion of Boiler	2		Total	160	148

OF THE ABOVE THERE WERE—

Under 1 year	72	From 40 to 50	26
From 1 to 2	26	" 50 to 60	20
" 2 to 5	29	" 60 to 70	15
" 5 to 10	16	" 70 to 80	13
" 10 to 15	3	" 80 to 90	5
" 15 to 20	8	" 90 to 100	2
" 20 to 30	31		
" 30 to 40	42	Total	308

WARDS.		WARDS.		WARDS.	
First	17	Tenth	7	Nineteenth	23
Second	13	Eleventh	6	Twentieth	14
Third	12	Twelfth	7	Twenty-first	6
Fourth	11	Thirteenth	3	Twenty-second	6
Fifth	9	Fourteenth	10	Twenty-third	9
Sixth	0	Fifteenth	24	Twenty-fourth	31
Seventh	16	Sixteenth	12	Twenty-fifth	6
Eighth	5	Seventeenth	15	Unknown	17
Ninth	4	Eighteenth	10		

Total ... 308
Deduct deaths from the country ... 17

Net deaths in the city ... 291
Nativity—United States, 210; Foreign, 76; Unknown, 22.
From the Almshouse, 19; People of Color, 12; from the country, 17.

The number of deaths, compared with the corresponding weeks of 1862 and of last week, was as follows:
Week ending October 18, 1862, was 252.
Week ending October 10, 1863, was 247.
Males, 146; Females, 162; Boys, 80; Girls, 68.
Deaths and interments of soldiers in the city, 11.
By order of the Board of Health
WILLIAM READ, Health Officer.